THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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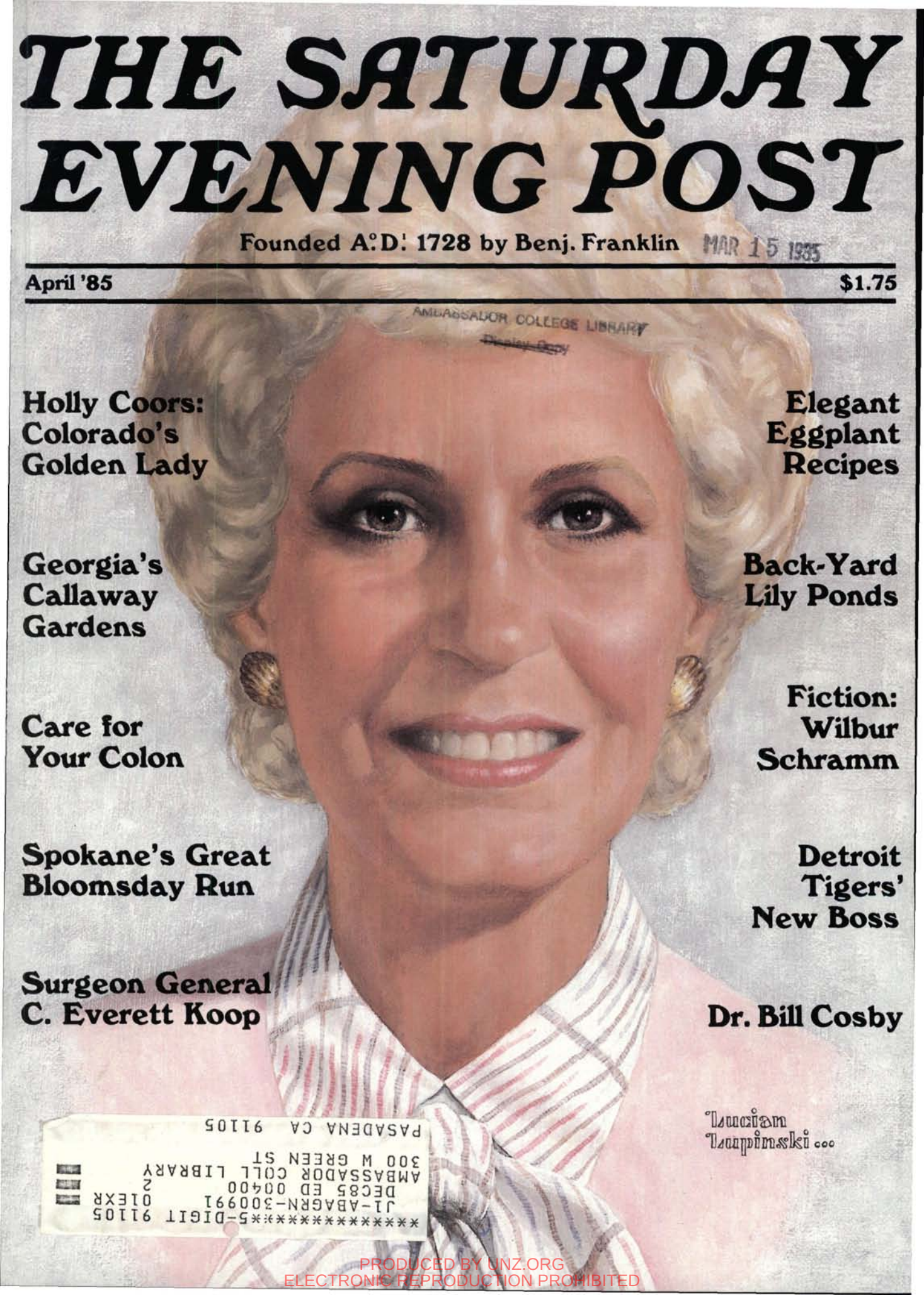

Holly Coors: Colorado's Golden Lady

Elegant Eggplant Recipes

Georgia's Callaway Gardens

Back-Yard Lily Ponds

Care for Your Colon

Fiction: Wilbur Schramm

Spokane's Great Bloomsday Run

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

The Saturday Evening Post (ISSN: 0048-9239), incorporating Country Gentleman, is published monthly in 1985, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., May/June and July/Aug. by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc., at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, P.O. Box 567, Indianapolis, IN 46202. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, IN 46206, and at additional mailing offices. Copyright © 1984 by the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society, Inc. All rights reserved. Title registered U.S.Patent Office. Membership Subscription Prices: U.S. and possessions: 1 year, $12.97. Canada and all other countries: $17.97. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, circulation and business offices are located at 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. **Postmaster: Send address changes to The Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, P.O. Box 10675, Des Moines, Iowa 50336.** Allow six weeks for change of address.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, artwork or photographs.

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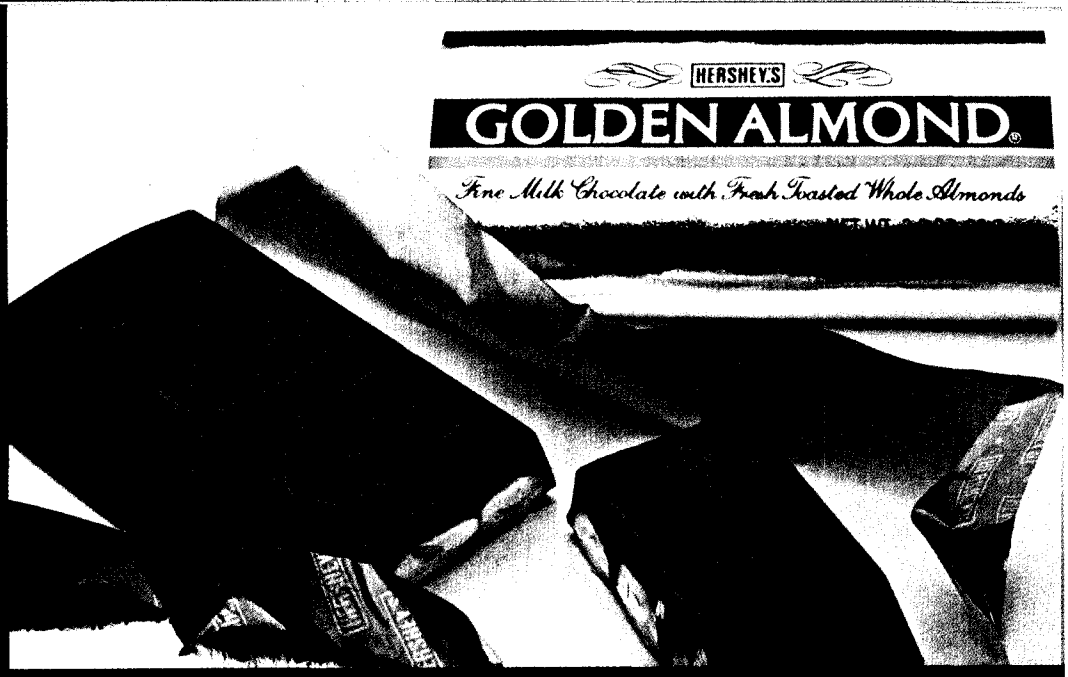

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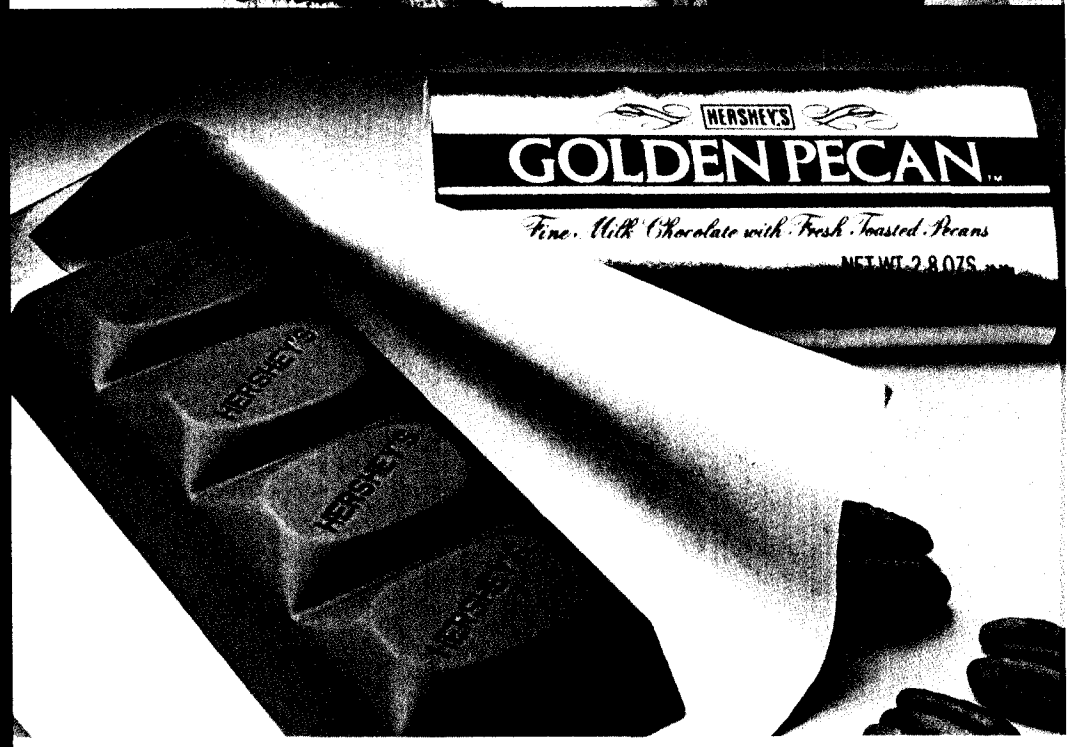

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BITE-SIZE IMMORTALITY.

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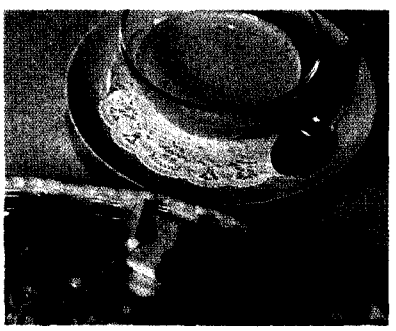

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Letters

Miller's Tale

For several months, I have read your promotions of high-lysine corn meal, and I have a related story I hope will interest you. On December 18, 1984, what we believe to be the first commercial milling of high-lysine corn took place at our college, The School of the Ozarks, Point Lookout, Missouri.

This milling was a direct result of your publicity concerning high-lysine corn. William Cameron, a longtime milling expert and friend of The School of the Ozarks, donated money to The Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Society in order to receive some of your corn meal. He soon became sold on the idea of human consumption of high-lysine corn as a ticket to good health.

Mr. Cameron then obtained 70 pounds of the corn from Poirot Farms, near Golden City, Missouri, and brought it to Edwards Mill on our campus for grinding. A group of S of O students, overseen by our mill manager, Leon Scott, ground the corn and many S of O employees received a small bag to try at home. The reports from area kitchens have been every bit as glowing as your testimonials were.

Camille Howell
The School of the Ozarks
Point Lookout, Missouri

Signs of the Times

Whenever I hear that researchers are still looking for a "cure" for herpes, or as has been in the news this week, that someone is recommending a drug that "might" be helpful, I wonder why you have not made the Food and Drug Administration aware of the benefits of lysine as set forth in the July/August 1982 and September 1982 issues of the *Post*.

You will note the September 1982 issue carries a letter I wrote in support of the benefits of lysine. I have given many photo copies of these two articles to people who suffer from labial herpes, and later they have expressed their gratitude for this information. It annoys me greatly that millions of people still afflicted with herpes are not being helped by so simple and in-

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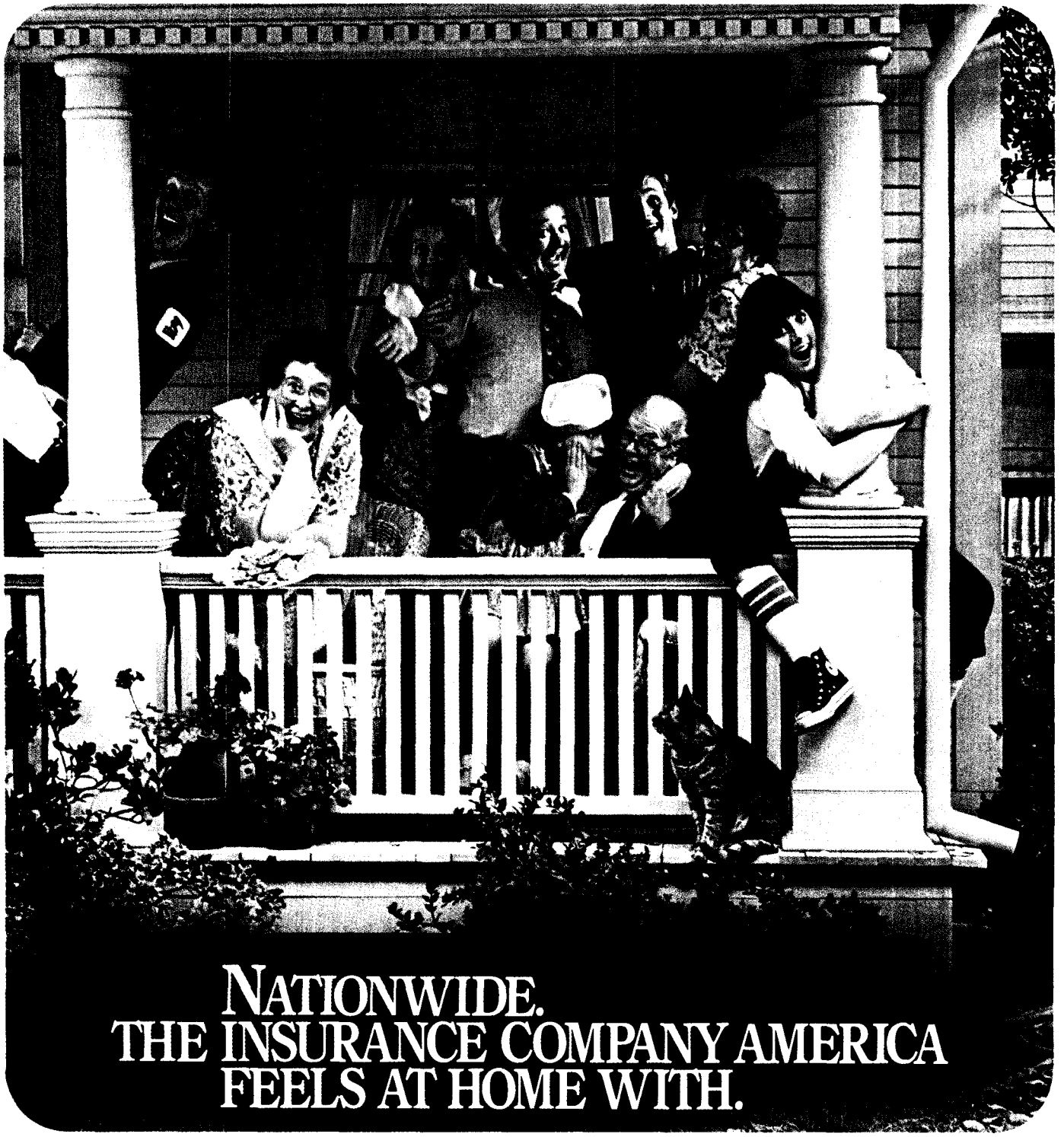

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expensive a preventive measure.

I would appreciate your advising me why this amino-acid preventive cannot be more widely publicized. If, as is stated in the July/August '82 *Post* article, ". . . no drug house can afford to take it on as a research project, since they couldn't compete with the present packagers of the low-cost item," it is indeed tragic that dollar signs stand in the way of inexpensive relief for herpes sufferers.

Adalin B. Borman
Springfield, Illinois

Pat Answer

I read with great interest the article on Pat Robertson and his CBN. Directly following was the article on the starving in Ethiopia. What is Mr. Robertson doing to aid in this regard? Preventing starvation now is not the complete answer—what is being done to educate the people of this country to prevent starvation from happening again? He seems to have the power and money to help. Is he?

I am in complete agreement with the article insofar as high-lysine and other high-fiber diets are concerned.

Margie L. Bolen
Chalmette, Louisiana

Editor's note: Glad you asked. Pat Robertson's Operation Blessing has sent more than 121,100 pounds of high-lysine corn, 290,400 pounds of regular corn and 74,500 pounds of seed corn to Ethiopia. It will also help distribute educational videocassettes to teach Ethiopians and other Africans to plant hybrid and high-lysine corn for self-sufficiency.

Anyone interested in helping Operation Blessing send more high-lysine corn to the starving Africans may call Warren Black, regional director, at (913) 432-4410, or write to him at: Operation Blessing-Midwest Region, 4220 Johnson Drive, Suite 101B, Fairway, KS 66205. His group is helping the hard-hit Midwest farmers obtain high-lysine seed corn for this spring planting so that it can be grown for countries struck by famine.

Lysine

A *Post* article in 1982 about herpes caught my attention. I was able to begin lysine (about 1,500 mg daily) before Christmas 1982. (The doctor said: "I gave it to my daughter." What happened? She had twins.)

Herpes simplex was abolished. I had purchased several tubes of Blistex®. I still have them, but no more blisters or bleeding sores or the embarrassment that I have suffered all my life. (That began in 1910.)

I've shared this with friends and my doctors. I don't know if the latter believe me, but I have one friend who is sold. She pays particular attention to foods high in lysine. I avoid the arginine.

Martha Rossing
Velva, North Dakota

Hard Facts on Rock

I would like to respond to a letter in your December 1984 issue from Mrs. Henry S. Bishop, West Palm Beach, Florida.

The rock Mrs. Bishop remembers from West Virginia has had many theories as to its origin. Speculation ranges from impressions of the skin patterns of a giant reptile to evidence of space travelers to earth.

Upon examination of a similar rock by geologists from the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and other agencies, it was concluded that the rock is a natural geologic formation. The rock was locally named the "Waffle Rock" because it looks like a giant, oversized breakfast waffle. This large boulder is on display at the corps of engineers' Bloomington Lake Visitor Center in Mineral County, West Virginia.

Geologic studies suggest that sand deposited by ancient streams consolidated into sandstone. This sandstone and the layers of rock above and below it were thrown into large folds about 250 million years ago during the formation of the Appalachian Mountains. During the upheaval, the rock was fractured into regular patterns by stress from different angles.

After the rock was fractured, iron oxide was leached from the surrounding rock by percolating water and was deposited into joints, where it filled the voids between the sand grains and cemented them extra strongly. The resulting dark red sandstone along the joints was more resistant to the weathering processes than the surrounding rock and now stands as the grids of the waffle.

Martin W. Walsh, Jr.
Colonel, Corps of Engineers
Commander and District Engineer
Baltimore, Maryland

The "Old School" of Thought

Recently, as I was going through my old *SatEvePosts*, I came across Elton Trueblood's excellent article "The Myth of Separation of Church and State" in the July/August '83 issue. Because proponents of school prayer will again bring up the issue in the current Congress, I feel impelled to remind your readers of this great article. I cannot understand how anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of history can fail to see that nothing was further from the intent of the founding fathers than to limit the practice or teaching of Christianity. Why can't we just say: "This nation was founded on the principle of Christianity. We are striving to be a truly Christian nation; we will not harass people of any other faith. But we will not tolerate any attempt to limit the practice and teaching of Christianity. If we are not careful we will be in the unenviable position of the Arab who let a camel stick his nose into his tent."

I pity atheists, as I pity all who do not know God. But I believe it was a terrible mistake to let them take devotions from our schools. In his book, *My Life without God,* Madalyn O'Hair's son, William Murray, says that many atheist groups and individuals helped his mother in her fight to get school prayer banned, but *no churches offered opposition in the struggle.* Why? Why did we let this happen? Was it because we didn't believe it could happen? Or did we

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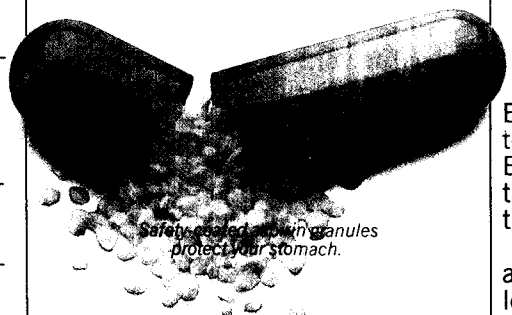

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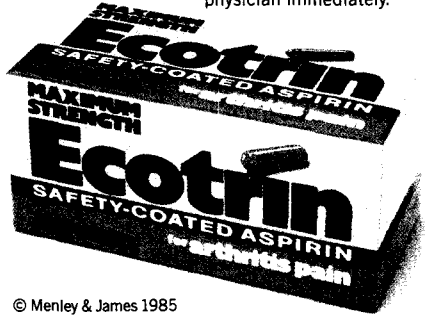
Try safety-coated Ecotrin capsules. Each aspirin granule has a special protective safety-coating. So just like Ecotrin tablets you get pain relief that's proven safer for your stomach than plain or even buffered aspirin.

Remember, nobody can make an arthritis pain reliever work harder. But leave it to Ecotrin to make it work safer for your stomach.

Read and follow label directions. If pain persists more than 10 days, or redness is present, consult a physician immediately.



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lack the courage and fervor to defend our faith? Or was it because our "liberal" church leaders were so anxious to be "fair" that they leaned over backward? Toward the end of his book Murray says, "Since I have seen the wave of immorality and violence that has swept over the country since the prayer ban, if I had the power, I would restore prayer to the schools."

Maurine Parker
Sparta, Tennessee

Tracing Minerals

The article on high-lysine corn is very interesting, and I hope and pray that further tests will conclusively prove the importance of the breakthrough.

For some unknown reason I will relate an experience of some 30 years ago.

I have been active in the poultry industry for over 50 years and am retiring this year.

About 30 years ago, the Warner-Lambert Pharmical Company [sic] asked if I would look at some live chickens at their Saint Louis research laboratory. I visited with them and noted that they were experimenting with mice, rats and guinea pigs in addition to chickens. The test we discussed concerned the addition of a natural supplement to the normal diet, with very interesting results that might be described as improved and enhanced usage of the protein in the diet.

We had a joint meeting with my friend, a physician, Dr. Walter Hofer, now deceased, who was very enthused with the test results. He was retained by Warner-Lambert and worked on this and other projects. He had tablets made of this natural substance and he, his family, friends and many patients used them regularly.

I recall Dr. Hofer telling me that an autopsy of a deceased, very elderly patient showed unusual revitalization of organs and the only plausible cause appeared to be this natural substance.

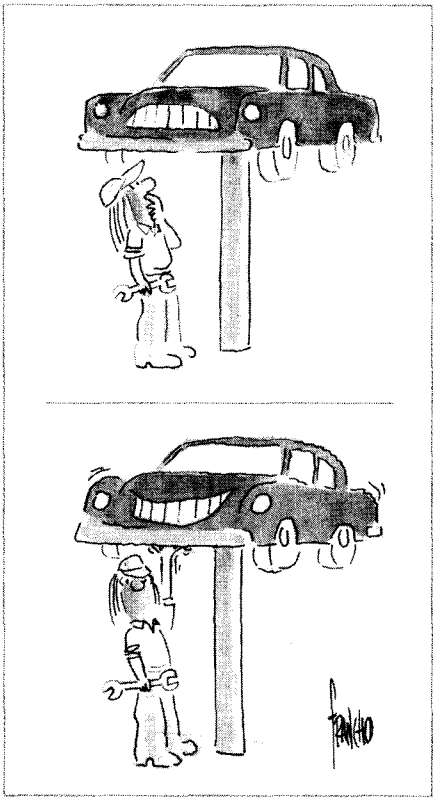
Subsequently, Dr. Hofer told me they closed out the study as being outside their desired scope at that time.

There may have been other studies of this substance but I have not heard of them.

Is it possible that this substance, high in trace minerals, has not been thoroughly studied?

I'd be pleased, if you are interested, to discuss the substance and our work of 30 years ago. It certainly should no longer be "classified material" after all the years.

Chester B. Franz
Bay, Missouri



From Our Fiber-Story Winner

I really blew the phone call I had with your representative. I should have told you how I *really* got interested in fiber. Denis Burkitt arrived in Los Angeles some 22 years ago for one of his seminar speeches. At the time my spouse was slated for a piles operation. The pain was so incredible that he couldn't even urinate. I started right away on a program of B and C vitamins plus fiber. When he went for his operation, the surgeon was *furious*. There was no need. Dick began to tell him what he had done, but he refused to listen. So I wrote him instead. No response.

Since then, I have been obsessed with the fiber story. I guess my fiber file is a pound and a half. Lately, when I've been addressing parolees on nutrition and I focus just on fiber, it gets the quickest results. One man is thrilled with his "new" body after losing weight and getting relief from chronic constipation.

Jean Farmer
Bloomington, Indiana

"Body Snatchers?"

In reading your November issue of "Medical Update," I noticed your article on organ-donor registration.

We have recently been discussing this in our area, because many people are now putting this on their driver's licenses.

As EMTs with an ambulance service we are put in an unfair position, I feel. There are people out there who want to be donors and there are people who want organs, but no one has laid down guidelines on how ambulance services can get these people together.

If we have a victim "DOA," we cannot move him/her till the coroner declares death. This can take up to an hour or more in our rural setting.

If we start CPR and go when the death is obvious, you instill false hope in relatives and get into moral and religious views. Also you get looked at as "body snatchers." Several instances have left us completely dazed as to what to do.

Put your computers to work and get the organizations, DOT or the states to set up a number to call for 24-hour question-and-answer sessions. Set down some guidelines for us in the field to use for protocol. Get speakers to go to conferences and conventions to speak on the subject. Help us fill in the missing link to connect a person who has already made that important decision to donate organs with the person who so desperately needs them.

Your paper is a great source of bits and pieces of information and I enjoy it a great deal. And when I'm through I take it to our ambulance garage and leave it to share with others. Keep up the good work.

Beverly Madsen
Zimmerman, Minnesota

Donors' Dilemmas

I have what may be an interesting story, particularly for your readers who happen to be involved with what the SatEvePost Society is doing to register organ donors through your computer. Recently in Tulsa, after renewing my driver's license, I was upset at myself for forgetting to have the agent mark the reverse of my license including me as an organ donor in the case of a fatal accident.

As I thought about it, not ONCE did anyone at the license bureau re-

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mind me to mark it, nor was there any advertising whatsoever in the office to do so. Being a television director and very much involved in advertising myself, I have to believe that hundreds of thousands of people could be given a gentle reminder or at least have some advertising on the walls of the bureau itself.

With this idea in mind, I thought I'd try to find a major organization in the country that was involved in encouraging donors to see if I could give some of my time to be of some help in this area. After calling three major hospitals in Tulsa, no one could give me the name of a single organization in the United States. Finally, one hospital gave me the name of an organization in Texas that doesn't even exist.

My next attempt was to call a Tulsa medical group that specialized in kidney transplants. They gave me the name of their transplant coordinator but said he was out of the office and he would get back to me. That was three months ago. I've called back twice and each time he was out of the office.

The bottom line seems to be that in Tulsa, if you have a desire to donate an organ, you might as well forget it.

One week ago I picked up *The Saturday Evening Post* and was looking through "Medical Mailbox." I came across the letter regarding donating organs, and that's where I learned about the computer-matching service used by your society.

Not only would I like information, but I think if you promote it the least bit, you may be surprised at the number of people out there waiting for just a little encouragement and the knowledge of how to go about it.

Phil Cooke
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Flat Wrong on Tax?

Dear Pat Robertson:

I read—with a great deal of interest—the article about you in the March '85 issue of the *Post*.

Although I'm a registered Republican, I was so impressed with your qualifications and background that I had decided that if you run for president, I would certainly vote for you—until I read that you favor a flat income tax. Nothing could be less fair. There should be at least medical deductions. Here's why:

My sister's medical expenses run several times her income; yet in our state, she has to pay taxes out of funds she so desperately needs to pay these bills. She worked almost 50 years, and her life savings are dwindling at an alarming rate. (I worked almost that long, too. We have only what the two of us have earned.) Mother took in washing to get us through high school. No college, although I got a scholarship (it went to the next person)—we had to support the home and our mother.

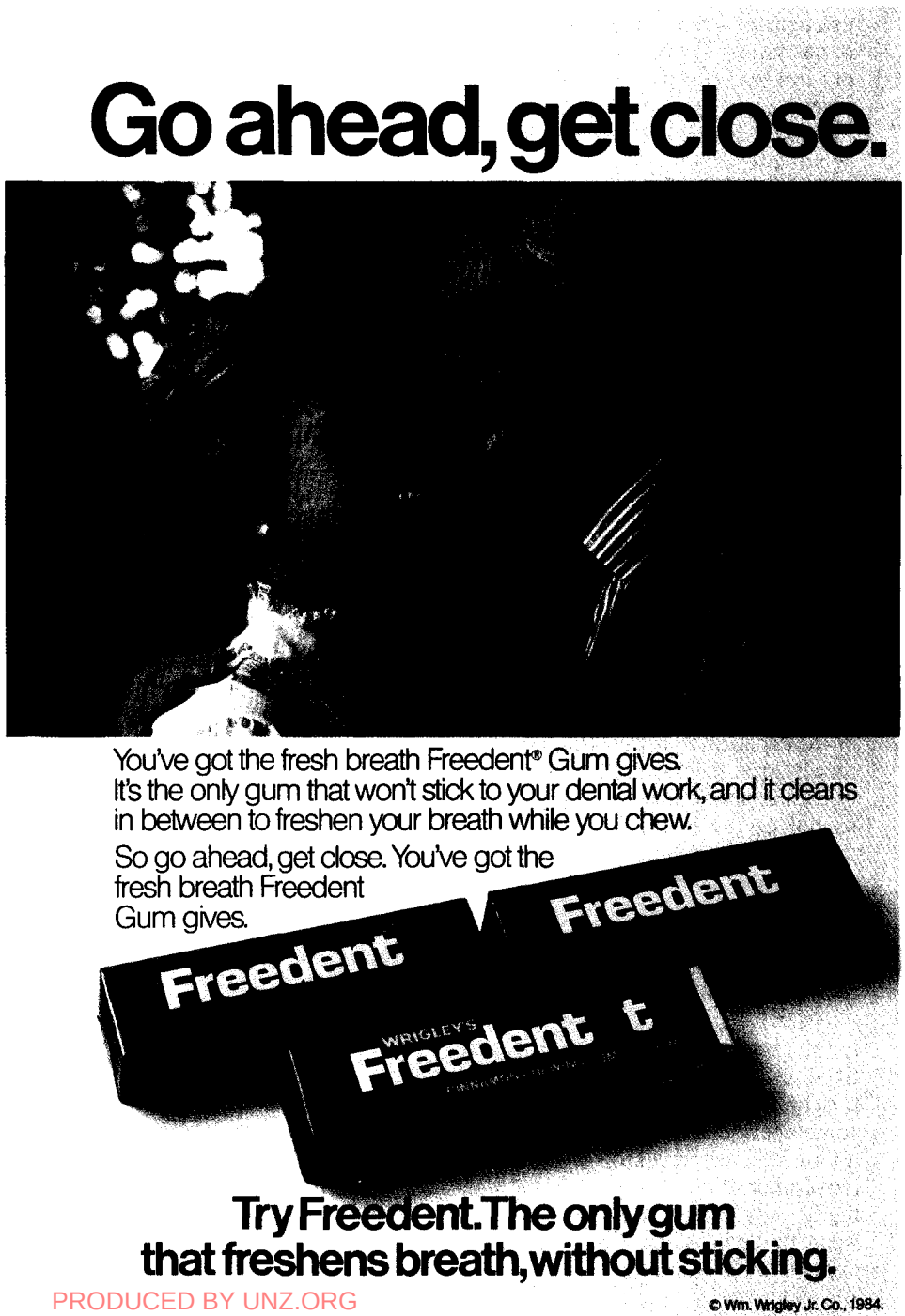
No one can decide what kind of health he has. A person can decide to buy a new home, a new car, new clothes, etc., but he cannot decide his health. That's beyond his control.

I hope you change your views on this.

Luella Straub
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Seed Sower

I want to thank you for the high-lysine seed corn and the corn meal. I also want to tell you how much I enjoy your articles on nutrition. You've helped me solve a number of problems that my doctor hasn't been able to help me with. Becoming a "senior citizen" suddenly isn't so scary any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more. I feel great.

I planted the seed corn and have it ready to make into corn meal. It's been a fun and educational experience. It's also gratifying to be able to solve some of the problems that come up without running to a doctor. Keep those articles coming.

P.S. Your cover illustrations by Lucian Lupinski are great.

Mrs. Gene Phipps
Buhl, Idaho

Skeptic No More

In August 1982, while recovering from my fourth viral attack in less than a year, I read an article about lysine and arginine and their possible use against herpes and other viruses. It has changed my life. What caught my eye was the mention of other viruses such as chicken pox and "mono." I read the entire article and decided to give it a try.

Having had mono in 1977, I have never felt completely well since. The viral attacks I have had ever since consisted of tonsil swelling and tonsils covered with a white substance (not bacterial), a fever around 101° F., lower backache, headache and sore, tired eyes—totally run-down. From 1977 till 1981 it was annoying, but then *it* struck.

In February 1982, *it* struck again. No hospital, but seven days off work, total bed rest. In May 1982, five days off work, etc. In August, three days off work, etc. On the second day of the last attack, I took 1,500 mg of lysine twice a day. The run-down feeling went first, followed by the swelling, followed by the white spots.

Since I hit maturity, I have had nasty canker sores in my mouth and continual upset stomach. When I say nasty canker sores, I mean 15 to 20 days, as big as the eraser of a pencil and maybe six at a time. My face would be swollen and so painful that I could not talk, let alone eat. This problem got much worse after the mono in 1977. It then got worse yet after each viral attack until I was seldom free of them.

After I began taking lysine regularly (500 mg to 1,000 mg per day) I noticed a gradual lessening of this misery. I also began to feel like I had some energy. I was feeling very good about this when all of a sudden in November 1982 *it* seemed to be rearing its ugly head. I took 1,000 mg and went to bed. When I got up in the night, I took 1,000 mg more. When I got up in the morning all was well. That was two years ago. In that two years my canker sores are so rare I wonder at first what that is in my mouth. They last about four days with no pain, just a little discomfort.

I seldom have any stomach trouble any more. Before, it was chronic heartburn and indigestion. Now there is nothing. Also, I always had at least one cold per year, but I have not had any since I started on lysine.

I have waited so long to tell you about this because I am a skeptic. I just find it all so hard to believe. But it has happened and the lysine is the only thing in my life that has changed, to my knowledge.

William E. Knapp
Pine City, New York

Deer Me!

Away back in 1915, I had a flat carrier bag and a *Saturday Evening Post* route in Lowell, Michigan. I was there last May for my sister's 75th birthday. While I was there I became acquainted with "Hannah." Hannah is a yearling doe that has been almost a daily visitor at my sister's rural home in the Croton-Hardy dam area of Michigan. This picture of her grandchildren and Hannah was taken by my niece in the spring of 1984. I think it is a marvelous picture and would like to have more people enjoy it.

I would like about eight ounces of high-lysine corn to plant this year in the garden.

James E. Martin
Middletown, Ohio

Helping the Hungry

I've heard about you via Herb Haight, a Crow's high-lysine corn dealer in Homer, Michigan.

I'm interested in the use of this corn as a food source in West Africa. I'm an agricultural missionary with the Sudan Interior Mission. It is highly involved in rural development, famine relief and development work in Africa.

Any information or help on applying this product in West Africa will be greatly appreciated.

Jim Ardill
Fort Collins, Colorado

Dr. SerVaas:

I heard you speak on the "700 Club" in regard to your visit to Ethiopia and the need for high-lysine corn. Today Pat Robertson asked prayer for you because you had contracted some tropical disease. I certainly believe God answers prayer, often instantly and miraculously. However, many times He sees fit to use wise doctors, and He has His purposes in this too. It occurred to me that you might be interested in speaking to the doctor to whom the Sudan Interior Mission refers many of our missionaries. I understand that he is a specialist in tropical diseases. His name is Dr. John Frame.

Elsa E. Cater
Sudan Interior Mission
United States Headquarters
Cedar Grove, New Jersey

Souper Suggestions

I have been following your writing on lysine corn and received and enjoyed your sample of the corn meal.

Campbell's Soup Company has never made corn soup. It is my favorite, flavored with celery or onion. Now I am wondering if high-lysine corn could be incorporated into a soup and be a very beneficial way for people to use lysine.

I live in southeast Iowa, where farmers are having a difficult time. Factories related to farming are closing. It would surely help everyone to raise this corn to be made into soup.

I have recently suggested this to the Campbell's Soup people.

Madge Kelly
Burlington, Iowa

I am enclosing for your information a copy of a letter I recently wrote to Campbell's Soup Company regarding the heavy salt content of their products. The letter is self-explanatory and hopefully will be of interest to the health editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I'm not "knocking" Campbell's, because it is a good, responsible company. The

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comments I made in my letter apply to virtually every canned food product on the market. Del Monte foods seems to be the trailblazer in reducing salt content. I applaud them for it.

Any help you could give in getting this message across to everyone in the processed-food industry would be greatly appreciated.

To: Campbell's Soup Company
Camden, New Jersey

Dear President:

I am a regular user of your soup products. I am also concerned (as you should also be) about excessive salt intake. As you may know, many leading medical authorities are urging Americans to routinely reduce their salt intake. Most of us consume many times more than we actually need, especially if we happen to use a lot of canned goods.

My purpose in writing is threefold:

1. To request that you send me information regarding the sodium content of your soup products (all of them).

2. To ask that you please include the sodium content of ALL of your products on the can's label, along with the nutritional information.

3. To request that you substantially reduce the salt content of your soup products. A person can always add salt if he wants it. Unfortunately, you can't remove it if the manufacturer is heavy-handed in adding it. Please understand: I am not asking that you make your products salt free. I am simply asking that you tone the salt down to a safer level.

I have been intending to write to you for several months, but the thing that finally triggered it was a can of your New England Clam Chowder I ate recently. Even with the addition of the recommended amount of milk, it was very salty tasting, not just to me but to my wife as well. Frankly, I prefer my clam chowder a little thicker, but if I reduce the amount of milk, it is too salty. The label from the can is enclosed, and it does not list the salt content.

As a final observation, I believe that Campbell's has an excellent marketing opportunity, as well as the chance to promote good health practices, by reducing the salt content of their products and possibly adding a note on the label to the effect: "For your health, we have reduced the amount of salt in our products to aid you in controlling your salt intake, as recommended by health authorities. If you desire more salt, please add to suit your taste."

George H. Pardue
Houston, Texas

State-ment Dept.

Congratulations on publishing James R. Whelan's powerful piece, "Jeane Kirkpatrick: Portrait in Political Courage" (December 1984).

For years we political conservatives in the academic world have been routinely slandered as unintelligent, uninformed and uninvolved in the real world. The future was always cast in a Marxist or Maoist mold.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and many like her, has smashed that myth once and for all. She is an example to us and a role model to our students. Under

More and more people are discovering all the good reasons for using Feen-a-mint Pills for constipation: Gentleness, predictability and relief. And unlike the laxatives most people use, Feen-a-mint is made with both a softening agent and a mild stimulant, too. Feen-a-mint® Pills.

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President Reagan a new day has dawned for creative conservatism. Long may it last.

Dr. Wayne Detzler
Deerfield, Illinois

Thank you for the excellent article on Jeane Kirkpatrick. I have admired her for many years. She is the kind of person we need in a real leadership position. She is one who puts our country first! My husband and I have traveled extensively throughout the United States and have heard such glowing reports on her performance in the United Nations. Most of those with whom we met hoped that the President would dump the present secretary of state—who is too closely allied with the trilateralists and wavering on the policies to protect our country. Jeane Kirkpatrick is well qualified to serve in that important office.

I am definitely not a feminist—supporting her because she is a woman. I support and admire her for her honest stand to promote that which is good for our country. I hope the President will appoint her to a position worthy of her qualifications.

Mildred T. Raborn
McLean, Virginia

The interests of the United States have never been so well served in the United Nations as during the tenure of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. What a waste of talent for President Reagan to turn her back to teaching!

Norman Sayles
Saint Joseph, Missouri

Post to Blame

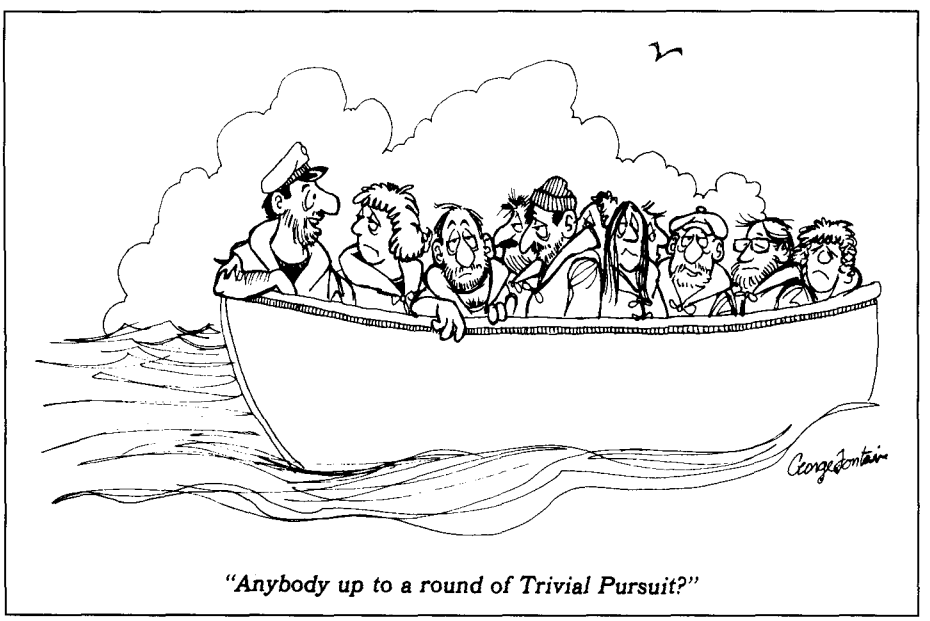
I have one fault to find with *The Saturday Evening Post*—it is too interesting. I have a disordered warehouse to get in order; I glanced at the "Dinner with the President" caption, and the warehouse is still in disorder. I also got involved with "Post Scripts"—and now I know where I get my humor prescriptions for better health without even buying more vitamins or paying doctors for them.

E.W. Stitt
Churchtown, Pennsylvania

Name-calling Cont'd.

The letter from Wesley Nothdurft (December 1984) is typical of the asinine responses one gets from Bible-thumping bigots. Nothdurft uses the Bible as a crutch for his statements about the medical evidence that smoking may cause lung and other kinds of damage to the human body. So what? If the medical evidence is good and convincing, it doesn't need the Bible to support it. Smoking has nothing to do with the Bible or with Christianity. I'd guess that Nothdurft uses the Bible to "prove" anything he cares to believe. That is silly at best and vicious otherwise. This poor man claims that my belief that "Christianity" should be divorced from beliefs about smoking indicates my "ignorance" of the Bible. After several years of theology, I may know at least a bit more than this Bible thumper does.

R.G. Schipf
Missoula, Montana



"Anybody up to a round of Trivial Pursuit?"

Hunted Down

I enjoyed very much the article on Bunker Hunt in your February issue, especially as it related to Culver Military Academy, as well as to his being the owner and breeder of thoroughbred horses.

The author, Holly G. Miller, made a couple of observations about Culver that I feel are somewhat misleading. The author, for example, claims that Hunt was "shocked when his alma mater went coed several years ago."

True enough. However, the writer should have pointed out that the young ladies, who have their own distinctive uniforms (cute, too), attend the same classes and eat with the cadets, but they are not involved in any way in the military phase of the program. Military tradition, unhampered by political decisions that affected the U.S. service academies, is still very strong at Culver, where a total of 330 cadets since World War I have died in the various conflicts while serving our nation.

Miss Miller also leaves the impression that Culver is located in a Spartan setting. (As she puts it—"the disciplined Hoosier military setting.") The truth is there is no more beautiful prep-school campus in America than Culver.

Let me also mention a few of the more prominent graduates from the "venerable Indiana institution" that presently attracts students from 40 states and 21 nations: Hal Holbrook, Ernest Gann, Joshua Logan, Senator Lowell P. Weicker, George Steinbrenner, John Ganes.

I thought that the author's profile of Bunker Hunt was especially good. He truly keeps a low profile. For example, he owned the great horse Exceller. Just about everybody in horse racing I know feels that Exceller should have been named "Horse of the Year" when he beat Seattle Slew and Affirmed in The Jockey Gold Cup in 1978, the supposed showdown test. Hunt, true to his character, never said a single word when Affirmed, who finished third, was named.

I too went to Culver 'way back in 1933 and '34. Maybe he recognized in me, a fellow man, who also hated to shine his shoes. But, as with Bunker, memories of the school still shine.

Landon Manning
Saratoga Springs, New York

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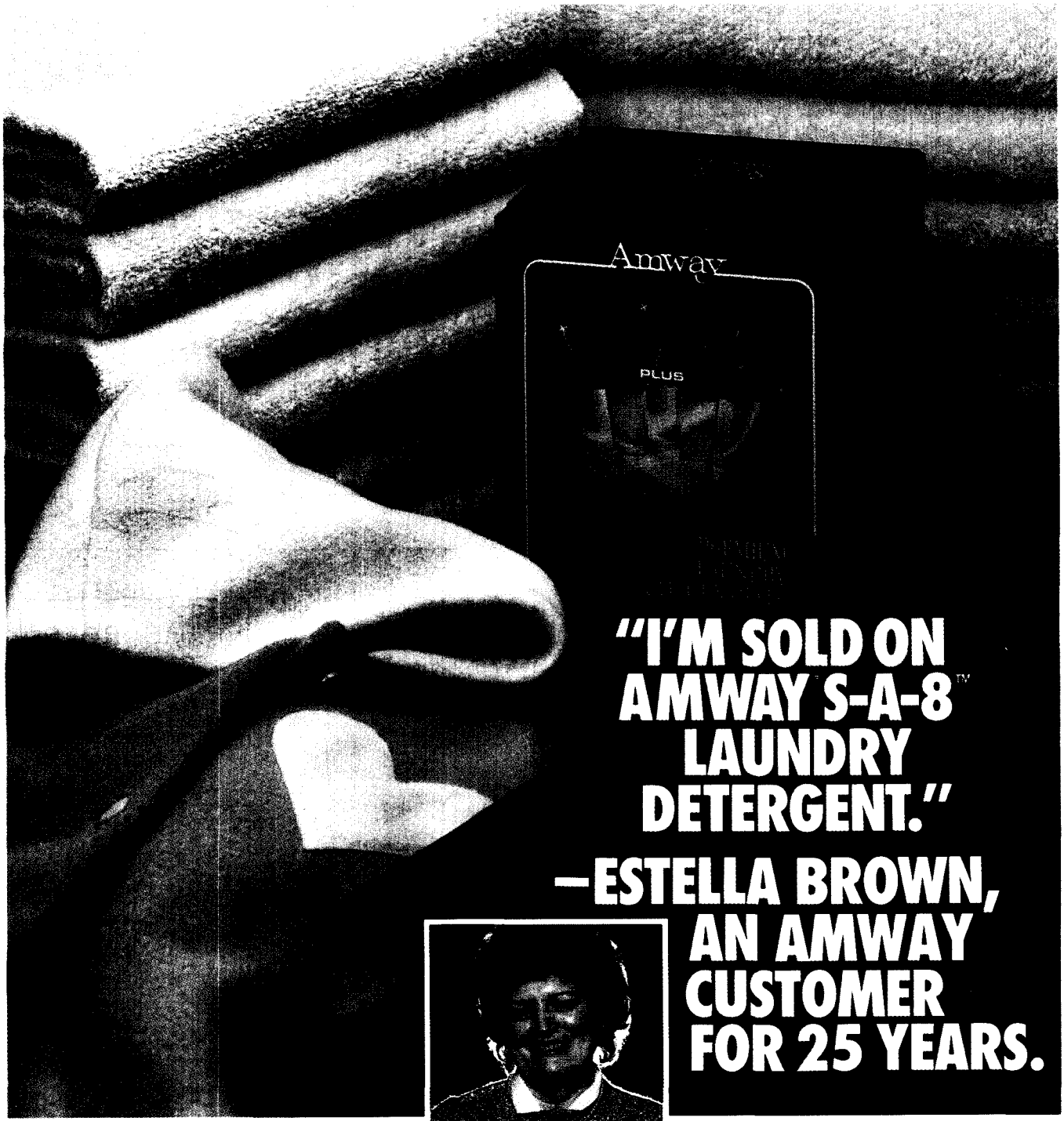

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—ESTELLA BROWN, AN AMWAY CUSTOMER FOR 25 YEARS.

"Even if I get a free detergent sample in the mail, I don't use it. I have used S-A-8 Laundry Detergent for so many years because it gets my clothes white, and I figure it's economical," Mrs. Brown adds.

There are many other reasons for using Amway S-A-8 Plus Premium Laundry Concentrate:

- Two special stain fighters, help remove tough protein stains.
- Two brighteners—one for cottons, one for synthetics.
- More non-ionic surfactant for cleaning greasy, oily soils.
- Works in hot, warm or cold water.
- Concentrated—no fillers—¼ cup does the job.
- Anti-graying agent and brighteners keep clothes bright.

"As my three daughters married and moved away," says Mrs. Brown, "they continued to use S-A-8 Laundry Detergent. I feel that's really proof that the product does the job." Its performance has been proven by years of both laboratory and in-home testing, and it's backed by a satisfaction guarantee. If you aren't satisfied with the performance of S-A-8 Plus, your Amway distributor will give your money back.

Try Amway S-A-8 today. If you need help in finding a distributor, dial toll-free 1-800-253-4463. In Michigan, dial 1-800-632-8723 (except in Hawaii and Alaska, please write from there). Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355. Amway of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario N6A 4S5, 1-800-265-6026.

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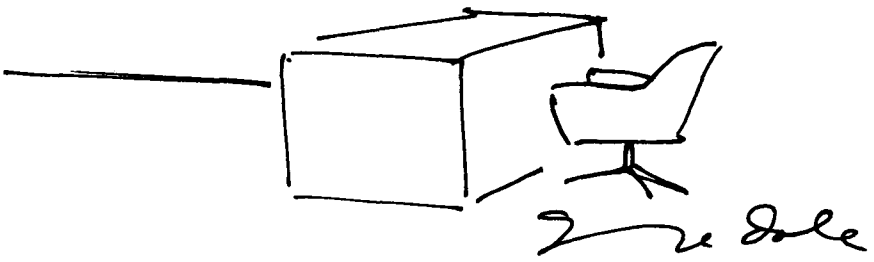

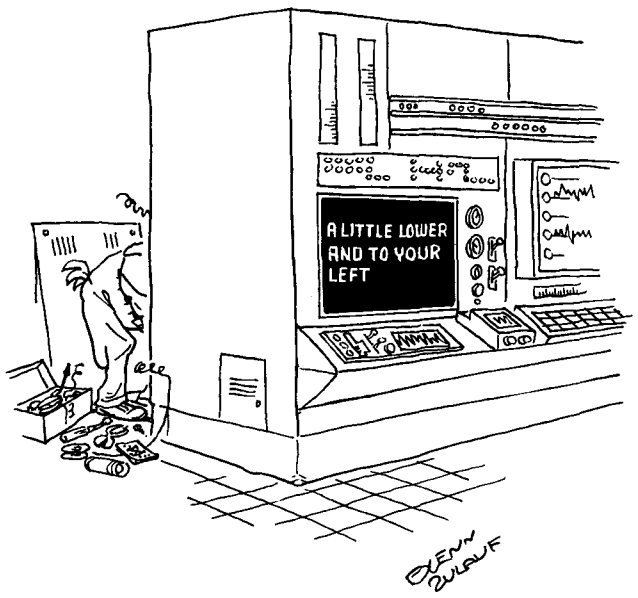

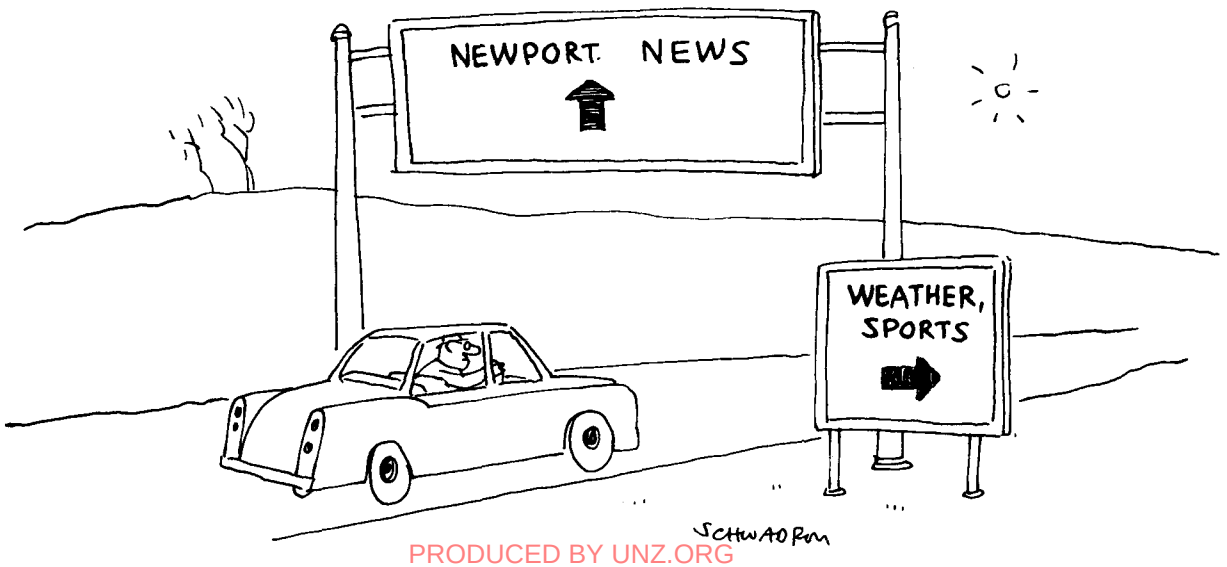

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If you want to

for good... Your doctor can help

4 out of 5 people fail.

Fifty-six million Americans are smokers, and the majority of them want to quit. Thirty million Americans have tried... and failed. In fact, 4 out of 5 smokers who try to quit fail even short-term, and many of those who succeed short-term eventually return to smoking.

Why is it so difficult to quit smoking... for good?

There are three factors—social, psychological, and *physical*—that work together to continually reinforce the smoking habit. Social factors include the need to feel part of a peer group of smokers. Psychological factors include smoking cigarettes in stressful situations. These two factors must be addressed for smoking cessation to be successful. However, nicotine dependence is a third, often unrecognized factor that can undermine a smoker's willpower during attempts to quit.

Nicotine dependence is a powerful reinforcer of the smoking habit.

The average smoker gets more than 120,000 "nicotine jolts" in a year, as nicotine travels to the brain within 7 seconds of a puff from a cigarette. Recent studies confirm that many smokers develop a physical dependence on the nicotine derived from smoking cigarettes. Because the body becomes accustomed to the effects of nicotine, smokers trying to quit often experience withdrawal symptoms. These include craving for tobacco, irritability, anxiety, difficulty concentrating, restlessness, headache, drowsiness, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

How your doctor can help...

Treatment programs are now available to help smokers who genuinely want to quit. Your doctor can advise you on ways to overcome the physical symptoms of smoking withdrawal while dealing with your social and psychological motivations for smoking.

How a program can help...

If you sincerely want to quit and are determined to succeed, you have to confront all three factors of the smoking habit. You shouldn't expect to overcome your problem by dealing with only one factor. Your doctor can help you with all three factors by providing you with medication to overcome nicotine withdrawal, materials that address the social and psychological aspects of smoking, and valuable counseling and follow-up. Your doctor will determine what treatment is right for you.

Your doctor is the key.

Merrell Dow has conducted research in the field of smoking cessation and is providing support to health professionals to increase their effectiveness in helping patients who really want to quit for good achieve smoking cessation.

If you want to quit smoking, your chances are now better than ever before. See your doctor. Follow your doctor's advice. Once you start a quitting program, check back with your doctor to keep him or her informed of your progress. Patients who follow a program for 3 months are much more successful than those who follow one for shorter periods of time.

Merrell Dow

Dedicated to improving the health of Americans

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Post People

Melissa Gilbert grew up in "The Little House on the Prairie"—the one possible career, she says, her mother, though supportive, did not like.

The "house" is now closed, but the career carries on. Today Melissa's own "Half-Pint Productions" is credited with the made-for-TV movie *Choices of the Heart,* in which she starred, and she is working in her first feature film, *Sylvester.*

Melissa says she wants to direct as well as to produce and write—but "one step at a time. I'd rather do one thing right than flub everything all at once because I wasn't ready."

"Didn't you used to be Alice Faye?" Her answer is "Yes." She still *is Alice Faye,* enjoying life at 69 as never before. "I just love what I'm doing,"

she says. "It's sheer heaven."

What she is doing is not being done in the movie studios, where the bubbling, blonde wife of the one-time bandleader Phil Harris made more than 40 films. She is now crossing the country to lecture for a pharmaceutical company about the problems of aging to senior-citizens groups. She prefers to call them "young elders."

"I'm not sure why they contacted *me,*" says Faye, whose waistline still tapes at 25 inches. "I figure that God must be paying me off for taking care of myself all these years."

Dr. Christian Chaussy has come a long way since we first found him in Munich, Germany, where he had pioneered in crushing kidney stones with

the lithotripter, a machine recently described by Margaret Heckler, secretary of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, as "an authentic, modern medical miracle."

Hollywood may soon discover this handsome young genius, for he has moved to L.A. to be a professor of urology at the University of California at Los Angeles. In Indianapolis recently to speak at a urologists' seminar, he reported that more than 7,500 of the procedures have now been accomplished.

After an absence of seven years from his successful detective series, Aristoteles "Telly" Savalas, the wisecracking "Kojak"—"Who loves ya baby?"—is back. In his recent TV movie, *Kojak: Belarus File,* he still flaunts the billiard-ball hairdo that he first wore portraying Pontius Pilate in *The Greatest Story Ever Told.* One

Holly Coors

thing is different—the ubiquitous lollipop he used to stick in his mouth instead of a cigarette is gone. He's quit smoking and no longer needs it.

Other little girls may welcome mom home from a hard day at the typewriter. Not Kirsten Fisher. She welcomed her mom, ***Anna Fisher, M.D.***, home from holding a 1,200-pound, malfunctioning telecommunications satellite steady for an hour and a half—one complete trip around the earth—while colleagues on the space shuttle

Discovery prepared to wrestle the device into the cargo bay.

And that's about as far from "Take two aspirin and call me in the morning" as a doctor can get.

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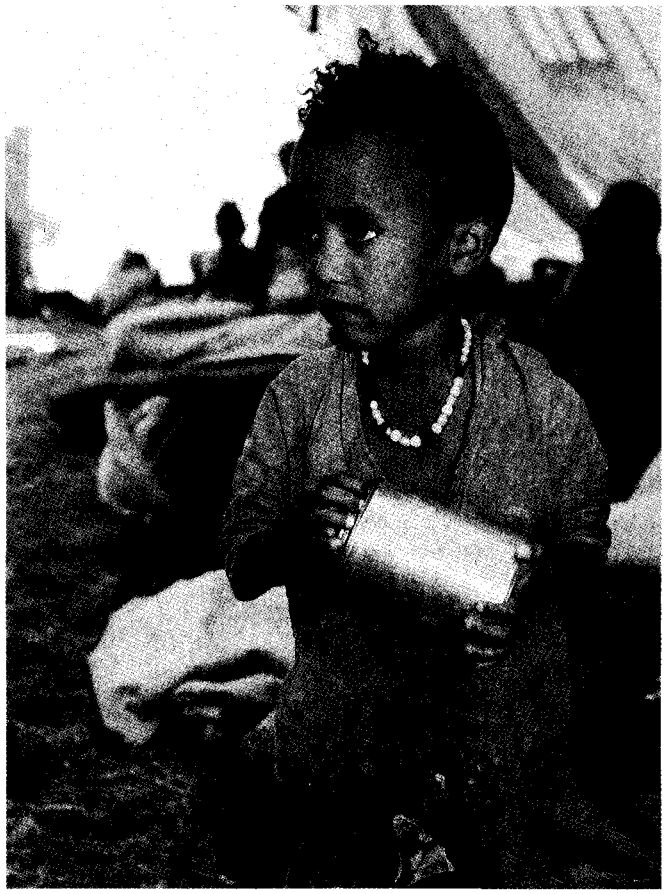
Starvation is only part of the story.

The health of a whole generation of African children is in jeopardy. Sufficient calories of regular corn can't sustain toddlers. High-lysine corn can.



The most tragic deaths in Africa are those caused by kwashiorkor, because they happen to children who are getting enough calories but not enough protein.

A toddler deficient in protein suffers in many ways. He becomes mentally enfeebled because his brain cells don't grow, his body deteriorates because the protein needed to build nerve cells and muscles is burned up for energy, he loses his appetite and his immune system weakens. He can die suddenly from any illness he contracts.

A diet of maize and grain is sufficient to sustain the adults, whose need for protein is far less than that of the rapidly growing infants and toddlers.

The tragic part of this scenario is that by simply substituting high-lysine corn for the regular corn, these deaths and brain-damaged children could be prevented.

The Children's Better Health Institute is producing an educational film with a Purdue University professor of agriculture whose native tongue is Ethiopian. He will explain to Ethiopians how to plant hybrid high-lysine seed and warn against using this year's crop for next year's seed. He will teach them via film and video cassettes why high-lysine corn is nearly 100 percent as effective as regular corn in preventing deaths among toddlers. This corn is high in the essential amino acids, the building blocks for protein, the lack of which causes sudden deaths from kwashiorkor.

The Children's Better Health Institute, in cooperation with Food for the Hungry, the American Red Cross, Feed the Children, the Sudan Interior Mission and other relief agencies, will distribute the instructional films and tapes—in Africa to teach the Ethiopians in their own languages—while they are "captive audiences" in their camps, feeding centers and redistribution centers.

Our goal is to help make the Africans self-sufficient by better utilization of the tillable land on that continent. Hybrid corn is no more vulnerable to drought than the old-fashioned, low-yielding, open-pollinated corn they plant.

We're inviting you to help in this mission. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, you have done it unto me" is our Biblical mandate. Because to us much has been given, much is expected. Won't you join us? We hope you'll want to save the African children from death-dealing kwashiorkor—the completely preventable protein-deficiency disease.

Purdue University stresses that feed sorghum should not be sent to Ethiopian children, because it contains tannin that binds the protein and prevents its use for humans. High-lysine corn would be an excellent replacement to protect them from permanent mental enfeeblement.

We'll send a gift bag of corn meal with recipes to all who join us in this life-saving African project.

You can help the African children

Children's Better Health Institute
P.O. Box 528, Indianapolis, IN 46206

Yes, I'll join in. I want my contribution to:

- ☐ help make the instructional films and video cassettes for Africans.
- ☐ pay for high-lysine seed corn for Africans.
- ☐ pay for additional research on high-lysine grains for Africans.

I am enclosing my contribution—please send a sample gift bag of high-lysine cornmeal to my address below.

$5 _____ $10 _____ $25 _____ other _____

☐ check/money order enclosed
☐ credit card ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA
Card no. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

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SMOOTHING THE TAX ROAD

Answers to these often-asked questions may help you save money on income and estate taxes.

by Howard Ruff

Editor's Note—As the file drawer rolls shut this month on another year's worth of taxable assets, many Americans who don't even have dandruff are still scratching their heads over certain tax-related problems. For some answers, the *Post* has turned to Howard Ruff, the well-known financial adviser and economics strategist who handles thousands of taxpayers' problems yearly over the "hotline" at his Financial War Room in California. Queries about inheritance as well as income taxes have run heavy in recent months, so Mr. Ruff has identified the 12 most frequent questions. We hope his advice will lead to many happy returns.

This Year's Most-Asked Tax Questions at Howard Ruff's Financial War Room

"You can't deduct expenses incurred because of a condition brought on by worrying about the national deficit. . !"

1. I understand my husband and I may have to pay federal income tax on our Social Security benefits. Could you tell me if this is so?

A. As a result of the Social Security rescue plan signed by President Reagan in April 1983, about 10 percent of Social Security recipients are now liable for federal income tax on up to half their benefits. Your benefits will be taxed if the sum of your adjusted gross income, "tax-exempt" municipal-bond interest and half your Social Security benefits exceeds the following limits:

(A) $25,000 for a single individual;

(B) $32,000 for a married couple filing jointly;

(C) zero for a married couple who lived together during any part of 1984 and who file separate returns. In this case each would pay income tax on his or her benefits; or

(D) $25,000 for married persons who lived apart for the entire year and who file separately.

2. My income has been very erratic over the last few years. Would it be a good idea to income-tax average?

A. If your income is considerably higher this year than it has been in the past few years, you may be able to compute your tax under the income-averaging method. To determine if income averaging can help you in 1984, do the following:

(A) Add your *taxable* income for 1983, 1982 and 1981;

(B) multiply the total in (A) by 46.7 percent;

(C) subtract (B) from your 1984 *taxable* income.

(D) If the answer in (C) is *more* than $3,000, you can probably reduce your taxes using income averaging.

3. I have an office in my home and have never been clear on just how much I can deduct for it.

A. You can take a deduction for the *business use* of your home if a specific part of your home is set aside and: (a) used exclusively and regularly for the principal place of any business; (b) used to meet with patients, clients or customers; or (c) as an employee, you provide space for the convenience of your employer or facilities to perform your duties. However, there are specific limitations to the amount you may deduct. The deduction limit is the gross income from the business in your home *reduced* by otherwise allowable expenses such as taxes, insurance, etc. In other words, if gross income minus other allowable expenses is zero or less, there can be no deduction for an office in the home.

4. Is there any way I can deduct the expenses incurred in my hobby?

A. A hobby is a purely personal expense, but if you convert your hobby to a trade or a business, and if all the expenses directly connected with that business are both "ordinary and necessary," you can deduct them. I would suggest you consult Chapter 11 of the book *How to Save 50% or More on Your Income Tax—Legally* (MacMillan) by B. Ray Anderson or call Anderson's "Taxflation Strategies" newsletter, (415) 463-2215, for a free copy of his January 1985 issue on the subject. Both sources describe and discuss the relevant rules for converting your hobby to a business.

5. I have a vacation home at a lake in the mountains. Are there any tax deductions I can take other than the deduction for interest on my mortgage?

A. Some vacation-home-related expenditures are deductible without regard to how the taxpayer uses the property. As with any other residence, the tax code expressly gives you a deduction for interest payments and local property taxes.

The real question is whether the vacation home is merely another personal residence or whether the taxpayer is holding it for the "production of income." If the vacation home is rented out to others, the taxpayer is entitled to deduct a host of other expenditures: depreciation, maintenance, utilities, advertising, management fees and even some of

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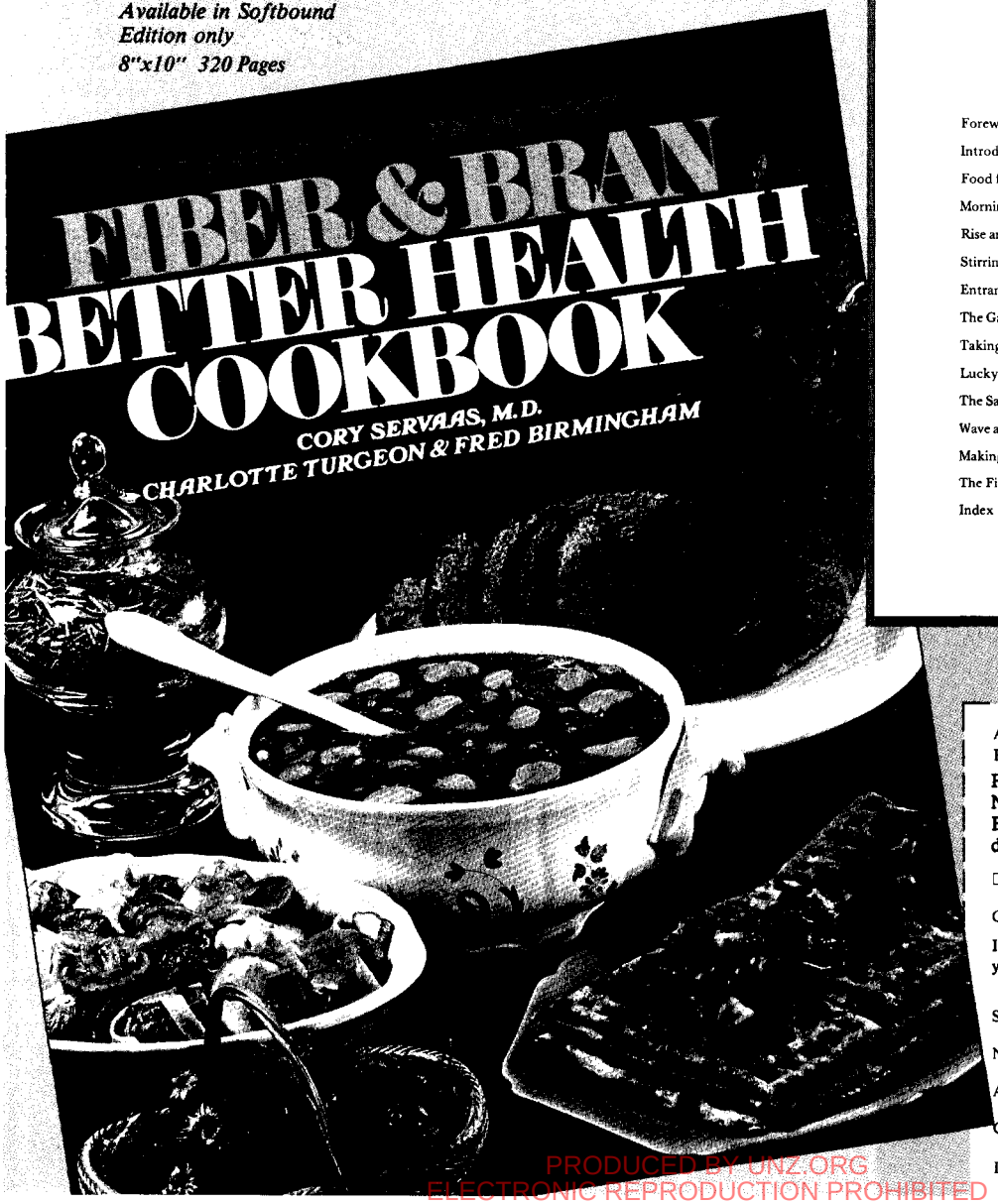

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the costs of travel to and from the "investment property." The trick is to qualify such expenditures as being "ordinary and necessary" for the management, conservation or maintenance of the property.

But qualifying these expenditures as "deductible" and deducting their full amount are separate issues. Even if your vacation property is held for the production of income, your personal use of it will diminish or destroy the possible deduction.

First—no matter how many other parties rent the property—if you use the property too many days of the year, it will be deemed a residence and the extra deductions will be lost. How much is too much? First, the tax code allows you 14 days' personal use without loss of deduction. Beyond that, deductions diminish if you use the property more than 10 percent of the number of days during the year in which property is rented at fair market value.

For example, if you rent your vacation home to non-family members for 100 days, you can use it for 14 days. But if you rent it out for more than 140 days (say 160), then you want to limit your use to the 10 percent level (16 or fewer days here).

Second, even if the taxpayer's personal use of the vacation home is permissible, any personal use will reduce your total deductions. Here's the formula: Days Rented at Fair Market Value divided by Total Days of Use equals Deductible Percentage.

So if you rent your vacation home for 100 days and use it yourself for an additional 14, you can take about 87.7 percent (100/114) of the amount otherwise deductible. (Interest and local property taxes are excluded from this formula—they are always fully deductible.)

6. What changes from the Tax Reform Act of 1984 will affect my IRA account?

A. Prior to the Tax Reform Act of 1984, contributions to an IRA could be made at any time within the period for filing your tax return (normally April 15), but *including* any periods for an approved extension. The Tax Reform Act of 1984, however, has changed the law and now requires that contributions to be deducted for the current year must be made on or before April 15, period. Also beginning in 1985, you can make an IRA contribution out of alimony (not just "earned income").

7. I have children who will be starting college in the next ten years. Is there any way I can start saving for their education and avoid taxes on the earnings?

A. Yes, there are several methods for shifting income from the high-bracket Form 1040 of the parents to the lower or perhaps zero brackets of the children; the children can then save it for their future, tax free. These methods are sometimes referred to as "income shifting." Included are: Clifford trusts, spousal-remainder trusts, investment-grade life insurance, tax-exempt municipal bonds, equipment trusts utilizing equipment used in a related family trade or business, some family partnership strategies and S corporations. It's complex, so you should consult your tax attorney for details.

"We're just getting started."

8. I am trying to sell my house, and the realtor has suggested an installment sale. What are the tax advantages of an installment sale?

A. If you sell property under an installment-sale agreement calling for deferred payments, you can report the gain from the sale on the installment method. You only report the gain from the sale in the year(s) you receive the payments. For instance, if you receive 10 percent down and the balance in three equal annual payments, you would report 10 percent of your gain in the first year and 30 percent in each of the following three years. Installment reporting may not always be your best choice; it may depend on your present and future tax brackets and whether you may be subject to the alternative minimum tax.

9. If at the end of the year I am faced with the prospect of paying very high taxes, is there something I can do to reduce my tax bill?

A. Setting up your tax plan early in the year is your best tax shelter—and it's free. The best time to beat the IRS is in May or June.

However, if you realize as the tax year rolls on that you will be facing a high tax rate, you can explore the possibility of investing in tax-advantaged investments that produce significant paper or tax losses. With the passage of the Tax Reform Act of 1984, however, large tax write-offs in an economically sound investment diminish rapidly as fall turns into winter. In 1984, the best year-end tax-advantaged investments were found in oil- and gas-drilling programs and equipment leasing for certain kinds of equipment. Other choices include the acceleration of deductible-expenses payments, well-timed sales of loss assets (those that have declined in value during the tax year) to produce short-term capital losses and the deferral of income into the next tax year.

Once the tax year ends, your tax-planning opportunities, with some very minor exceptions such as an IRA or a Keogh plan, come to an end as well. Anyone who suggests that an investment made in 1985 can retroactively reduce your 1984 tax bill is either a promoter of a fraudulent tax shelter or an undercover IRS agent—in either case, you could be in real trouble.

10. I'm worried about my children having to pay the bulk of my estate to

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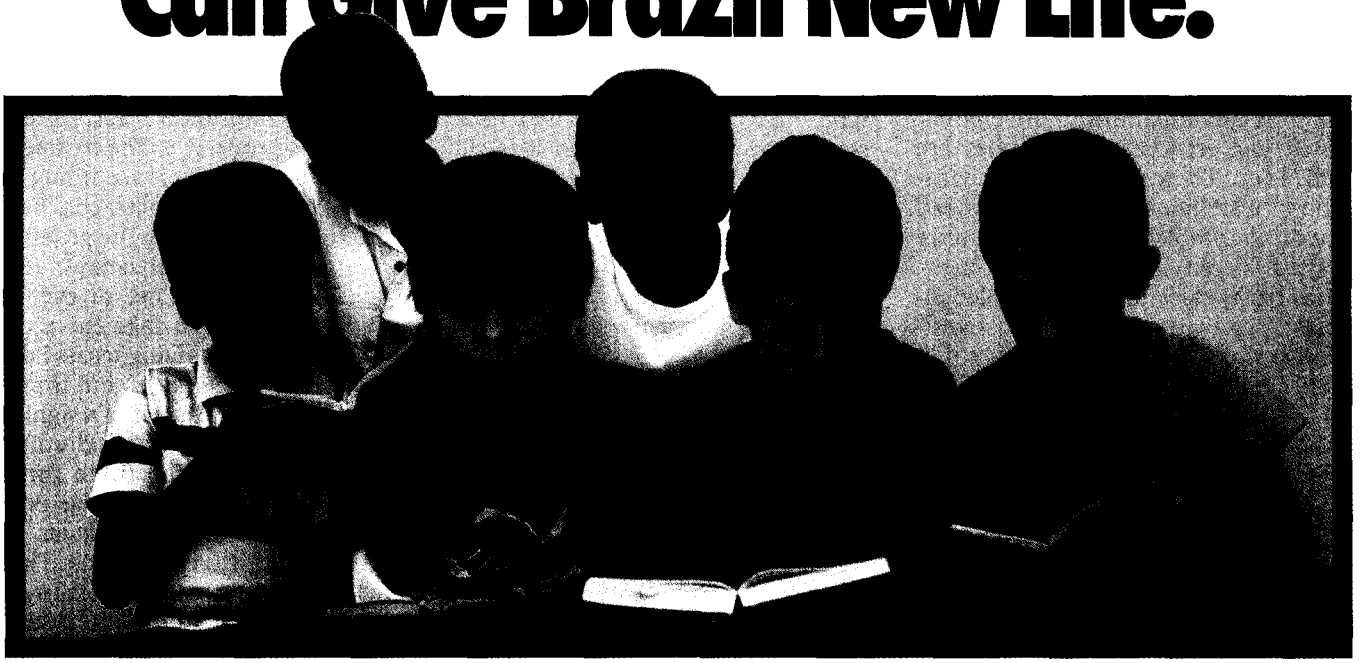

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For more information, write the World Home Bible League, South Holland, IL 60473. To send 20 New Testaments to Brazil, enclose $15. In Canada, write the Canadian Bible League, Box 524, Station A, Weston, Ont. M9N 3N3.

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A project of the World Home Bible League

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Uncle Sam in estate taxes. How can I leave the majority of my property to my heirs and not to the tax man?

A. Effective estate planning is best done on a family-oriented, forward-looking basis. A married couple can use revocable estate-planning documents (wills, revocable trusts, etc.) to shelter up to $1.2 million from estate taxes by the year 1987. If your estate will be significantly larger than the exemption amounts, then more complicated and irrevocable strategies are called for. These would include intra-family installment sales, private lead trusts, charitable giving, life insurance owned by an irrevocable life-insurance trust, sales of a "remainder interest," private annuities and multi-class-ownership family-business structures. For this you need a tax attorney or a certified financial planner. The planner we recommend for our clients is Newcastle Financial Group, 1815 S. State St., Orem, UT 84057.

11. What is probate? Is there any way I can avoid it?

A. Probate is the court-supervised process under which the state laws of intestacy (dying without a will) or last will and testament become the "road map" for a court-supervised estate settlement. The process ensures that your wishes will be carried out, that the right people get your assets according to your will (or the intestacy laws of your state, if you die without a will) and that the people receiving your assets get them with clear, marketable title.

Depending on the laws of your state, this process can be very long and very costly—both economically and emotionally. Sometimes the protections provided by the process are overshadowed by the costs, technicalities and frustrations. If you want to avoid this process, use joint tenancy or a revocable living trust.

A revocable living trust is a contractual arrangement between living individuals. The grantor transfers legal title to his property to the trustee, who holds and manages it according to the terms of the trust agreement. Because the trust is revocable, the grantor can change the trust agreement, remove and replace the trustee or even eliminate the trust and take the property back. Revocable living trusts have no income-tax advantages, but if properly drafted, they can avoid a significant amount of estate taxes and otherwise serve as a valid substitute for your will. The primary advantage of a revocable living trust is that its assets need not go through probate. The successor or the surviving cotrustee can do all the right things, including the transfer of marketable title to the right people, without most of the hassles, delays and possible publicity of probate. But remember, the title of your asset must be changed to avoid probate. It's not sufficient to merely set up a revocable trust while keeping the title in your name as an individual. You must transfer the title to a trustee—anyone you choose to trust.

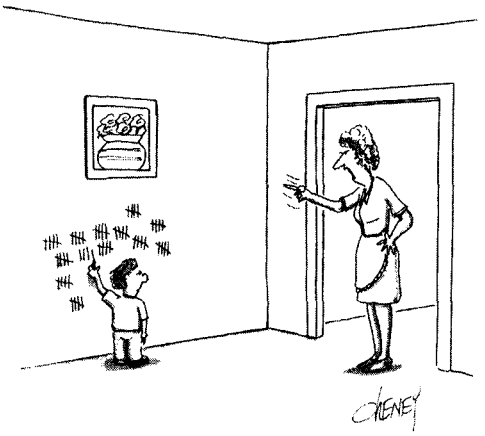
Joint tenancy is sometimes a viable way to avoid probate, but its uses are limited and it has too many tax and legal problems to make it as flexible and as attractive as revocable living trusts.

12. Is it true that having a living trust can save my heirs some money?

A. Yes, in many instances, that is true. Using a living trust as the principal method of settling an estate could reduce estate taxes. It will also save some of the time, expense and complications of the estate-settlement process.

As long as your living trust does no more than serve as a will substitute and a probate-avoidance device, you have no problem. Steer clear of any trust that is supposed to split your income from employment to other family members. These trusts, and their promoters, are fraudulent scams. Many unhappy taxpayers have tested these skunks in court, and the IRS has won every single case.

CHILD'S PLAY



"How many times have I told you not to write on the wall?"

"I don't know about voluntary prayer in school but I wouldn't mind a few minutes of dead silence!"

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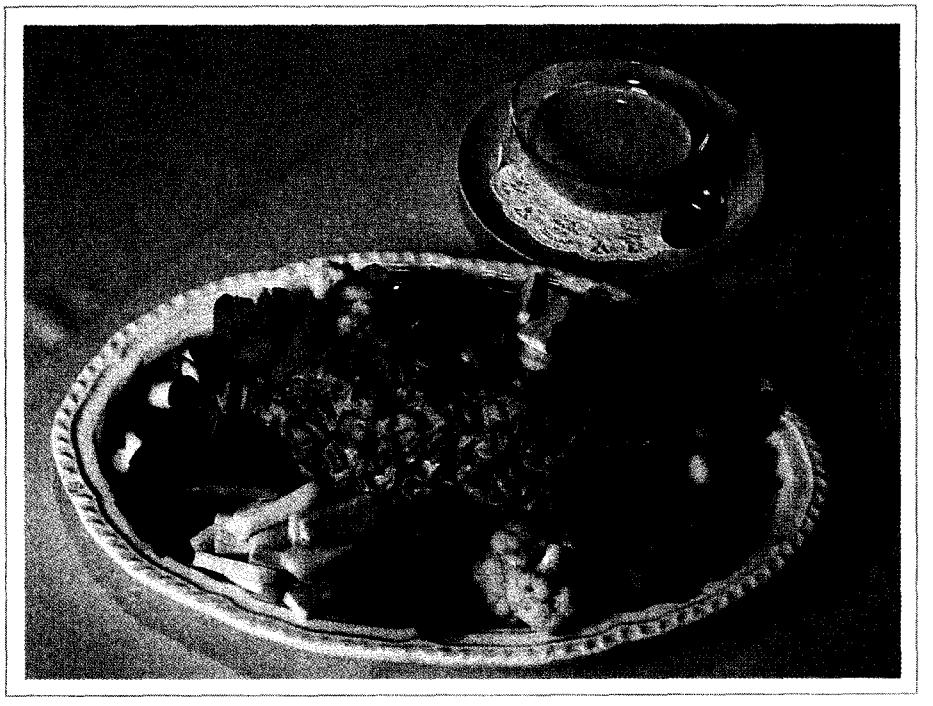
ELEGANCE WITH EGGPLANT AND ZUCCHINI

An executive chef shows how to plan a fresh and colorful spring buffet that's a cut above the rest.

by Pasqual DeRosa



A chilled flowered pasta platter (in full bloom) makes a colorful centerpiece for a zucchini-and-eggplant bash. Yogurt dressing adds tang to the vegetable array.

An elegant, delicious and impressive buffet can be put together easily around a vegetable theme—one that features eggplant, zucchini, tomatoes and spinach.

All these attractive, vegetable-based dishes are easy and quick to assemble and prepare. This kind of cooking is an integral part of the new American approach to food—one that emphasizes fresh, colorful, simply prepared food, as good to look at as it is to eat.

The Oriental influence on American cooking is clear in this approach—one that I observed in my 11 years as executive chef for the Sheraton Hotel in Hawaii. There I watched Chinese and Japanese cooks prepare all ingredients beforehand and cook them quickly and simply. The elimination of heavy sauces and intricate preparation techniques not only means faster, easier and more healthful eating, but it also frees the host or hostess to enjoy the party and join the guests rather than to be exiled in the kitchen.

Moreover, these dishes are rich in vitamins, minerals and fiber and relatively low in fats and cholesterol.

It is no exaggeration to say these trends are part of a true revolution in American food. They reflect a growing national maturity and self-confidence as well as an interest in our own culinary past and regional traditions. Until six or seven years ago it was next to impossible to find an American chef in our better restaurants and hotels. The mistaken idea that only Europeans could produce truly fine food was widely held. All of that has been completely overturned, and we are now producing—here at home—a new generation of talented, original American chefs, food writers and critics.

A few specifics for the best possible results for these recipes follow. When shopping for produce, look for fruits and vegetables that are brightly colored and firm to the touch. Don't buy anything that looks or feels limp. If cauliflower is rusty on the tips of the florets, it is old. If you do buy it, you will have to cook it in milk to get rid of the color. If carrots bend, they are old—don't buy them. With eggplant, the color tells you nothing, so a firm touch is essential. Be especially careful with yellow squash and zucchini; make sure they are firm and not moldy, because these vegetables tend to become moldy quickly. Mushrooms must be white and closed. Brown spots or openings between stems and caps indicate they are too old to yield a fresh flavor or texture.

Accompanying wines for this meal might be any one of the following: Louis Jadot Macon Blanc Villages; Louis Jadot Beaujolais Villages; Robert Mondavi Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve; or Robert Mondavi Chenin Blanc. All of these are characterized by their broad appeal. They are neither too dry nor too sweet, but those people who know fine wine will also enjoy and appreciate them.

Recipes follow:

Eggplant with Veal and Mushrooms

(Makes 6 servings)

¼ cup oil
¼ cup light margarine, melted
1 large eggplant
1 pound ground veal
1 onion
1 pound mushrooms, chopped fine
1 whole shallot
2 cloves garlic
Coarse black pepper (called butcher block)
¼ cup chives

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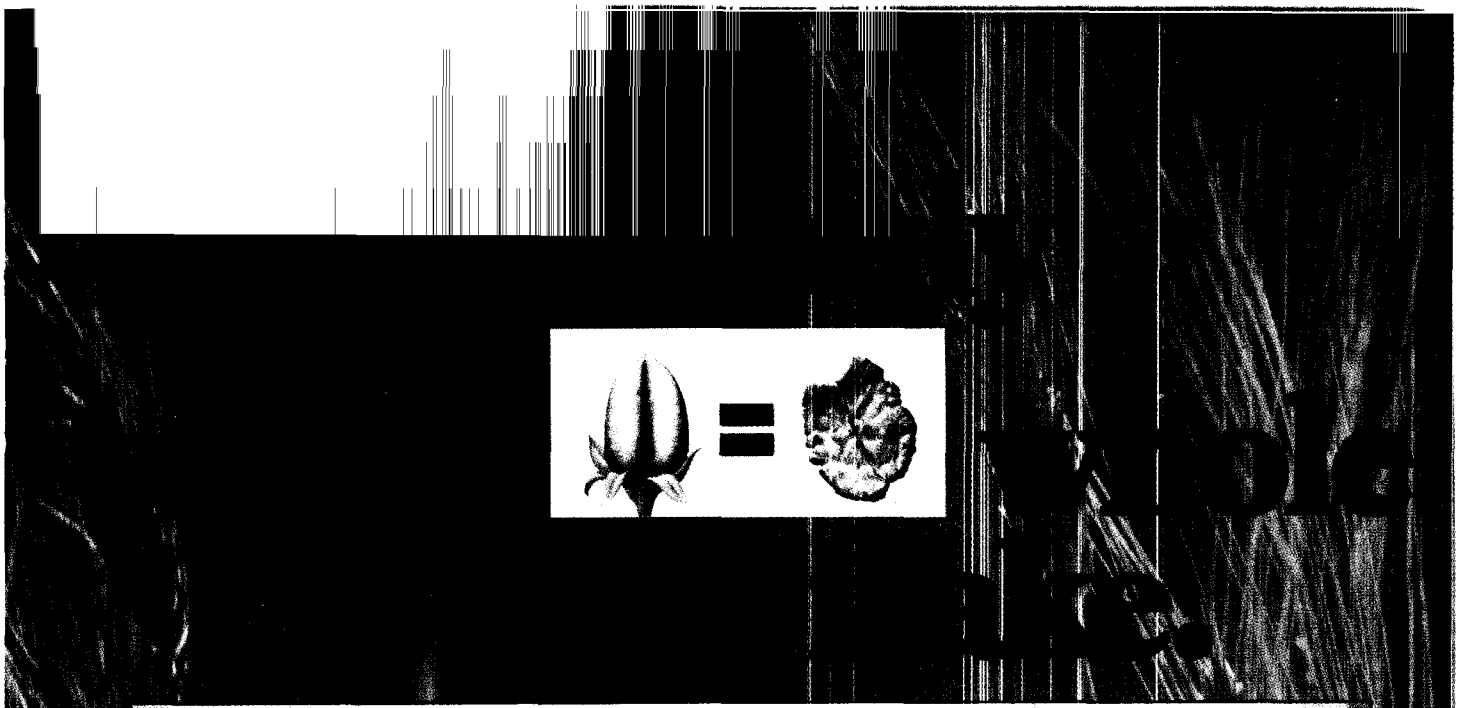

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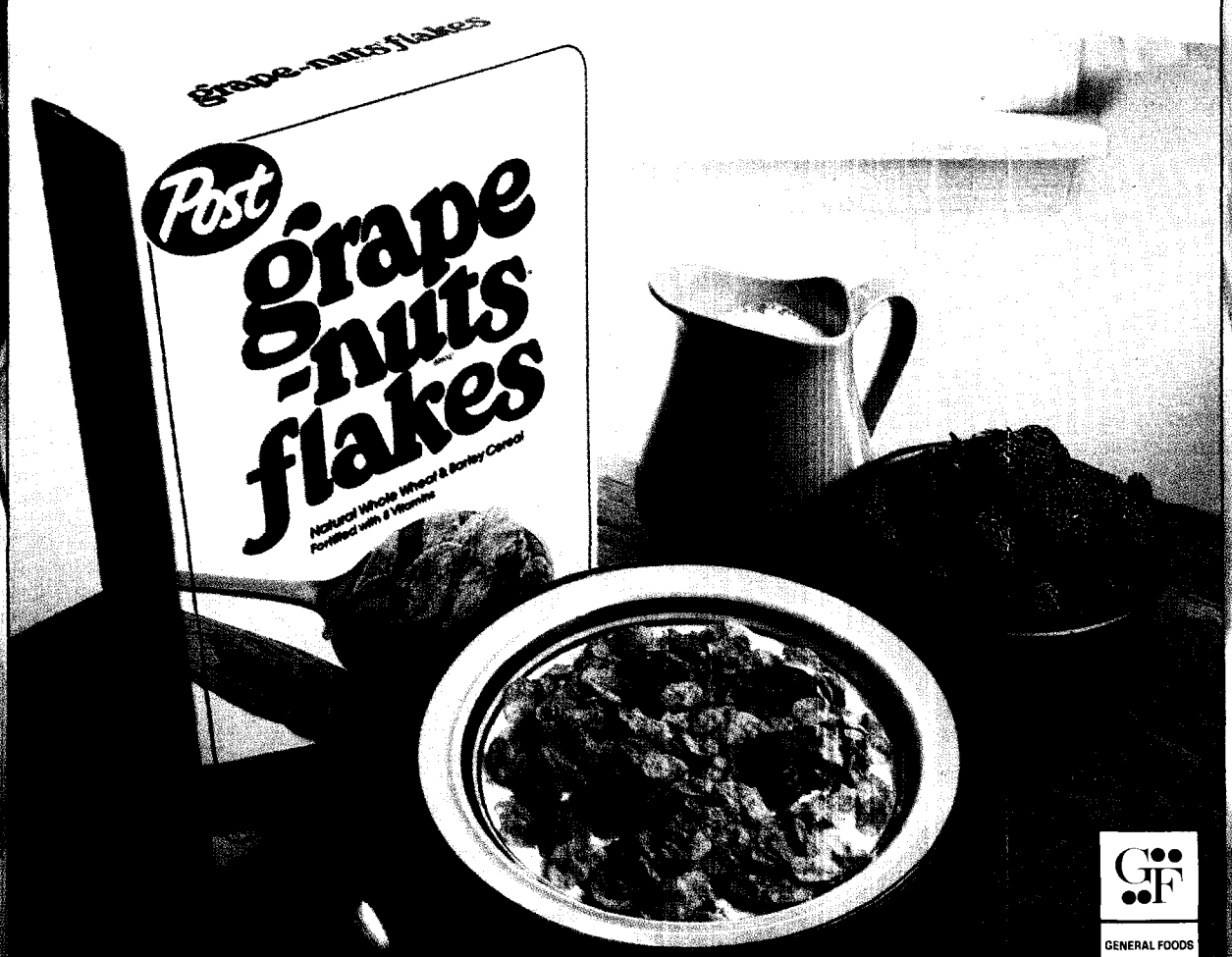

GENERAL FOODS

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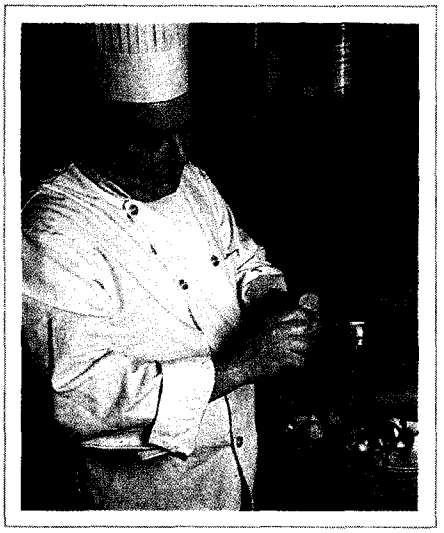


How to cut carrot or zucchini flowers: Cut five indentations and interlock them. Cut down approximately one-fourth inch, then cut out the center. Next, cut the bottom down at an angle and twist it off. This sets up the vegetable for the next "flower."

½ pound Cheddar cheese

Hollow out eggplant and leave a ¼" border. Cut into small cubes. Heat oil and margarine in skillet and add eggplant and veal. Cook on low heat about 3 minutes. Add onion, mushrooms, shallot, garlic and pepper. Cook approximately 5 minutes. Add chives. Fill shell of eggplant. Top with cheese. Bake in 375° F. oven for 20 minutes. Can also be made with zucchini as an appetizer.

Zucchini Bread
(Makes 2 loaves)

3 cups wheat flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
½ cup vegetable shortening, melted
½ cup honey
2 cups zucchini, shredded, raw
1½ cups chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350° F. Grease and flour two 8½" x 4½" pans. Stir together flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves; set aside. Place milk, eggs, shortening, honey and zucchini in mixing bowl. Add dry ingredients and beat until batter is blended. Add walnuts. Bake 50-60 minutes. Remove from oven and cool 5 minutes, then turn out on rack and cool.

Zucchini Quiche
(Yields approx. 100 quiches)

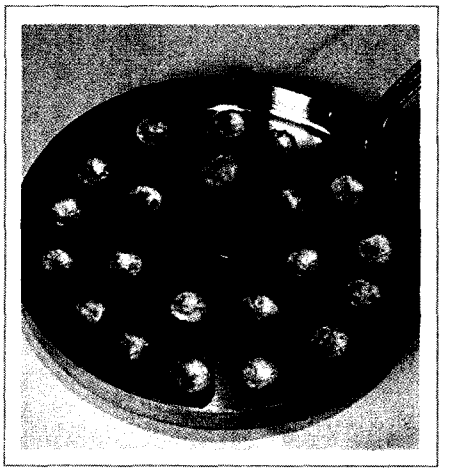
8 long, slender zucchinis
½ cup Parmesan cheese
1 can (6¾ oz.) chunk ham
¾ quart heavy cream
3 egg whites
Nutmeg

Preheat oven to 400° F. Wash zucchini and cut off ends. Cut into 1" rounds. Hollow out middles with melon baller. (Be careful not to cut all the way through.) Sprinkle Parmesan cheese and ham into each round. Beat cream, eggs and nutmeg together. Pour into each zucchini round to fill. Bake in oven for 15-20 minutes or until firm and golden on top.

Flowered Chilled Pasta
(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound wheat pasta
½ pound handmade zucchini flowers or simple slices
½ pound handmade carrot flowers or simple slices
½ pound yellow squash
¼ pound broccoli flowers
¼ pound cauliflower flowers
½ pound shitake mushrooms
1 tablespoon garlic
¼ cup oil

Cook pasta in salted water *al dente*. Rinse in cold water. Blanch all vegetables and leave slightly crisp. Set broccoli only in bath of ice water to hold color. Sauté shitake mushrooms in oil with 1 tablespoon of garlic. Toss pasta and vegetables together and hold 3 of each for top garnish. Top with yogurt dressing.



A fresh and delicious hors d'oeuvre idea, bite-size zucchini quiches are bursting with attractive display potential.

Yogurt Dressing

1 cup yogurt
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salad herbs (thyme, tarragon, oregano, basil)
1 teaspoon curry powder
¼ cup oil

Zucchini Custard Tarts
(Makes 24 tarts)

1 cup Cheddar cheese, finely diced
1½ cups zucchini, chopped fine
24 unbaked 1½" tart shells
8 egg whites
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered mustard
¼ teaspoon ground mace
Dash cayenne
1 cup skim milk
1 cup light cream
1 tablespoon light margarine

Preheat oven to 375° F. Divide cheese and zucchini equally among the tart shells. Set aside. Beat the next 6 ingredients together; then stir in milk, cream and margarine. Strain mixture and divide equally between tart shells. Bake for 30 minutes or until custard is set. Serve hot.

Crust for Tarts
(Makes 24 tarts)

4 cups whole-wheat flour
2 cups white flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 cups shortening
2 cups cold water

Mix all ingredients with fork and stir in water, a small amount at a time. Mixture will be crumbly. Roll a handful at a time on floured surface with rolling pin. Place in 3-inch pie tins. Add filling and bake as directed above.

Spinach Salad
(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound spinach
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons lemon juice

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½ cup ketchup
1 cup oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
Garnishes

Wash the spinach in water several times and remove hard stems. Cut the spinach into strips, dry and chill. Make dressing by mixing salt, sugar, paprika and mustard with Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and ketchup. Add oil and vinegar slowly and alternately while heating in an electric mixer. The dressing should be thick and creamy. Serve over spinach. Garnish with bacon bits and sliced onions, mushrooms and alfalfa sprouts.

Zucchini Soufflé
(Makes 6 servings)

¼ cup light margarine
4 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup (¼ lb.) Gruyère cheese or Cheddar cheese, grated
1 cup zucchini, chopped fine
1 pound ricotta cheese
8 egg whites (reserve yolks)
Dash cayenne
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

Preheat oven to 325° F. Melt margarine in saucepan. Remove from heat and blend in flour and salt. Stir and cook 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in cream. Cook until the sauce is medium thickness and stir constantly. Stir in cheese, zucchini and ricotta. Add a little of the hot sauce to the egg yolks and then stir the yolks into the remaining hot mixture. Add cayenne. Beat egg whites until they are foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until whites stand in stiff peaks. Gently fold into the mixture. Batter bottom (not sides) of a 1½-quart soufflé dish and pour in the mixture. Place the dish in a pan of hot water. Bake 75 minutes or until soufflé is well puffed and browned. Serve immediately. Serve with tomato coulée.

Tomato Coulée

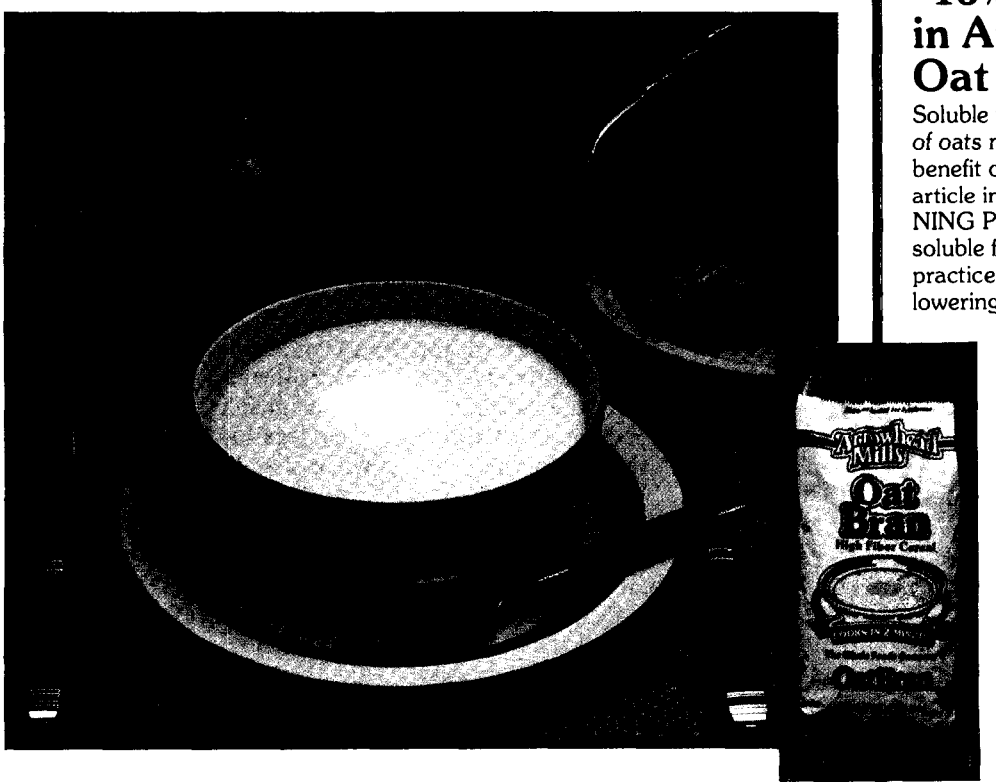
¼ stick light margarine
2 stalks celery, thinly sliced
1 small carrot, thinly sliced
1 small onion, thinly sliced
4 large tomatoes, peeled and seeded
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon parsley stems, minced
¼ teaspoon dried thyme
¼ teaspoon bay leaf, crumbled
Freshly ground pepper

Combine all ingredients; garnish with watercress sprigs.

Zucchini Stir Fry
(Makes 6 servings)

½ pound zucchini and ½ pound yellow squash, cut in pieces
½ pound broccoli florets
½ pound cauliflower florets
½ pound snow peas
½ cup sesame oil
1 tablespoon garlic
½ teaspoon ginger, freshly grated
1 pimiento, chopped and squeezed

Bring large pot of water to boil. Blanch each of first five ingredients separately for one and one-half minutes. Drain each and place immediately in ice water. Heat oil in pan until hot. Add garlic and ginger and sauté for 1 minute. Add vegetables and toss ingredients until hot. Add chopped pimiento.



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VETS ON PETS

ANIMAL TALES

The answers to many of your pet questions, from why a dog eats grass and has a wet nose to how come hogs in France are smart enough to locate truffles.

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

It's surprising—the questions about animal behavior and health that have survived many years of veterinary research. I recall, for example, the furor caused in the country neighborhood where I grew up when Mr. Rison's prize blue tick hound's first litter of puppies showed a remarkable resemblance to old Shep, the mongrel from next door. What bothered Mr. Rison most was his belief that Betsy was ruined for life, that she would now never have a litter of purebred blue tick puppies.

This, of course, was just an old husband's tale, although many dog owners still express the same concerns today. Shep may very well have been the begetter of Betsy's first litter, but he could not have possibly "tainted" successive pregnancies unless he had mated with her each time.

Here are some questions about animals, questions veterinary science can now answer, as well as a few we're still not quite sure about:

Does a dog's or a cat's eating grass indicate the presence of worms? (I've been asked this hundreds of times.)

A. No. The pet may have worms, but eating grass is certainly no indication. We are not sure, however, just why cats and dogs do eat grass. Possibly, it may have a mild emetic (vomit-inducing) property of which these animals are aware.

Is a cold, wet nose a symptom of sickness in a dog?

A. A dog keeps his nose moist by licking it. Thus it's not an accurate indicator of his well-being.

Do dogs have ESP?

A. Dogs occasionally do seemingly miraculous things, at least from human beings' standpoint. Many people have testified that they are alive today because of their dog's awareness of impending physical disaster. The answer may lie in dogs' acute senses of smell and hearing, which more than make up for their tendency to be farsighted and colorblind. More puzzling to scientists is the homing device of dogs, some of which have traveled hundreds, even thousands of miles to be reunited with their human families, and their acute sense of time. There are many accounts of a dog awakening his owner at the same hour every morning or fetching a leash at precisely 3 p.m. for an afternoon walk. Humans are known to have biological clocks, and I suspect that dogs have them too—and they're even more accurate.

Are all calico cats female?

A. Ninety-eight percent yes. In this breed, color is linked to the sex chromosome—so if you thought of naming your new calico kitten Louis, you'd better settle for Louise.

Can you teach an old dog new tricks?

A. Indeed you can—if the trainer and the dog both have confidence. This was proved by a ten-year-old Dalmatian, not previously trained, that went to obedience school and within a year won the highest awards.

Just how smart can a dog be?

A. Vincent and Margaret Gaddis, in their book *The Strange World of Animals and Pets*, write about a dog named Chris. Chris, a reputed mathematical genius, could add, subtract, multiply and divide and finally was able to work out the square and cube roots of numbers. He gave his answers by tapping his paw on the arm of his interrogator. Asked why he knew so much, Chris tapped out s-m-a-r-t d-o-g, indicating the proper letters as the alphabet was recited. No doubt exists that dogs can communicate and understand, or that they can be highly trained, as in Chris' case. Chris might even make a good role model for our schoolchildren, but I'll not hold my breath till he gets his Ph.D.

Can a horse sleep standing up?

A. Horses have a "stay" apparatus of ligaments that act as slings for their legs and allow them to snooze while standing.

How do hogs sniff out truffles? (Here's one I *will* hold my breath on.)

A. "Brilliant" hogs able to locate and root out those $500-a-pound delicacies in France are guided more by scent than by sense. Only the females are able to zero in on the prized truffles, because the areas where the truffles grow smell like the breath of the male hog. Aren't you glad you asked?

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

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I have a cockapoo named GiGi. She is blind and will be 13 in May. She gets around, goes up and down the stairs, and she knows where her food is put. GiGi has rheumatism in her back leg. Is there anything you can put on it? I'm 70 and by myself. I'm so glad we have someone like you to answer our questions.

Dorothy Pulice
Newport, Rhode Island

Dear Ms. Pulice:

Diagnosing across the miles is often less than rewarding; however, I will give it my best. I am wondering if the origin of GiGi's rheumatism might be a luxating kneecap. Aspirin has been used to treat arthritis in both humans and animals. If GiGi is an average 25-pound cockapoo, a five-grain aspirin every eight hours might help during a flare-up.

A dog the age of GiGi would certainly benefit from a thorough physical checkup. If you have difficulty taking GiGi to the local veterinary hospital, you might consider utilizing the services of a house-call veterinarian or contact your local humane society to inquire about volunteer groups available in your area to help with transportation.

Thank you for writing. You are a testimony to the importance of the human-companion animal bond.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

We have a crossbreed Labrador and Chesapeake male dog, now about 13½ years old. He is apparently in reasonable healthy condition other than a recent bladder infection, which is being alleviated by antibiotics. His coat is glossy and his eyes are clear.

In 1981 we discovered he was licking one rear leg raw in different spots. The veterinarian at that time said he had tumors that needed removal. He was in the hospital, the tumors were removed and in due time the wound healed.

However, this did not seem to stop the licking problem; this he resumed. We started cleansing (boric acid) the areas and applying various ointments. We have also bandaged the areas with surgical gauze, all this to no avail. He will lick in an area that is not bandaged and get another raw spot. Same leg.

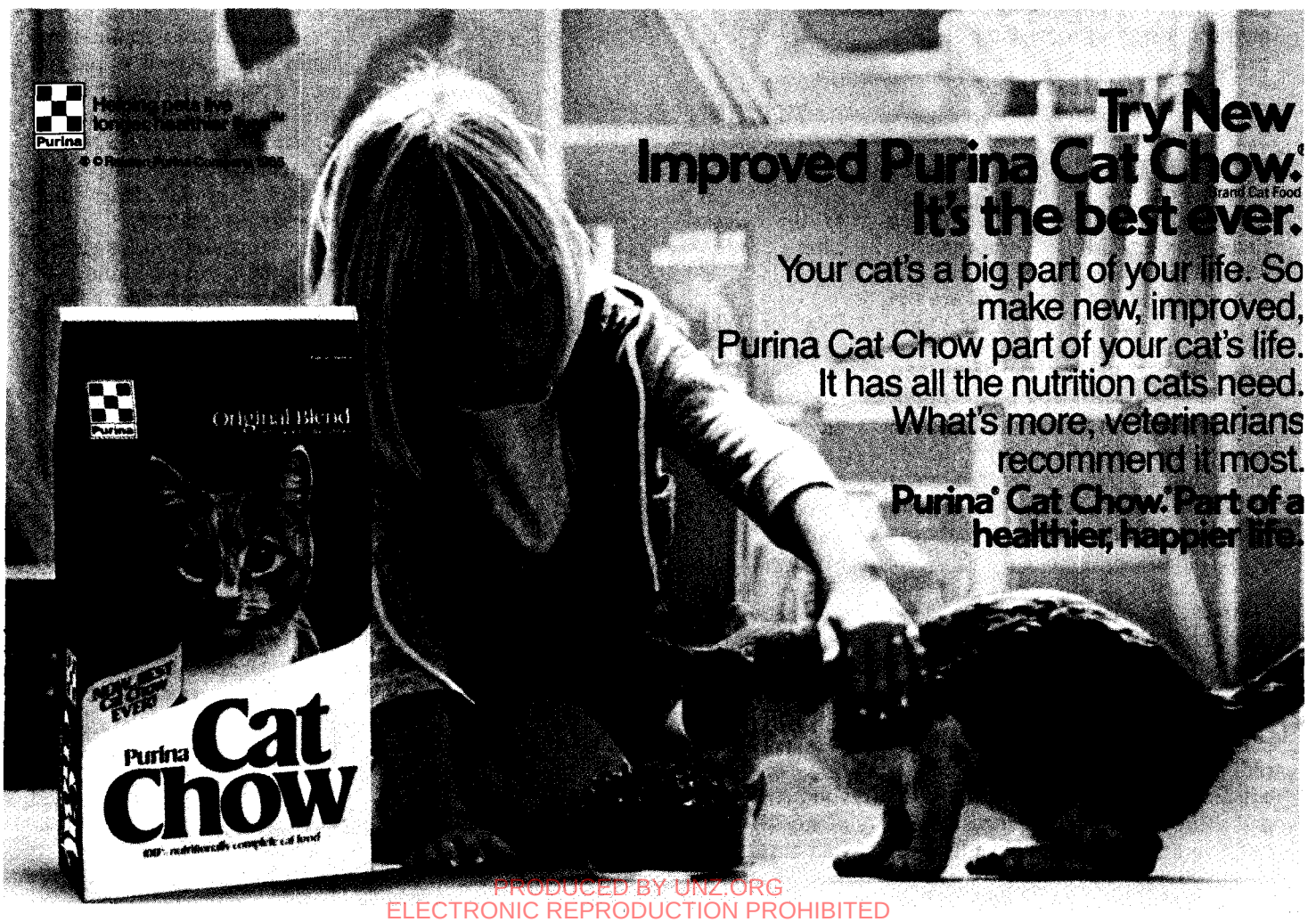
The veterinarian to whom we are now going says, "This is typical of Labradors, some becoming a mass of body sores," and does not appear to have knowledge of anything to correct the condition that causes the obsessive licking. He recommended we take the animal to a dermatologist in Sacramento, California. This we cannot afford. We would appreciate any help you might be able to give us on our loved fellow's problem.

John M. Lucas
Reno, Nevada

Dear Mr. Lucas:

The condition you describe is called a "lick granuloma" and is most frustrating to treat for everyone involved, because the dog's excessive licking and mutilation of the affected area causes the problem.

Treatment for lick granuloma may encompass: tranquilizers; wrapping the affected area so that the dog cannot reach it to lick; corticosteroids, both systemically and injected around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the lesion to reduce inflammation and itching; antibiotics if the area is infected; drying agents if the lesion is moist; and topical antibiotics and corticosteroids.

From the history you have given, the problem is a chronic one and may be initiated by allergy. Often, the cheapest therapy in the long run seems the most expensive at first; I would second the recommendation to make an appointment with a veterinary dermatologist.

Good luck!

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

I have a beautiful Siamese cat. She is 15 years old and has never been sick, until now. Less than two months ago she weighed 12 pounds; now she weighs only 4 pounds. My vet told me she has kidney failure, that her days are numbered and he cannot do anything about it. She goes to the vet every day 8 to 5 for IVs to keep her alive.

I recently found out that my ex-roommate kicked my cat around. Could this have anything to do with my kitty being sick?

Anna-Leah Mullins
Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Anna-Leah:

Inflammation of the kidneys is called nephritis, and yes, many times it is an old-age or progressive disease. Because kidney transplants and kidney-dialysis machines are not routinely available for cats, your veterinarian is attempting the next best thing with daily IV fluids. Although stress can make many conditions worse, I would hesitate to blame your roommate. Your cat's kidney condition probably advanced to a point at which her body was no longer able to compensate.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

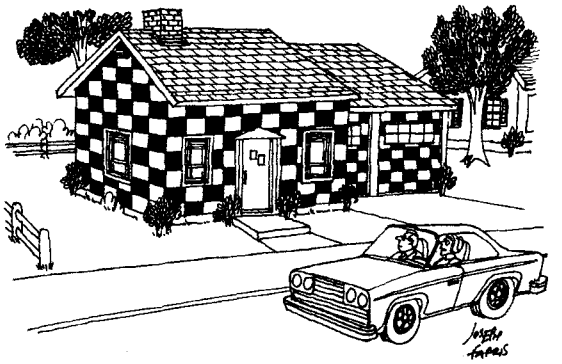
In the Jan./Feb. 1984 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Joyce Groves of Powell, Wyoming, wrote about her 11-year-old part poodle who coughs and gags. I've got an 8-year-old poodle that has coughed and gagged whenever he was excited or had a collar on. The vet checked him out for kennel cough and anything else that might cause it but could not find a medical problem. He decided the dog has an oversensitive throat. Sometimes, due to allergic reaction to grass, he has prescribed pills that stop the cough—so I don't think the problem is behavioral. Sometimes when my dog is coughing, it helps to let him lick butter off my fingers. Then I call the vet for the pills the next day.

J.B. Kraliak
Kenosha, Wyoming

Dear J.B.:

Second-guessing or making veterinary medical recommendations via letter or over the telephone often leaves room for error. I found no reason to differ with the medical opinion of the original veterinarian in this case.

H.E.W.



"Here we are. She was right. . .she said we couldn't miss it."

Dear Dr. White:

Recently we brought home a stray kitten. We immediately took him to the vet's to have him checked and to give him his shots. He did have fleas and tapeworms, which our vet took care of right away. He is now almost seven months old. He has grown a lot since the day we brought him home. My question is: Is it common for cats to go crazy when table food is brought out? We will sit down to dinner, and he will be all over us. He will eat just about everything, which we try not to let happen, because I know that this could lead to a weight problem later. He eats his food at one sitting, when kitten chow and canned food is mixed for him, and he drinks plenty of water every day. We feed him only twice a day, which should be plenty for a cat his age. I would like to know what we can do about this problem of begging for table food.

Lara Whitcomb
Mayfield Heights, Ohio

Dear Lara:

Your kitten is receiving an adequate diet but apparently becomes aroused at the sight of everyone indulging in a family meal. Perhaps you can countercondition the kitten to play with a toy or other enjoyable activity before family meals in another area of the house or outside. Leave him in that area, away from where you are eating during meals. Do not ever offer him tidbits from the table during meals or at other times.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

To Beverly Hunt, Memphis, Tennessee, whose letter appeared in the April '84 *SatEvePost*.

No, you are not alone in mourning a pet. It's a year now since my cat, Peanuts, was put to sleep, and I still long for him to be here again.

Some children found him under a car, six weeks old or so. I couldn't resist the tiny, red fellow, and he was a joy to me for ten years. Never scratched, took a long time to get over his fears but wound up a loving creature.

Then lumps appeared on his sides. The vet said tumors on his kidneys—no hope. I'll never forget how he sat in a corner of the waiting room, his back to me, and looked so sad. You're not alone.

Betty Smith
Whiting, New Jersey

Dear Betty:

Ms. Hunt's grief at the death of her cat was thought to be inappropriate by the humans closest to her. Many empathetic readers have taken the time to write about the meaning that pets have brought to their lives and the normal process of grief that follows the death of a beloved companion animal.

H.E.W.

Send your questions about pets to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

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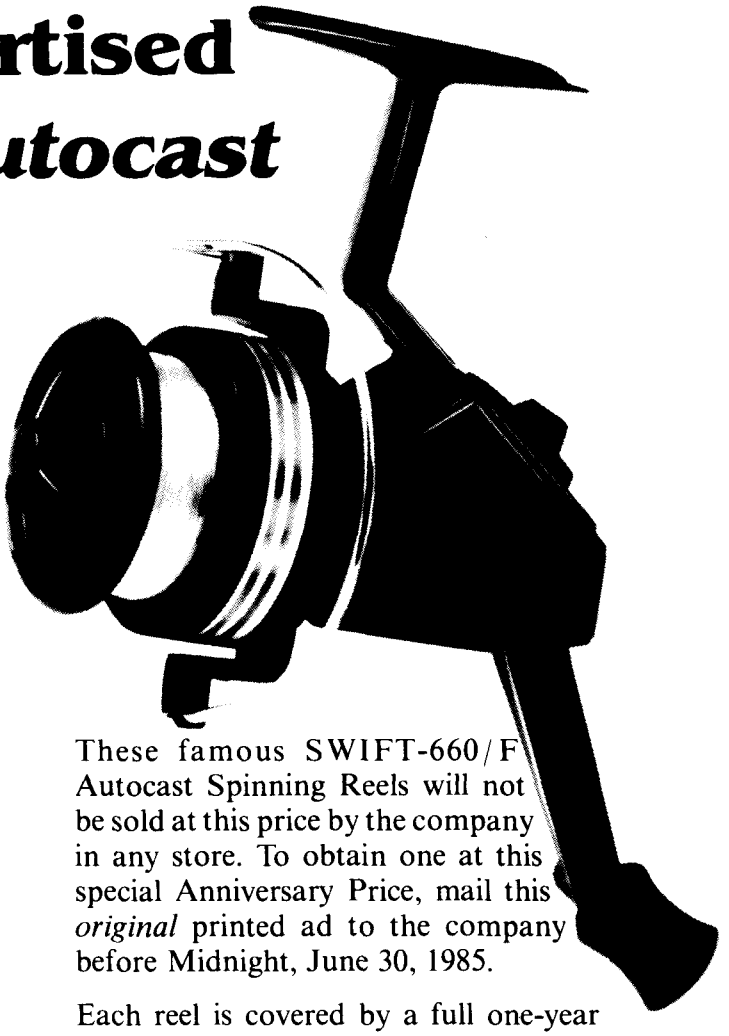

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Each reel is covered by a full one-year money-back guarantee and will thus be replaced or refunded by the company, free of charge, if it ever fails to function. There is a limit of two (2) reels per address at this price, but requests which are mailed early enough (before June 21) may request up to five.

To obtain your SWIFT-660/F Autocast Spinning Reel, mail this original Anniversary Ad together with your name and address and $4 for each reel. Add only $2 shipping and handling no matter how many reels you are requesting. (New York residents add sales tax.) Allow up to 6-8 weeks for shipment. Mail to: **Abernathy & Closther, $4 Spinning Reel Offer, Dept. 150-47, Box 1736, Hicksville, New York 11802. (A25160)**

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POST SCRIPTS

Everything in Moderation

A Hollywood producer was traveling to New York. He went to his Pullman berth, pulled back the curtains and found two beautiful girls. All three looked at their tickets and found that the girls were on the wrong train. The girls were very upset and asked if they could stay in the berth anyway. The producer explained he was very sorry, but he was a married man, had respect and standing and couldn't afford the slightest breath of scandal.

"I'm sorry," he added, "but one of you will have to leave."

—B. W. Clifton

Savings and Groan Dept.

There are two reasons a person cannot get credit. One is because he isn't known. The other is because he is.

—B. Bader

Silver Line-ing

Why can't I reply to a sarcastic quip
With retorts that are caustic and deft?
Oh why do the words come so stingingly clear
Just after the person has left?

I can conjure up withering, scathing retorts
Whose logic is crystalline clear
To shrivel my foe to a minuscule size,
But never whenever he's near.

Why must I fumble and mutter and blush
In an impotent, frustrated rage?
Oh why can't the words come as crisply to mind
As the characters' lines on the stage?

But maybe a lining of silver is there
In this business of repartee flops:
My silence that causes this moment of grief
Might save me a right to the chops!

—Robert Brownell

Ms.-treatment

The female lecturer was going strong. "For centuries women have been misjudged and mistreated," she thundered. "They have suffered in a thousand ways. Is there any way that women have not suffered?"

As she paused to let that question sink in, a quiet, masculine voice answered: "Yes. They have never suffered in silence."

—Henry E. Leabo

Deft-initions

Personal surgery: Suture self.

Crooked bookkeeping: Accounts deceivable.

Earthquake protection: No-fault insurance.

Subpoena: Letter of the law.

Brushing and flossing: Gum control.

—Hank Billings

Blowup

Gossip, like a photograph, begins with a negative and all too easily can be enlarged out of proportion.

—Margaret Shauers

Hour Way of Life

The American way of life is being able to sit and talk for an hour over a cup of instant coffee.

—George E. Bergman

As the World Turns

Motorist to policeman: "Officer, let me get this straight. We're living on a planet that's rotating on its axis at a speed of 1,000 miles per hour, while moving at 66,000 miles per hour around the sun, which is moving around the galaxy at millions of miles per hour. And you're going to give me a ticket for going 35 in a 30-mile-an-hour zone?"

—Eileen P. Dirkman

Three's Not Company

You cannot make the home circle square with a triangle.

—Eliza Louisa Dawson

Bestin' the Texan

A Texas oilman was visiting New York. His city friend showed him all the sights, including the Empire State Building.

"Son, your mother and I have decided that you're old enough to get your own drink of water."

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"Isn't that a magnificent structure?" asked the New Yorker.

"That's nothing," said the Texan. "I got an outhouse bigger'n that!"

The New Yorker looked him over and retorted, "You need it!"

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

Close Call

A country church had just acquired a brand-new pastor. He drove around the local area one day, calling on homes to get acquainted with the parishioners. He had been up a narrow lane to the house on top of a hill, not far from the highway. Finding no one home, he proceeded back down the hill to where the lane opened onto the highway.

Not at all familar with the roads in the area, he came upon the intersection more suddenly than he expected and almost crashed into another car entering the narrow lane. The woman driving the other car grumbled to herself, "Reckless driver—I should've got your license number and reported you."

Reaching her home on top of the hill, the woman parked the car and was nervously trying to unlock the front door when she noticed a note attached to the door: "Sorry I missed you this time," it said. "Will try again soon.—The new pastor."

—Daniel Scott

Swine Not?

A man was sued by a woman for defamation of character. She charged that he had called her a pig. The man was found guilty and fined.

After the trial he asked the judge, "This means that I cannot call Mrs. Johnson a pig?" The judge said that was true.

"Does that mean I cannot call a pig Mrs. Johnson?" the man asked. The judge replied that he could indeed call a pig Mrs. Johnson with no fear of legal action.

The man looked directly at Mrs. Johnson and said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Johnson."

—Al Batt

Uncertain State

Slightly befuddled by the traffic in Washington, D.C., a visitor from a Western state pulled over to the curb on "C" Street and asked a passing political type:

"Which side is the State Department on, sir?"

"Hopefully," replied the native, "ours."

—Lloyd Byers

A Hint of Irony

Monday: "Tom, whatever happened to Sweeney? We haven't seen him since our wedding."

Tuesday: "Tom, remember these pictures? They were taken the day we got married."

Wednesday: "Tom, look. I can still get into my wedding dress."

Thursday: "Tom, don't you think our marriage is wonderful?"

Friday: "For me? Why, Tom, you remembered."

—Thomas E. Oetzel

Hue and Cry

I never saw a purple cow
Or so I thought until now,
For there upon the TV screen
Grazing in a field of green
Underneath the blue empyrean
An ungulate in raiment Tyrian.
And if I twirl the dial around
To turn that bossy back to brown,
The heavens shift from spring to winter,
The meadow darkens to magenta.
O mad palette of star-crossed hues!
I switch the station to the news
To watch the anchor and his crew
Declaim events with visage blue.

—William J. Wilson

Conjugal Rx

I just picked up some tranqs and other prescriptions.
My husband's in bed with the flu.
Now I'm going back to the pharmacy
For some medicine for *him* to take, too!

—Ruth M. Walsh

The Misunderstanding

"Let me explain," said the druggist,
"I wouldn't insult your good wife!
I came late to work this morning,
The worse for a little night life.
Then I found I'd forgotten my key
And heard the phone starting to ring.
'Some poor soul,' I thought, 'is hurting
While here I am, can't do a thing.'
With my fist, I smashed the window
To undo the latch on the door.
The light was out, and in my rush,
I slipped on the blood on the floor.
At last I reached the telephone
And your missus asked if I knew
How to use a thermometer,
And I told her just what to do."

—Hazel Jean Tomlinson

Unmoved

The landlady, waiting for her tenant to come home, met him at the door.

"Mr. Brown, you owe me five months rent. You must move."

"Oh, I'd never move while I still owe you money."

—A.H. Berzen

Male Intuition

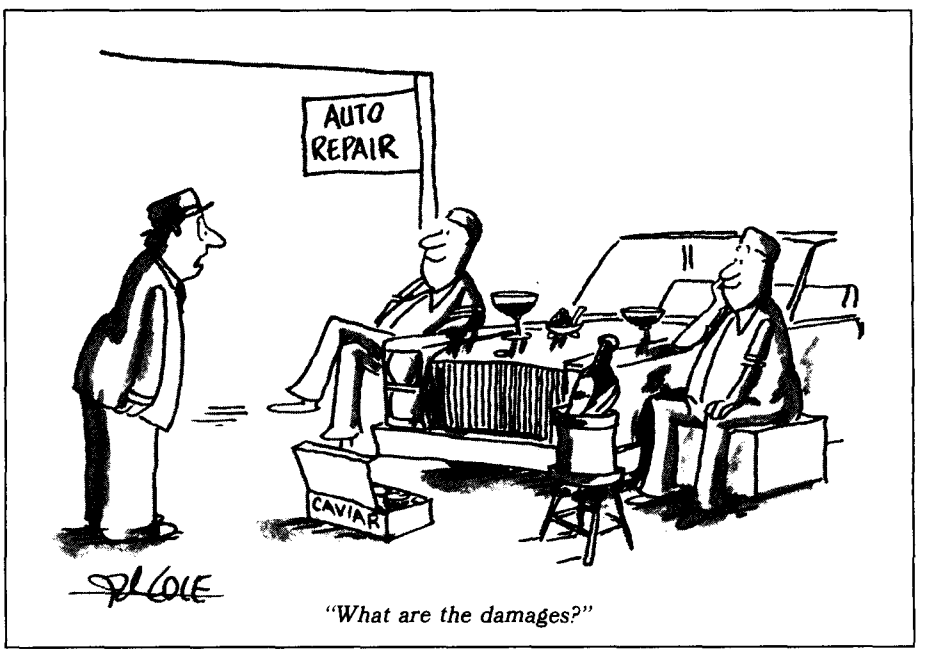
"Do you have any idea what I think of married life?"

The cabdriver peered in the rearview mirror. "You married?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

—James Curnane



"What are the damages?"

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MY WIFE THE ANIMALHOLIC

Compelled by a strange, incurable malady, she has become not only an animal lover but a saber-rattling warrior on their behalf, imbued with the righteous moral fervor of a Mahatma Gandhi.

by King Harris

Fear bubbled in my stomach as the horseman galloped by and roared at me, "Tell your wife to shut up, or I'll ram your teeth down your throat!"

He veered away from us and threw up a cloud of dust, as my wife shouted at him:

"If you beat that animal one more time, I'll call the humane society! Don't you know you can't control a horse with brute strength?" Cupping her hands around her mouth, she yelled, "When knowledge ends, violence takes over!" Then she looked at me to Do Something.

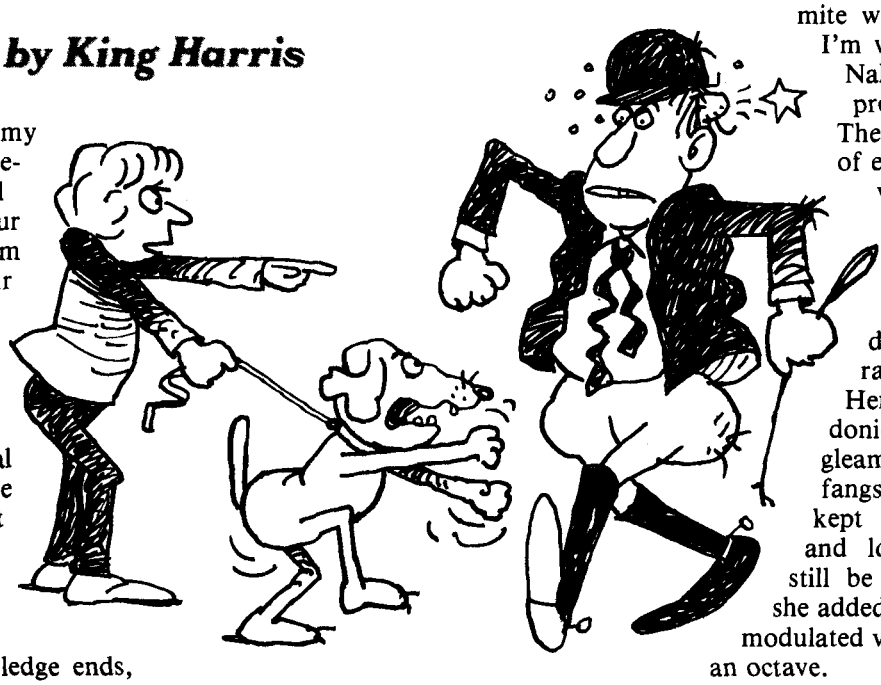
But physical contact is not my métier. I shuddered at the thought of rolling around on the ground with this oaf, eye-gouging and crotch-kicking. I turned toward my sometime, longtime lover, a woman of myriad achievements and maddening faults.

"Okay," I said. "You've told him, so stop being a buttinski. It's really none of your business."

Her eyes flared at me. "It is my business when someone abuses an animal. Yours, too. Why, look at him with those mutton fists jerking the horse in the mouth, flapping his arms like a chicken!"

His spirited mare was covered with lather, her flanks raw from whip lashes. When he pointed her once more to the four-foot jump, the animal refused for the third time and ran out to the right.

"That's a fault! Rider fault! You dropped her at the fence!" my wife called out in a crescendo of disbelief. "Stop hindering your horse!"



The man waddled toward us, crop in hand.

Then she began rocking back and forth on her heels, a signal that her emotional reactor was approaching meltdown. I rubbed my sweaty palms together. La Contessa was slipping her tether again. "La Contessa" is my affectionate appellation for my wife whenever her mindless compassion for animals overcomes her common sense.

The rider glowered at her, then wheeled and again goaded his horse toward the jump. This time the mare slammed on the brakes, lowered her head and sent him through the air as if ejected from a catapult, his hands still clutching the bridle.

"Rider took the fence, horse didn't," my wife observed with an impish grin.

The man picked himself up and waddled toward us, crop in one hand, bridle in the other, a lump the size of a goiter on his plump head. He looked like a battle-scarred commando. His small, reptilian eyes blinked warning lights, and my gastric juices started churning again. "I'd better let the dogs out," I said uneasily, fumbling with the car door.

"Just Nahdor," my wife said. "Not Beau. Beau would jump up and kiss him."

Beau and Nahdor are 65-pound, russet-colored Hungarian vizslas who have social-register pedigrees and Hollywood looks. Beau still has a lot of the little-boy puppy in him, but his brother Nahdor is a cache of dynamite waiting for a fuse. I'm willing to bet that Nahdor could bench-press 400 pounds. There is not an ounce of excess tissue on his very large bones.

The plodding rider stopped dead when my wife spoke. "The dog hasn't had his rabies shot yet." Her smile was sardonic. On cue, saliva gleamed on Nahdor's fangs. "And if you'd kept your heels down and looked up, you'd still be on your horse," she added, her usually well-modulated voice rising at least an octave.

"Bull, lady, pure bull!" he spluttered. "I won two blues at the Pleasanton horse show last weekend, and no one can tell me . . . ."

She brushed his rage aside with an airy gesture. "You should communicate with your horse through your back and seat. Not crop and spurs. Then you wouldn't have to use that double-twisted wire snaffle. Look how it's cut into her mouth," she said, pointing to the blood on the bit.

"A man's got to use a bit like this to make the horse obey," he broke in, "show 'em who's boss."

La Contessa threw back her head and laughed. Then she tossed out an 18th-century aphorism: "The more iron in the mouth of the horse, the less the knowledge of the rider."

He glared at her and started toward me, but backed up as Nahdor began shadowboxing at the end of the leash. He turned and stomped off to the barn.

In the car, I exploded. "Just who the hell do you think you are?"

continued on following page

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100 YEARS

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOMES FOR THE AGING, WASH., DC

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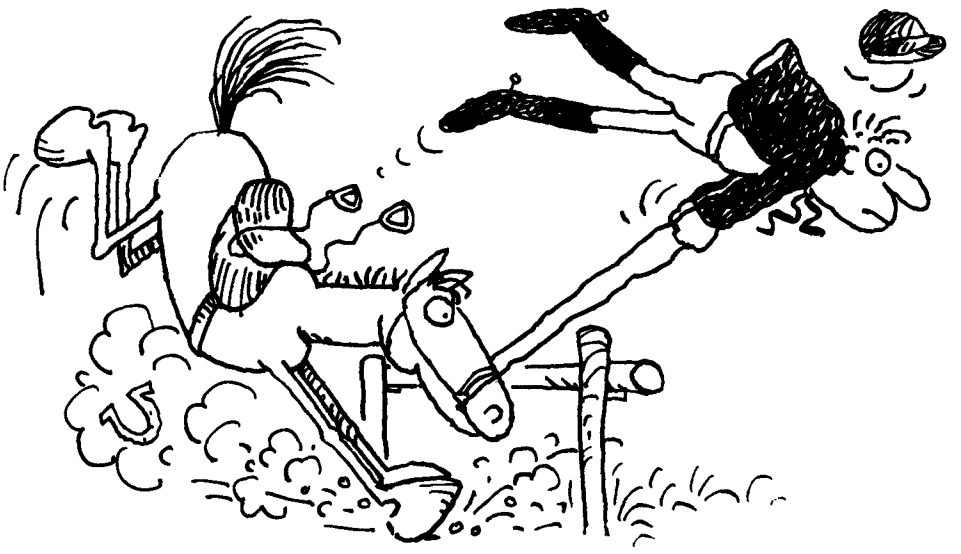

"Rider took the fence, horse didn't," she observed with an impish grin.

"I'm not sure. Saint Francis of Assisi?" she said quietly, adjusting her halo.

We rode home in silence.

Later that afternoon, I saw the horse van leave but thought nothing of it till I found a battered mare bedded down on piles of straw in our carport.

"We have a new child," my wife said, her face alight with a little-girl grin. "That husky fellow and I had a talk, and he finally agreed the mare wasn't quite right for him. Since we don't have any extra stalls, your car will have to sleep outside."

Beau and Nahdor glanced at one another as if to say, "Lucky mare. She really fell into a bucket of butter."

And that's what can happen if you cohabitate with a woman who always finds an extra place at the table in an already overcrowded animal hostel.

I live with seven dogs, six horses, five cats and one wife.

It's a shabby husband who proclaims his beloved's faults, so instead of dragging outsiders through the maze of my marital problems, I'll merely say that my roommate is an animalholic.

She is not only an animal lover but a saber-rattling warrior on their behalf, imbued with the righteous moral fervor of a revolutionary.

She firmly agrees with Mahatma Gandhi: "The way you can judge the moral progress of a civilization is by the way it treats its animals."

She is an attractive, bewitching female with depths that belie one's first impression of vacuous-mind-with-pretty-face. She is an iconoclast who walks her own line and doesn't go through life seeking reassurances from the herd.

She has a weakness for chocolate, back rubs and Paul Newman. Not necessarily in that order.

Her name is Elizabeth.

Animalholism is a strange malady. Like love, it is incurable, and occasionally I must put on a show of best-face bonhomie to cope with Elizabeth's monomania. Sometimes it's difficult.

Although La Contessa hits all the right notes with animals, her outspokenness often flutters in the false eyelashes of the high-society birds.

We were once a very popular couple. There was a time when we revolved, like the wheels of a slot machine, through the black-tie dinner circuit in company with the heavy-wallet set. Parties overflowed with women who wore their minds in braids and with men who babbled banalities about duck clubs and African safaris. If bored, at least we weren't bored for long; my animalholic live-in inevitably pushed us onto the downwind side of the social gulch.

It began at a soirée one evening when a prominent, retroussé-nosed Brahmin recounted his deer-hunting exploits with measured braggadocio.

"Bang, bang," he intoned in a sonorous Ivy League vibrato, "I hit that 16-pointer between the eyes and dropped him cold."

"Oh, Chuncey," the hostess twittered, "you're such a magnificent sportsman!"

I sensed the rising of Elizabeth's emotional quotient. She was looking at the hunter and wearing her mink smile. Then, in a voice rich in jocular tones, she paraphrased Mark Twain: "If a man could be crossed with a deer, it would improve man but would deteriorate the deer."

Silence fell on the room. All present sat staring at their plates as if caught *in flagrante delicto*.

We were never invited there again.

When I first met this untapped charge of dynamite, she appeared to be the candlelight-and-cocktail type, always looking as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I was the rider, continuously flexing my biceps like the all-American cowboy.

At that time, Elizabeth didn't know a mare from a gelding.

Soon after we were married, however, my whirling dervish began her riding career. As a relentless believer in human perfectibility—improve, always improve—in a few years she became a well-balanced rider. And after several of the leading riding masters sanded down the grainy edges, she was able to really put the mosaic together. Elizabeth became the *chef de cuisine* and I the short-order cook.

This role reversal caused some troublesome strains in our marriage boat. It was with mixed emotions that I would watch her little figure guide her huge, spirited jumpers, with skill and dexterity, over the fences.

It's difficult to target the exact moment when Elizabeth became a strident animalholic; the virus has probably been incubating since her birth. But last year her quirky behavior became so pronounced that I realized I was married to a woman with more than her share of idiosyncracies.

On cold nights, she left the front door open for the horses.

For Christmas, she gave each dog a moped and a pair of Porsche aviator glasses. The cats received ballet shoes and a paperback on "how to behave at a Tupperware party." The horses got an Atari space machine and red long johns with drop seats. "It's better to prize eccentricity than to treasure conformity," she explained.

I realized that Elizabeth was float-

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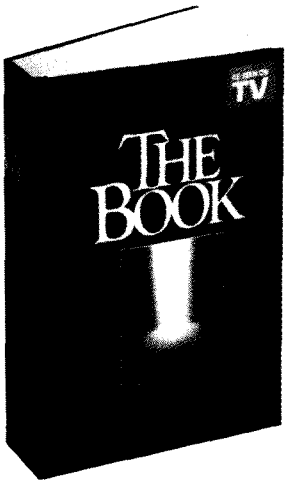
With God All Things Are Possible

Matthew 19:26



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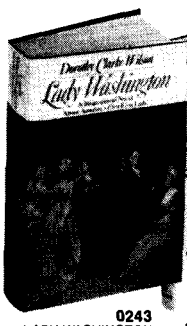

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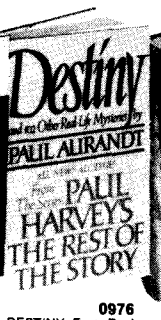

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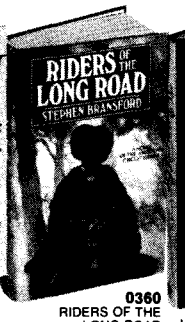

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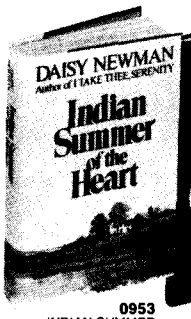

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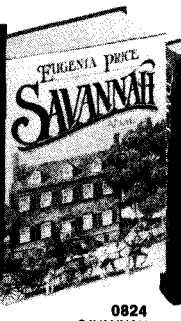

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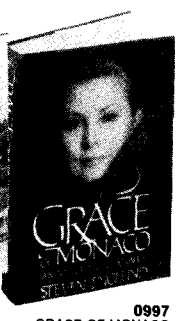

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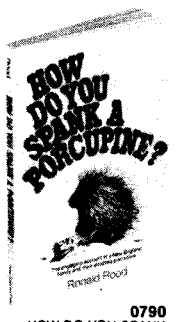

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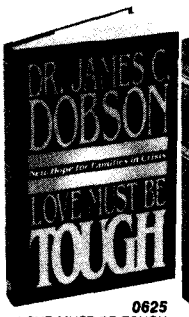

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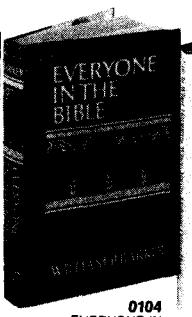

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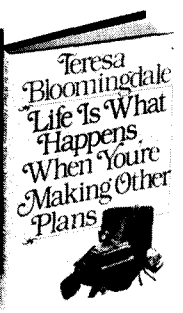

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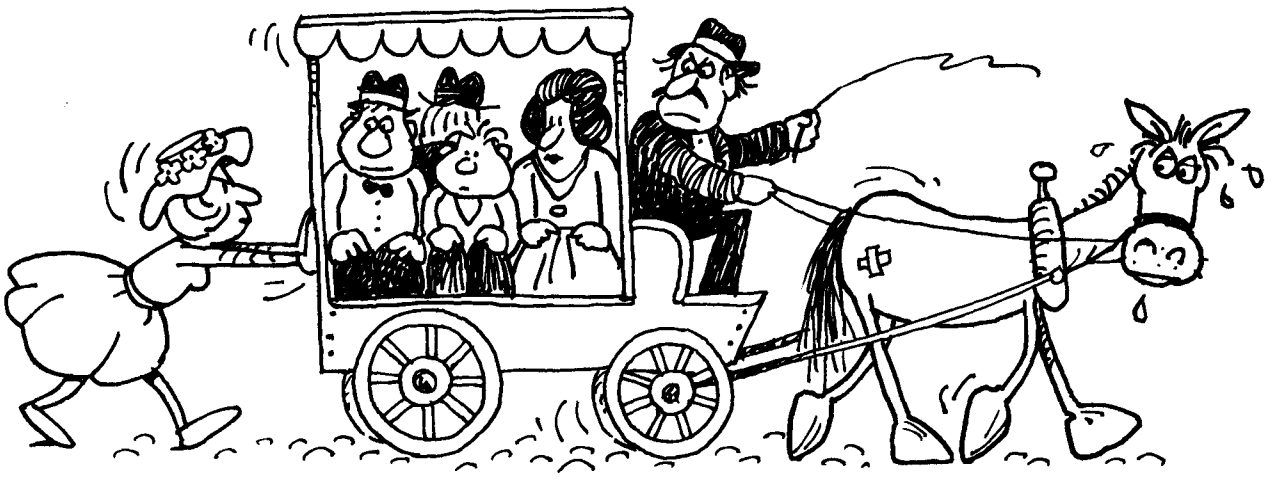


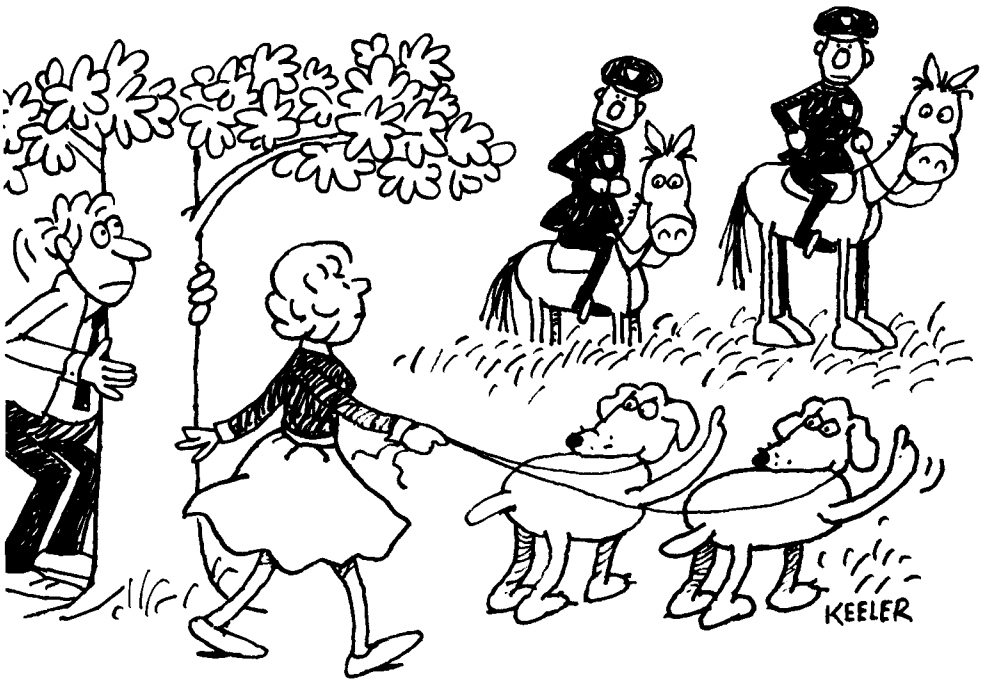
ing around in her own sphere when she decamped with her entire animal fiefdom from Pebble Beach to Middleburg, Virginia, America's playpen for the horsy set.

Shepherding 18 animals across country was a Sisyphean task. But La Contessa managed our seven reddish-brown Hungarian vizslas, five barn cats and six titanic jumpers and dressage horses in harmony and tranquility. Three thousand miles in our crowded ark, and Elizabeth put Noah to shame.

A few months after we dropped anchor in Middleburg, Elizabeth decided it was time to expose Sandor and Sergei, the more intellectual dogs, to a bit of cultural high gloss. We took them on the 55-minute drive to the nation's capital.

Elizabeth jumped behind the wagon and began pushing it.

The four of us ambled toward the Washington Monument, Elizabeth between the two dogs. She wore a periwinkle sweater and skirt which caught the incandescent blue of her eyes. It was good to see her out of riding pants for a change. Long of leg, she has a rounded knee, a full calf and a well-turned ankle. It is a pleasurable combination. Sandor and Sergei, freshly scrubbed, shone like new copper in the early morning sun. Their posture was regal, and they swaggered along imperiously in the manner of those who expect the streets to be carpeted.



At the sight of Elizabeth, the sergeant in charge gasped, then leered.

Suddenly the dogs put their noses to the ground, nostrils dilating as they picked up a familiar scent. Horses. They veered off a grassy, shaded knoll and froze, muzzles pointing at a group of mounted policemen.

My inamorata paused—then impetuously and with a coltish exuberance, she started up the hill. Sandor and Sergei gave me a knowing look. Déjà vu. . .La Contessa was going to play U-boat commander again.

Unwilling to be caught in the eye of the tornado, I tried to hide my beach ball of a belly behind a nearby tree. Tourists stared. I was sure they thought I was going to relieve myself.

At the sight of Elizabeth, the sergeant in charge gaped, then leered. The leer slid into a wink as he dismounted and saluted her with a flourish. He was tall and well built, a handsome brute in a sleazy, salacious way.

"Watch out for your dogs, lady," he chuckled.

"Don't worry," Elizabeth said, her luminous eyes happy and flirtatious. "I have horses. We understand each other."

"You talk to animals?" he joshed.

"In a way. Animals aren't verbal—they communicate by reading one another's minds." Her voice took on a gently authoritative tone. "Right now, your horses are telling me that they are unhappy."

"These horses? Unhappy? Look how fat they are!"

"Your martingales are too tight. The purpose of a standing martingale is to keep a horse from tossing his head back and hitting a rider in the face. You have their heads tied down.

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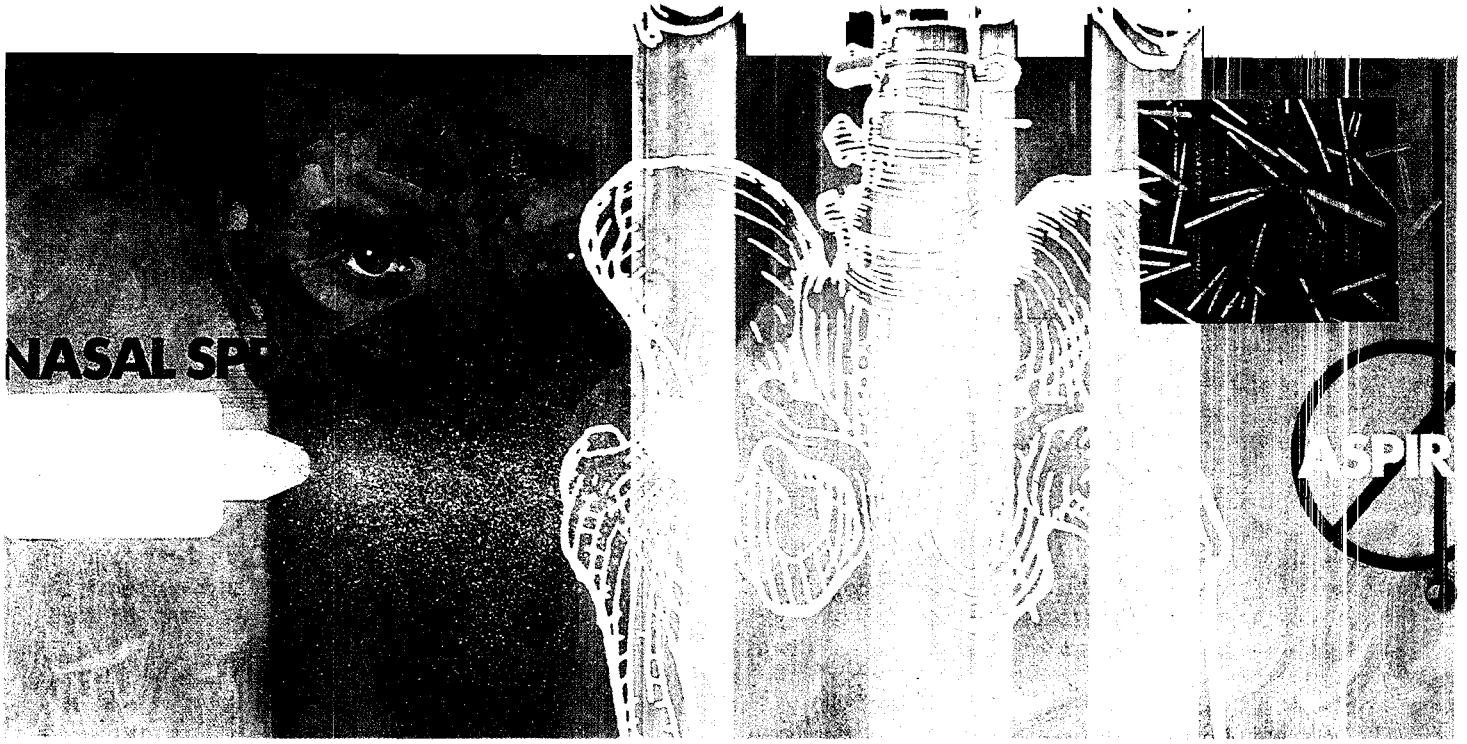

APRIL ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

April 5
Viruses
Learn what you can do for them. And what they can do to you, but don't be disappointed if your doctor refuses to give you an antibiotic when he thinks you have a virus. Learn why he may also advise against lowering your temperature with aspirin.

April 12
Bone Deterioration
It happens all too often: an otherwise healthy woman in her 60s fractures her hip and winds up in a nursing home because it can't heal. The bones have degenerated. Not only does the problem affect an estimated one in every four women over 60—it's one of their leading killers. Watch and find out how calcium, vitamin D, exercise and a smoke-free environment can cut your risks of bone degeneration.

April 19
Nasal Spray Addiction
Too much of a good thing can get you hooked. In fact, thousands of Americans are actually physically addicted to those innocuous little nasal sprays. Learn how it happens and why their continual use can cause the problem they were meant to relieve.

April 26
Fever
New cautions about aspirin. The American Academy of Pediatrics is now warning its members against giving aspirin to children who have flu or chicken pox. If you have children, this presentation is a must.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listing for time and station

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BILL COSBY: THE DOCTOR IS IN

America's funniest doctor of education is serious about teaching real family values through the medium of TV sitcom.

by Todd Gold

A party-time mood buoys the racially mixed audience watching "The Bill Cosby Show" being taped inside the NBC studios in Brooklyn, New York—despite a tedious string of takes and retakes. The reason for the spectators' mirth? The star's penchant for improvisation has turned the rest of the cast into cackling groupies. Finally Bill Cosby, greeted by applause and hoots, steps into the darkened portion of the set to admonish the onlookers. A spotlight illuminates him. "Stop laughing," he says. "I'm doing it all wrong and you're just encouraging me." The crowd breaks up once more and Cosby returns to the scene and plays it the same as before—only this time the actors hold themselves together and go with the Cos. It's the best take yet.

The following afternoon finds Cosby hunched under a gray baseball cap in the back booth of a dimly lit Greenwich Village coffee shop, his fingers drumming an irregular beat on the tabletop in time with the cool jazz filtering through the cafe's stereo system. A large man, Cosby's is a presence to reckon with. Even the most self-absorbed New Yorker stops to stare at Cosby's face, a face that shelves an encyclopedia of comical expressions. A waiter carrying a tray above his head turns the corner and, noticing Cosby, does a double take that causes him to spill the dishes. "That's not funny," says Cosby, the master of the deadpan. "Now do it again and make it funny." It's the waiter's turn to laugh now.

Bill Cosby, at 47 years old, is not the avuncular, joke-a-minute sort you might expect him to be, based on his numerous comedy albums and those ingratiating commercials for Jell-O pudding. He is, instead, a sagacious, serious fellow, a man of many interests and strong opinions, who speaks slowly and chooses his words carefully. His observations come forth in a folksy manner, much like the stories of Mark Twain, full of truths of human behavior that teach as well as tickle—emphasized, of course, by Cosby's patented mug.

At the moment, Cosby is ensconced in the role of concerned parent as he discusses the domestic troubles that inspired his return to television, troubles that began several years ago when he and his wife, Camille, purchased a "dish" antenna that brought 25 different TV channels into their Massachusetts home—much to the immediate delight of their five children. "But we created a new problem," Cosby explains. "It was no longer that they were watching too much television. Instead, we had to monitor the content of the shows."

What passed for entertainment on the airwaves was of special interest to William Henry Cosby, Ed.D., whose 242-page dissertation examined television as an aid to learning. He found little educational value in the gaggle of shows his new antenna plucked from orbiting satellites. "My kids, if unmonitored, could watch four different movies showing cars smashing, people getting drunk and sex without permission as entertainment," Cosby says. Dr. Cosby thus prescribed no more television: "We told the children that later on in life, when we are very old and cannot take care of ourselves, they could beat us up for not letting them watch."

Cosby didn't put himself in a position like the patriot Patrick Henry and holler at the network brass: "Give me better programming or give me death." Cosby, instead, chose to lead by example and decided to return to television, after an eight-year absence, with a series of his own, much like a parent who joins the PTA and hopes he can make a difference. "It was cheaper to do a series than to throw out my family's TV sets," he says. But CBS and ABC turned him down. "I walked in at a bad time," he says, "because everybody in the gray suits and paisley ties said that, according to marketing reports, sitcoms were over.

"So here I come, with all these marketing negatives: a black family that is not going to be of the street-level humor; a wife who's a professional person; five children; and a show that deals with the human behavior of the people in the series more than making up situations so the breasts can come out and the pants can come down."

The third time was the charm. NBC finally gave Cosby the go-ahead, and what he developed is an absolutely fetching sitcom. "The Cosby Show," ranked consistently among the ten most popular programs and watched each week by an estimated 38.3 million people, is this season's prime-time sensation, a dignified jewel among half-hour duds. No one is more pleased than the man listed on the show's credits as creator, producer, writer and star. "I'm pleasantly surprised at the show's success," Cosby says with a grin. "I was just hoping it could stay on, because I have so much to give."

An insightfully funny portrait of an upper-middle-class family and their five children, "The Cosby Show" is crammed with the sort of amusing fancies and foibles of contemporary family life that spark a smile of instant recognition among viewers. "The show is really a love story to people," Cosby says. "It's about what I studied for at the university; it's about my gratitude that I finally woke up as a youngster and went to college; and it's about my love for telling and writing stories. Most of all, though, it's entertainment for the entire family."

The show breaks new ground in television because it transcends questions of race and concentrates on the people themselves. Cosby himself emphasizes that the show has nothing to

"The Cosby Show" family parallels the real Bill and Camille family of five children—one son and four daughters (three shown). As for the top-rated show's hilarious situations, there are also some parallels with the real Cosby family.

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do with black people on television. "My point is," he says, "that they are black and you can see it. We don't have to tell anybody. What we are telling everyone is that we are human beings, and we have all the same wants and needs that everyone else has."

The message is strong and forceful, like the man himself. But then this is Cosby's show, totally. It's his idea. He contributed to the casting of the actors who make up his TV family. He selected paintings by Varnette Honeywood, a black artist whose work is in Cosby's own home, to hang on the walls of the set. And he frequently contributes ideas to the show's writers; he draws on his experience as husband and parent to make certain the show resembles situations encountered by real families. "He never will let something just go by," says Caryn Sneider, one of the show's producers. "He works very hard to make each moment special."

More revealing of the man, however, is that "The Cosby Show" is about as close a look at his personal life as the extremely private Cosby has ever allowed. He even acknowledges that the series is almost a mirror image of his own family—his wife of 20 years, whom he met on a blind date when she was a psych major at the University of Maryland; his daughters Erika, 19, Erinn, 18, Ensa, 11, Evin, 8, and his son Ennis, 5. Cosby finds this only natural. "This is what I know best," he says. "Family and kids. But you have to understand that the show would not be this successful if my life wasn't so much like the lives of so many human beings.

"Look, we're all dealing with the same problems. Parents, regardless of what color they are, or how much money they have, perceive themselves as people who work hard and have wisdom to hand down, and they see their children as people who repel hard work and wisdom. Understand that I have wealth and fame, and I have found it's impossible to buy a kid who's going to do homework. And it's nearly as hard to find a kid who's going to return a car with a full tank of gas."

Such Cosbyisms have their origin in the North Philadelphia ghetto where Cosby grew up. His father, a career Navy man, separated from his wife during Cosby's youth. Cosby himself was a restless child. "I played my whole youth," he says, "and every day I'm sorry for it." Though his mother stressed the importance of education, Cosby dropped out of the tenth grade, an admitted mistake. "I had hit the bottom—I was out of school, I could get a job and go party—and it really wasn't any fun." The big turnaround came after Cosby enlisted in the Navy and found himself awakened at four in the morning by a snarling chief petty officer clanging a stick in a metal trash can. "I knew then and there that there were alternatives to this life," he says. The one Cosby chose was a high-school-equivalency degree via a service correspondence course and then three years at Temple University on an athletic scholarship.

Performing before an audience wasn't always in Cosby's plans. Many years ago he fell in love with jazz music and seriously considered becoming a drummer. Cosby still composes music, like the opening theme to his show, and counts among his close friends the musical legends Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. He also thought about playing professional football after the New York Giants offered him a tryout. And then for a long time he wanted to teach junior high school. But, eventually, the young, street-wise Cosby yielded to his aching funny bone and moved to New York to launch a show-biz career. "I think that no matter what career I would have chosen—medicine, law or teaching—I would have inevitably gone into performing," he says.

The decision was, obviously, the correct one. Thanks to more record sales than any other comedian's (and eight Grammys), numerous movie roles, two previous TV series and his ubiquitous presence as a commercial pitchman, Cosby is a millionaire many times over. He resides in princely fashion with his family in a 19th-century farmhouse on more than 200 acres near Amherst, Massachusetts. (The house was completely renovated by Camille and filled with the antique furniture and

Away from his TV shows and Las Vegas appearances, Cosby relaxes at celebrity tennis tournaments. The celebrities to his left are Peter Beard and model Cheryl Tiegs.

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American art that are their passions.) "The Cosby Show" is produced in Brooklyn so Cosby can remain close to his family. He lives in a midtown-Manhattan brownstone during the week and returns weekends to the ongoing love story he shares with his wife. "To see her face, to hug her, to see her laugh and smile, it's the only way that I know I want to feel," he says. As for parenting their large brood, Cosby says both he and Camille are "committed to not giving up."

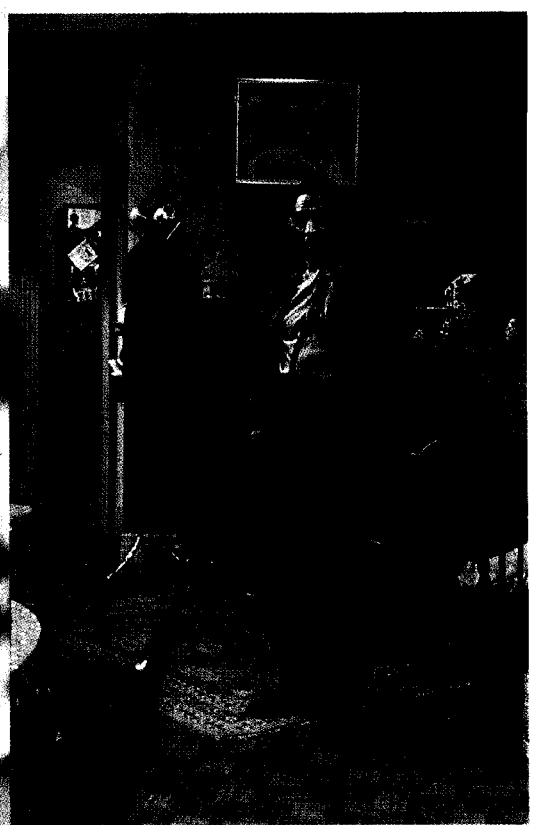
The seed that led Bill Cosby into another weekly TV series began germinating long ago. In the late '60s, Cosby resumed his education at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. After seven years of course work and practice teaching at prisons and on "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company," plus a fat dissertation, he stepped forward in his hooded gown and accepted a sheepskin as "Doctor of Education." "I did it because I had something to say about Orwell, 1984, and the fact that I felt we could use the television set to help educate people," says Cosby.

This new show seems to be just what the doctor ordered. Through humor, the only medicine he's allowed to dispense, Cosby hopes he might be able to teach people an important lesson, that things like "segregation, sexism and racism are ways that we only set ourselves back," in Cosby's words.

And Cosby is already hearing positive response to his hilarious half hour of humanity. People have written him that the show is a time the entire family gathers around the TV set to watch; others have written that they've changed their day off in order to catch the show. This is exactly the type of response Cosby is seeking:

"I want to put a show on the air that people feel good about, one that they can be proud of and identify with, and, most important, a show where children can laugh at the behavior of parents and parents can laugh at the behavior of children."

The funny thing is, Cosby is doing just that. So let's all be thankful the doctor has decided to make a house call.



The star of "The Cosby Show" with a long face? Cosby intimates will attest that this is *real* acting.

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THERE ARE NO ORDINARY MEN IN IOWA

The whole state's reputation rested on one young man whose celebrated call, it was said, could lure a moose all the way from Wisconsin.

by Wilbur Schramm

In the old days it was so healthful in Iowa that the only way they could start a graveyard was to shoot a man. Even so, they sometimes had to carry him over the state line into Missouri or Nebraska to make sure. And it is a well-known fact in all the best Iowa histories that the California Indians used to retire to Iowa to spend their old age until the white man and the California Chamber of Commerce taught them different.

The reason, of course, was the climate. The Iowa climate isn't what it used to be, but it never has been an ordinary man's weather. When an Iowan decides that he is merely ordinary, he slinks away to California or worse. If he stays in Iowa, you may be sure that there is something extraordinary about him that he will confess bashfully if you prod him. He will confess that he raises the world's tallest corn or the world's fattest hogs, or that he is cousin to Grandpa Hopewell, of Guthrie County, who flew the world's only flying tractor. But the most extraordinary example of what that Iowa climate can do for a man was Antipher Jones.

Antipher lived in Des Moines when there were still board sidewalks and wooden Indians. I saw him often. I would stand outside Kenneberry's and listen to the men confessing bashfully how extraordinary everything in Iowa is. I was too young to follow them into Kenneberry's. But through the swinging door I could see them talking confidentially, with their feet on a shiny brass rail. Then they would throw back their heads and laugh and slap their knees and come back outside for a breath of the wonderful Iowa air. I always wondered what they confessed inside, because what they confessed outside was wonderful enough.

The first afternoon anyone paid much attention to Antipher—there is a move under way now to call it Antipher Day—a pudgy steamboat captain from Saint Louis had monopolized the conversation. He confessed how unusual the state of Missouri is. He said the Missouri River is so full of snags that the catfish rub off all their scales when they swim in it. He said the trick of piloting a boat in the Missouri is to know when to stay with the snags in the river and when it is easier just to sail across dry land.

He rolled on. Whenever anyone got him stranded on a sand bar, he backed up and went into Kenneberry's and came out full of new facts.

Dan Dayton interrupted him once. Dan was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and the Greater Des Moines Committee, and his job was to know more remarkable things about Iowa than anyone knew about Missouri. So he confessed about Pee Wee Barnes, of Oskaloosa, who was so tough he could blister a bull's heel by squinting at it. But the steamboat man looked shocked at the idea that anyone might believe a story like that and went back to his favorite subject.

The longer he talked, the glummer his audience got—Dan Dayton and the editor of the *Des Moines Register* and Henry Kenneberry and the sheriff. I could see that their sense of truthfulness was being offended by all this talk about Missouri. And finally the editor could stand it no longer.

"Enough!" he boomed. He was built like a howitzer and fired deep, reverberating bursts. "I would have you know, sir," he boomed, "that we Iowans are proudest of two things—our reputation for truthfulness and our men! The first of these needs no discussion!"

There was a brief, tense pause.

"As for the second," said the editor, "I will confess that the Iowa climate does something to men who live here."

"It certainly does," said the Missourian.

"It certainly does!" said the editor.

"You don't say," said the Missourian.

"I certainly do!" said the editor, and the two of them stood there with jaws stuck out and noses pointing like bird dogs.

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"Sir," said the editor, "we have no ordinary men in Iowa. For example," he said, looking around, "that young man just coming out of the office there, that humble-looking young man, happens to be the world's greatest moosecaller."

"That," said the Missourian, "I would have to see." I was surprised too. The man coming out of the newspaper office was the printer's devil. "That," said the Missourian, "I would have to be shown."

"The young man is doubtless very busy," said the editor. The Missourian snickered nastily. "But perhaps we can borrow a moment of his time," the editor added. I had never heard him talk that way about his devil.

"Jones!" the editor called. "Jones!"

"Supername," commented the Missourian.

The young man spun like a spring and came trotting up Locust Street. When he saw all of us staring at him, he almost fell over a dog, dodged, bumped into a lamppost, said, "Pardon me," brushed against the dog again, said, "Pardon me" again, lost his balance and sat down on the sidewalk. He stared, red-faced, up at us, and we stared down at him. "Did you call, sir?" he said to the editor.

The editor wiped his forehead. "This man," he said, "is from Missouri. I have said to him that, of course, we have no ordinary people in Iowa. Everyone is distinguished for something or other. If he isn't he doesn't stay long," he said severely. "Now, I have admitted that you are the world's greatest moosecaller."

Jones gurgled slightly.

"Ask him how many wings a moose has," suggested the Missourian.

"Now, you remember," said the editor, "what we were talking about——"

"Oh, but, sir," said Jones, "that story——"

"Ahem!" said the editor. "Just tell this man your experience."

"Oh," said Jones, appearing to think deeply. "Oh," and "Well."

"Yes?" boomed the editor.

"I hate to confess this," said Jones, "but it is true that I am a great moosecaller."

Dan Dayton grabbed the young man's hand. "This is very interesting," he said. "Let me help you up."

"I suppose I shall have to confess," Antipher said. "The first time I ever worried about my moosecalling was in Chicago. But you aren't interested in this, are you?" he apologized.

"Oh, indeed we are," said Dan Dayton.

"I was waiting for a train. A pretty girl ran up and said, 'Mr. Jones—it is Mr. Jones, isn't it, the world's greatest moosecaller?' she asked. I had to confess it, and she wanted me to give one moosecall. Just one. I shouldn't have, but I did. Well, just as my train started to pull out, I looked behind. And would you believe it?" he asked modestly.

"A fine piece of factual reporting," boomed the editor.

"There was a moose walking through the station," said Antipher. "Must have come clear from Wisconsin. It saw me and began to follow the train. Well, that moose followed all the way to Arizona. When it started, it was a regular king-size moose and must have weighed a ton. The farther it went the more it ran itself down. When we got to Kansas City it wasn't any bigger than a steer. When we crossed the New Mexico border, it was only about the size of a coyote. When we got into Arizona, it was so small an armadillo reached out and swallowed it."

I didn't know Antipher had been to Arizona.

There was a mixture of cheers and laughter. "Now, in Missouri——" the steamboat man began, but the editor and Dan Dayton clapped each other on the back, and the sheriff said, "Tell us more!" and they all went into Kenneberry's without a backward glance at the poor Missourian, who, after a while, sailed off alone down the street, glowing and unhappy, like an empty showboat.

Later I heard the editor talking about the incident. "I don't know whether I should have done that," he said. "I might regret it." He never said a truer word.

He had a quarter column left in his next issue and retold the story under the head IOWA VINDICATED AGAIN! And then occurred one of those coincidences that make history. I believe it was Thomas Jefferson who said, "You can make a country's laws if I can make its coincidences." Something like that. By coincidence, the Matthew Arnold Sisterhood of the Episcopal church had no speaker that week, and one lady suggested they get that interesting Mr. Jones who was written up in the *Register*. The editor promised, with a twinkle in his eye, to intercede for them. Jones was a very busy man, the editor said.

The *Register* carried nearly a column on that speech. Antipher had confessed that once he had wanted to be a Wagnerian tenor. He had saved his money and gone away to study grand opera. But he was not appreciated. He cut himself to one meal a day. When his money ran out, he stopped eating and took lessons on credit. When his credit was used up, he stayed home and practiced. His

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rent was overdue. His landlady turned off the heat. It was a very sad story and brought tears to the eyes of all the ladies of the sisterhood.

That was how he found out he was a moosecaller. When he was about to die in his cold little room, he opened his window and sang one farewell song to the world. It was by Wagner, he said, from *Tannhäuser*. Up until that time he had always practiced with windows closed, by request. But as the farewell song groaned out beautifully on the night air, a moose appeared and stuck its head in the window. With great presence of mind he slammed the window before the moose got its head out. A quarter of the moose paid the rent, another quarter the music lessons, and he lived on moose steaks and moose cutlets. He thought it was an act of God.

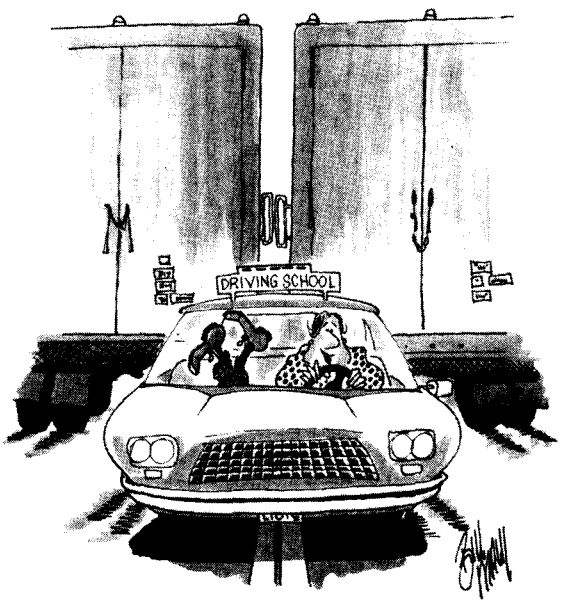
But later, when he was walking through the park and singing Wagner to himself, another moose appeared. He began to realize that something somewhat more than an act of God was involved, made a deal with a meat market, and after that he had plenty of money to study opera. But no opera house would give him a chance. They were afraid that when he sang Wagner a herd of moose might answer, and the public would get the wrong idea of opera. There is something very moosey about grand opera, anyway, he explained. He realized it had to be music or moose. And so he renounced moosecalling. While he waited for operatic recognition, meanwhile, he was trying to make a poor but honest living in journalism. It was very sad.

That was Antipher's speech as the *Register* reported it. It didn't seem very important at the time. Neither, I suppose, did the creation of Eve when the world was doing so well without her.

A few days later, Antipher asked for an hour off, so he could go to tea at the home of one of the Episcopalian ladies. The editor roared like a fieldpiece and then said wait a minute—wasn't it true that she had just subscribed for the paper? Jones said that in fact they had 27 new subscriptions that week, mostly from Episcopalian ladies.

Within two months he had spoken to every women's club in Des Moines and drunk tea from practically every set of Haviland china in central Iowa. He developed a soulful look that swooned his audiences. In every speech he would remember a few more facts, and each performance was a little sadder and nobler. When he finished, there was always a great wiping of eyes and a burst of invitations to tea.

"Your boy is getting to be quite a speaker," chuckled Dan Dayton one day. "He even uses gestures now."



"Wooeee! I'll bet I couldn't do that again in a million years!"

His voice was deepening, too, and he was learning how to use orators' phrases like "the flowing banks of the rolling Mississippi."

"He isn't in the office two hours a day any more," said the editor. "But if I don't publish a story on one of his speeches, I get 40 complaints."

"It's wonderful," said Dan. "Terrific! Greatest thing ever happened to Des Moines. I'm arranging national publicity. Worth a dozen conventions."

"I think you're going to be sorry," said the editor.

There was an article in the *Wildlife Journal—Volume 20, Number 13*—and the Associated Press carried a long story about Antipher, including his account of the Grand Leap of the Moose up Niagara. The AP carefully checked details before publication, as usual; in fact, the story was held up a day while the New York office made sure whether Niagara Falls was 166 or 167 feet high. The Hearst papers sent a photographer, and Arthur Brisbane wrote an editorial calling Antipher "the modest master of the moose mode." Many people think that was the best thing Brisbane ever wrote.

By this time the editor was noticing a pleasant tinkle from the cash drawer. He took that as a mandate from the people to raise the subscription price and ad rate. And when the rival paper began to make eyes at Jones, the editor roared till windows shook in the statehouse a mile away. Antipher found that the noise affected him less than it used to. He said a few oratorical phrases with gestures. Next day the *Register* announced in 14-point boldface that Antipher Jones was its new music critic. This was in line with the *Register*'s policy of giving the people of Iowa the best in everything, the paper said. There was no music in Des Moines to cover anyway, and Antipher still had to sweep out the shop, but he got enough money to buy a new checked suit with peaked lapels. He also grew a pair of blond handlebar mustaches. They were twisted and waxed, and went well with long sweeping gestures.

About this time two things came to Antipher—a girl and THE IDEA.

First thing the editor knew about the girl was when he asked his daughter Ellen who was with her in the parlor.

"Antipher," she said. She had eyes like saucers of coffee, and $10,000 in her own name.

"Jones?" bellowed the editor. "For the love of God, girl," he said, "where did you meet up with him?"

"At Girls' Friendly Society," said Ellen. "He spoke so beautifully about his opera career."

"Do you girls have to be that friendly?" groaned the editor. "Look, Ellen," he said, "I started all this——"

"Yes," she said sweetly, "Andy is very grateful to you."

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"But I thought you were trying to decide between a chamber of commerce secretary and a steamboat captain," said the editor.

"That was B.A.," she said. "Before Antipher. Now don't make too much noise. We're going to sing some Wagner."

Soon the tinkle of Ellen's piano was wafted over the house, accompanied by certain moosey sounds which could have been intended either to call Valkyries or scare them away. Thereafter, the nights were full of music in the editor's house, and the editor would fold his paper like the Arabs and as silently steal away to Kenneberry's.

There he would usually find Dan Dayton and the Missouri steamboat captain with dispositions at half-mast.

"Is someone stealing your girl?" the editor would inquire innocently of the captain.

"That's beside the point," the Missourian would say.

"Our chamber of commerce secretary, a man named Dayton, informs me that Jones is the greatest thing ever happened to Des Moines. Worth a dozen conventions," the editor would chuckle.

"Brrfsk!" Dayton would remark.

For a while the steamboat captain would sit on Ellen's sofa one night and talk to her about Missouri, and Dan Dayton the next night to talk about the future of Iowa, and Antipher the third night. But soon Antipher was coming two nights out of three, and Ellen bought the entire music of the opera *Siegfried*.

Shortly thereafter the editor had to give Jones ten dollars more a week, so that he could take Ellen out in the style to which she was accustomed.

There is some doubt as to how THE IDEA originated, but according to the best information I can get, it came out of some serious eating at an Episcopal ladies' fried-chicken supper. Dan Dayton asked the persons at his table what they thought Iowa needed most.

"A good five-cent cigar?" said the editor.

"A new administration?" suggested Ellen.

"Ellen!" thundered the editor.

"But you've often said so," she argued.

"That was before the last election," he said.

It seemed the answer Dan had in mind was that Iowa needed some big meeting, some festival, that would get the New York papers interested and give Des Moines publicity. And he suggested, with a malicious little twinkle in his eye, that Antipher might be persuaded to give a public demonstration of moosecalling and call in a few moose from Canada or Minnesota.

"Magnificent!" thundered the editor confidentially. "We have the world's best climate, the world's tallest corn, the world's most truthful men! And what kind of wild game do we have? Rabbits! Of course, they're the world's best rabbits!" he added.

"I've got a hundred dollars that says he can't call in anything bigger

Meet Wilbur Schramm
by Max MacElwain

Editor's Note—"There Are No Ordinary Men in Iowa" was written by no ordinary man himself. It was this editor's good fortune to enroll at the University of Iowa the same year Wilbur Schramm arrived to head the school of journalism.

Each time the *Post* reprints one of his fanciful yarns, I am reminded of the mischief and fun he brought to the more serious work ethic of Iowa farm kids turned journalists. His "it's easy to write" tutelage brought out the best in all of us. He mixed humor and benevolence in appraising our work and gave many A's.

Because I have never found time to repay this remarkable teacher, I was happy to learn that Max MacElwain has taken the words right out of my pen in paying tribute to Wilbur Schramm in an upcoming book, as yet untitled, excerpted below. I'm sure that the many *Post* readers who have been captivated by Wilbur Schramm's tales over the years will join me in hoping that this clever man of many words, although having enjoyed his 50th wedding anniversary, has no thought of closing the lid for good on his trusty typewriter.

—Cory SerVaas, M.D.

When readers who knew him picked up *Windwagon Smith and Other Stories*, whose title story won an O. Henry prize for fiction in 1942, they were hardly surprised to find the main characters a flying jeep, a horse that played third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers and a train that left the tracks and drove down city streets. After all, when one is graced with multiple talents as Schramm was, delving into the imagination is apt to involve. . .extraordinary leaps.

Wilbur Schramm graduated Phi Beta Kappa from his hometown Marietta College in Marietta, Ohio, in 1928, having worked his way through by writing for the local newspaper and the Associated Press. He also picked up extra money playing semipro baseball at five dollars a game.

Schramm was already working several part-time jobs and midway through earning an A.M. at Harvard when the stock market crashed.

"I came from a poor family and always had to work my way through," he says. "The day the banks closed, I had $260. I was working for the *Boston Herald*, waiting tables on Beacon Hill and making five dollars a game playing basketball. I was so damn busy, about the only thing I didn't do was sleep. Then I saw an ad posted on Mass Avenue for a fellowship with the New England Conservatory. I ran home and got my flute and auditioned. Damn if I didn't get a fellowship! I ended up playing in the Boston Symphony three or four times. Finally, one of my Harvard teachers called me up at home and told me to choose between the flute and Harvard." So Schramm opted for the scholarly life.

After "a very broad experience at Harvard" earning an A.M. degree, he enrolled in the doctoral program at Iowa. When he sat down in the classrooms of Norman Foerster and Edwin Ford Piper that fall of 1930, he pulled up a seat next to a budding novelist named Wallace Stegner. They wound up living together for two years in two dusty rooms in the quadrangle, battling the Depression graduate-student blues by forming a friendship that would span a half century. Their careers, too, would cross many times: 40 years later Schramm and Stegner were still in school together, this time as admin-

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istrators of internationally known departments at Stanford. "I learned more from Schramm than I did from anybody else," says Wallace Stegner. This statement was repeated often during the decade of the 1930s. Wilbur Schramm earned his doctorate from Iowa in 1932, but his impact on the university was only beginning.

Though the Great Depression was raging and took its toll on the university, Iowa City was quietly emerging as an "Athens of the Midwest." And at its creative hub was Wilbur Schramm, who, before leaving, helped define the role of creative writing in academia.

"No university in America did so much with so little as Iowa did during the Depression. We had a budget one-eighth of that at Illinois when I went there in 1947, but we brought to Iowa City visiting writers like Archibald MacLeish, Robert Frost, Robert Penn Warren and Stephen Benét," said Schramm.

Originally a part-time teacher of honors English, Schramm eventually took over the graduate writing seminar and the "Writers Workshop." An associate professor of English by now, he was the workshop's first director. As such, not only did he choose to elevate the workshop to national stature by making it a home for practicing writers as well as visiting ones; he was also vehement in defending the Iowa innovation of accepting a creative work as a doctoral dissertation.

When World War II broke out, a former workshop visitor, Archibald MacLeish, asked Schramm to go to work for him in Washington, D.C. One of his jobs was writing some of the texts for Roosevelt's fireside chats. "You have never heard your work read until you've heard FDR read it over the radio," says Schramm.

Upon returning to Iowa City in 1943, Wilbur Schramm became director of the Iowa journalism school. Just five years later the school was churning out the first doctorates in mass communications in America. Schramm's years of various disciplines had finally synthesized: he was a communications scholar. Yes, there wasn't anything Wilbur the Jeep couldn't have done.

In 1947, having directed two academic programs that universities across America would soon emulate, Schramm left Iowa to start the Institute of Communications Research at the University of Illinois. (He would become a world leader in the field.) Wilbur Schramm was at that time barely 40 years old.

For the next 18 years he was the creator and director of the Institute for Communication Research at Stanford University. For the past 11 years he has worked at the East-West Communications Institute in Honolulu, first as its director and then as Distinguished Center Researcher. Somehow along the way he has managed to author, coauthor or edit some two dozen books on the subject of communications.

Schramm's most recent honor was an award for distinguished service to international communication, presented to him by the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication at its Florida convention in August 1984. In August, Wilbur Schramm also celebrated 50 years of marriage to his wife, Elizabeth, an honors student he found sitting in the front row of his class back in Iowa City.

"People wonder how Wilbur was able to carry on so many different careers at the same time, and where he found the energy," Mrs. Schramm has written. "He drew it from many directions—athletics, nutrition, aspiration and inspiration. But his career in the scholarly life began when he dropped everything at Harvard but his classes. The choice of that road, in the words of his friend Robert Frost, 'made all the difference—and way led on to way.' "

than a rabbit," said the steamboat captain, who was a Missouri Episcopalian on chicken-supper night. An Iowa Episcopalian indignantly matched his bet, and before anything could be done about it, Moose Day had been set for July 15, and the preacher was holding stakes on enough bets to build a church. That's how it happened.

Next day the editor asked Antipher, "How are you going to get out of this one?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Antipher. But he left the broom on the editor's desk and hung the mail in the closet.

"You and your ideas," the editor said to Dan Dayton. "What is going to happen to us if 50,000 people come in here expecting to see a show, and there isn't any?"

"You and your paper started this!" said Dan.

Visitors began to pour into Des Moines to see Antipher. One of them was a representative of Reuters, the British news service. Jones received him with becoming dignity. He confessed that his moosecalling did have international implications. As a matter of fact, he said, he had once been called to England professionally, to test the current theory that the Loch Ness monster was really a moose. He called all day. Moose came from Scotland, the Lofoten Islands and the London zoo, and moose heads fell off half the walls in England, but neither moose nor monster came out of the Loch.

He introduced the Reuters man to the editor. "It must be a privilege to be associated with Mr. Jones' paper," the visitor said. "I congratulate you people on the opportunity of learning from Mr. Jones." For the first time in 40 years, the editor was completely speechless.

When a delegation came from the Smithsonian Institution, Antipher was just sweeping out the editor's office. With commendable presence of mind, he sat down at the editor's desk and began twisting his mustaches. The editor came in later and sat in the shop biting his nails. Then he saw a great light and went fishing. Thereafter, he was usually gone in the afternoons, and Antipher moved into the big office by a kind of unspoken agreement.

The Smithsonian men reported at length their interview with Antipher.

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That particular number of their *Proceedings* is out of print, but it said that Antipher discussed quite frankly the nature of his moose call. He said that all moosecalling is related to music. In his early studies of the subject, he found that moose like concert music better than popular stuff, and care more for Wagnerian opera than any other music.

"There seems to be a genuinely moosey quality about Wagner," he said. "Nothing affects moose quite like the love duet from *Tristan*."

"I often suspected that," said one of the scientists.

"Yes," said Antipher, "so I created my call by a process you might describe in laboratory terms as distilling Wagner. The result was like a combination of a French horn and the moo of a cow. That was irresistible."

"I wish we could hear it," said one of the Smithsonian men.

"So do I," said Antipher. "But confidentially," he almost whispered, "I haven't been able to trust myself within a hundred miles of a moose for a number of years. If I could only be sure of restraining myself," he said. "If I could only be sure I wouldn't give a moose call. I don't know what will happen when I give the call on our Moose Day," he said. "The moose haven't heard me for a long time. They're pretty anxious. They're probably lined up on the Minnesota border now, listening. Listening," he said impressively.

The papers were full of Moose Day. M Day, they began to call it. Railroads started two months in advance to advertise excursions to Des Moines.

Antipher came down to Kenneberry's now only on nights when Ellen had to go to Girls' Friendly or the Matthew Arnold Sisterhood. He used to stand bashfully on the outside of the circle and listen to the men of experience confessing great things about Iowa. Now he stood in the center, and men of experience listened to him. He would twist his mustaches, and twirl his walking stick, and use gestures. Sometimes he boomed almost like the editor.

"I can't figure out why he doesn't seem to be worried," said Dan Dayton.

"I can't figure out why we aren't worried more than we are," said the editor.

The Missouri steamboat captain sailed confidently back and forth between the hotel and Kenneberry's.

One day the *Chicago Tribune* ran a big picture of Antipher looking moosily at Ellen. The underline read, "HE CALLS, SHE ANSWERS. Antipher Jones, noted moosecaller, admitted today he had found the girl of his dreams."

"Your floor, sir."

The editor stomped home, practically leaving footprints in the sidewalk.

"See here, Ellen!" he roared. "I've investigated this fellow's record before he came here!"

"Now, daddy," she said sweetly, laying a finger on his lips, "I don't care about Andy's past. His present and his future are what concern me."

"If you are worried about his future, you'd better get him to call off this nonsense on Moose Day," spluttered the editor.

"But, daddy, I thought you wanted moose in Iowa," she said. "Why, your last editorial——"

The editor sailed out, firing right and left broadsides at random.

About that time the first sour notes began to appear in the papers. The California and Florida press were skeptical. That was understandable. But Minnesota caused the real trouble. Minnesota said that any passage of moose from Minnesota into Iowa would be interstate commerce, and if the Interstate Commerce Commission didn't take action, they would post the militia on the state's southern border to keep Minnesota moose at home. They said some pretty nasty things. The editor talked right back to them. He said that if the people of Minnesota knew the difference between a good and a bad state, they would come right along with the moose. He also said that he didn't see how the border guard could tell the difference between moose and Minnesotans anyway.

The governor came to see Dan and the editor. He said that he had a rather large wager with the governor of Missouri, who thought the moosecalling was a hoax. Apparently what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina was nothing compared to what the governor of Iowa said to the governor of Missouri. The governor explained he just wanted to be sure there was no funny stuff, inasmuch as there were state prisons for numerous offenses with long, legal names.

"What was that man's name who invented a mechanical monster that destroyed him?" asked Dan. "Was it Frankenburg?"

"Goldenstein," said the editor.

"There's one thing," said Dan, "we can always go to California if we have to."

"If worst comes to worst," said the editor.

A week before M Day, Henry Kenneberry put in three branch emporiums. A large covered-wagon train came in from Dakota, and the oxen grazed peacefully beside the Raccoon River. A trainload of Californians slunk shamefacedly into town and tried to pass themselves off as Coloradans. Same way with the special train from Florida—they said they were Georgians. There were top hats from the East and coonskins from the

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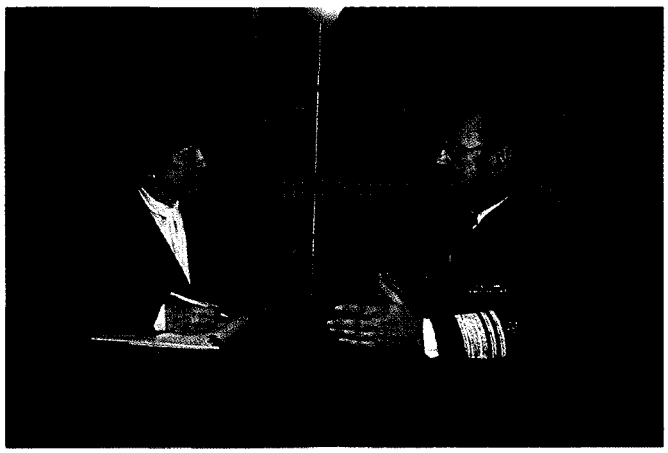
THE SURGEON GENERAL IS DETERMINED

C. Everett Koop, humanitarian and compassionate pediatric surgeon, is exposing the hazards of smoking and fearlessly attacking the wrongfulness of addicting innocent young victims to the lethal drug nicotine.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Smoking is the No. 1 public-health problem in the United States. It is responsible for approximately 340,000 premature deaths a year. In economic terms, it costs the American public about 39 billion dollars annually," said Surgeon General C. Everett Koop at the opening of our interview.



The Surgeon General emphasizes to the *Post* editor that grass-roots activity is helping curb our devastating, No. 1 health problem—smoking. "A lot of things start at township levels," he says.

SerVaas: What can the public do to help?

Koop: Well, I think the public has to become educated. They have to recognize that smoking is not just a nasty habit. Nicotine is an addictive drug. In fact, the National Institute on Drug Abuse has said it is the most addictive drug in our society. Smokers have to decide whether or not their priorities of help for themselves, for their families and indeed for the nation are high enough so that they are willing to do something about it. All the things that have happened to cut down on smoking in public places came about largely through grass-roots action and concern of citizens who then have appealed to local, regional, state and federal legislators. Out of that has come action. That is what we need more of.

SerVaas: Do you see the possibility of offering an allotment of some kind so the tobacco farmers who choose not to grow tobacco could get an equivalent allotment, a lucrative allotment for growing high-protein grains that could save the starving Africans?

Koop: Well, that would certainly be one way out of the dilemma. The difficulty is that with the money they can make from tobacco, it is very hard to find another crop that will provide that same kind of income, unless you provide supports. New Zealand has had a marvelous opportunity—they have cut back tremendously on their tobacco growing, but they have a climate where they can raise kiwi fruit. With what you get for one kiwi fruit, you can see why that is profitable for tobacco farmers. If we could find something like that, we would be way ahead.

SerVaas: You spent time as a physician in Africa, didn't you?

Koop: Yes, indeed.

SerVaas: And you saw *kwashiorkor* when you were there?

Koop: Without a question.

SerVaas: And that is a disease caused not by calorie deficiency but by protein deficiency.

Koop: Well, they both go together.

SerVaas: They go together, but regular corn doesn't support the toddlers and high-lysine corn would. If we could get these products being grown—if we could use the famine in Africa as an opportunity—our people might feel good about having the government give a premium for planting high-protein foods to ship over to Africa. If this could replace lucrative tobacco allotments, everyone would win. Do you think that would be an opportunity for us?

Koop: It certainly would. And I am no expert on high-lysine corn, but if you are going to plant something, at least plant something from which you get the greatest potential.

SerVaas: I just came back from Ethiopia and was disappointed to see they grow tobacco in Ethiopia on the tillable land where it does rain. The No. 2 exporter of tobacco is Zimbabwe while there is starvation on their borders.

Koop: Well, I am very concerned about the use of tobacco for cash-crop income and for excise taxes in the Third World. The World Health Organization has been exemplary in its effort to educate developing countries not to get involved in the tobacco business. The difficulty is, the cigarette conglomerates offer tobacco plants to a country with a poor economy. It is a ready cash crop, and after they have it for a while they say, "How would you like to manufacture cigarettes? We'll help you do that, and then you can charge taxes for them." But they never talk about the health bill down the road. There is no amount of money you can make on tobacco for taxes that will ever pay the health bills for what those countries are buying for themselves. It's just terrible.

SerVaas: Could you tell us about the U.S. tobacco industry in China?

Koop: I just came back from China. One of the things that I was asked to do was to take part in some discussion with their very first private-sector initiative in China against smoking.

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One of the largest cigarette-manufacturing plants in the world has just been built in China by an American manufacturer.

SerVaas: What are your top priorities for the next several years to eradicate tobacco?

Koop: What's on the horizon is the whole threat to young people of smokeless tobacco—that's chewing tobacco, snuff and moist snuff. We will have to be directing some of our attention to that in this coming year, because in some cities in this country, as many as 20 percent of high-school students are chewing some form of smokeless tobacco. We know that nationwide the sales of moist snuff are mounting very rapidly. This is not covered by the same advertising ban that cigarettes are covered by. You will notice that smokeless tobacco is advertised on television and in magazines. The appeal is to young people. I'm particularly concerned that the advertisements imply a health benefit when they say, "Instead of a puff reach for a chew."

SerVaas: And once addicted, they are for life.

Koop: Of course that is my main concern. All the things that you don't like in smoke are in chewing tobacco. The nicotine is there, and all the carcinogenic things are there. It is true you won't get cancer of the lung from chewing tobacco, but you can get cancer of the mouth.

SerVaas: But you would not get emphysema?

Koop: No, but you can get the addiction to nicotine. Then when you find that smoking is more socially acceptable than chewing at your hostess' party, you'll eventually begin to smoke. Then you'll be right down the line we're talking about.

SerVaas: Luring children with shredded bubble gum in the same color packages looking exactly as if it is chewing tobacco in our drugstores is a devastating practice.

Koop: Well, the thing is that the advertising uses role models that kids love—sports figures or country-western singers.

SerVaas: Is there anything the surgeon general's office could do or that the public could do to help get cigarettes under the counter with the girlie magazines and not make them available to the juvenile who can go in and buy them? Could we get rid of vending machines so that 12-year-olds cannot go in and buy cigarettes? Couldn't we protect our children from cigarette machines?

Koop: There is nothing my office can do—I try to hit the vending machines by asking the Veterans Administration to cooperate by getting them out of hospitals. They have, and I have asked the army and navy to stop subsidizing the cost of cigarettes in the PX—no response to that as yet. States could take it upon themselves to enact legislation that would prohibit children from buying cigarettes or make it more difficult for them.

SerVaas: Should we write our congressmen?

Koop: Congressmen are always very susceptible to the way their constituents see this thinking. It doesn't matter what the issue is, so if your readers are concerned about this issue their congressmen should know it.

SerVaas: What else can the public do?

Koop: I think a lot of these things start at state and township levels. An interesting thing took place over here in Virginia. The police, firemen and sheriff's departments in three counties will now not employ a smoker because they cannot afford the health package when he eventually has to go on disability pension. This policy has been tested in the courts and found to be legal. Now, when you sign up in those three counties for one of those jobs, you promise not to smoke on or off the job. If you do, you acknowl-

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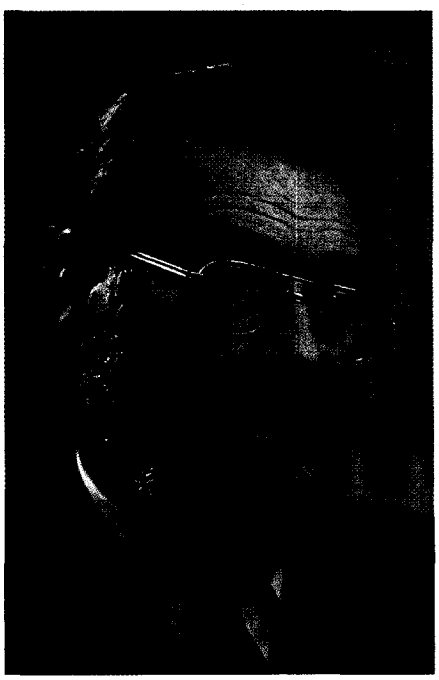
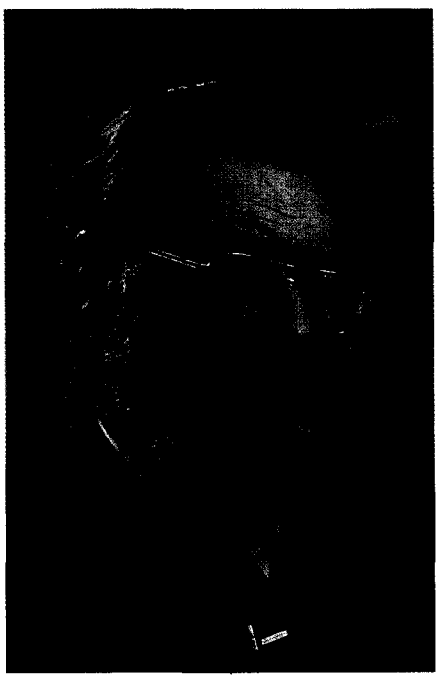
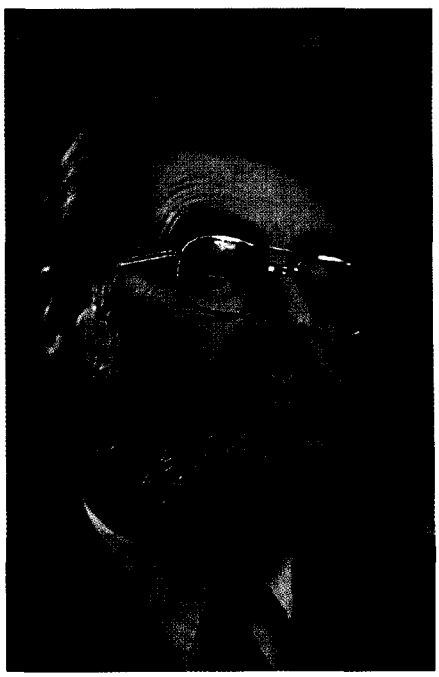


"Their appeal is to young people. I'm particularly concerned that the advertisements imply a health benefit when they say, 'Instead of a puff, reach for a chew.' "



"The police, firemen and sheriff's departments in three Virginia counties will not employ a smoker because they can't afford the eventual disability pension."



"We are told not to let anything have the mastery over us. If you are smoking something containing an addictive drug, you have something that has mastered you."

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TIGERS BY THE TAIL

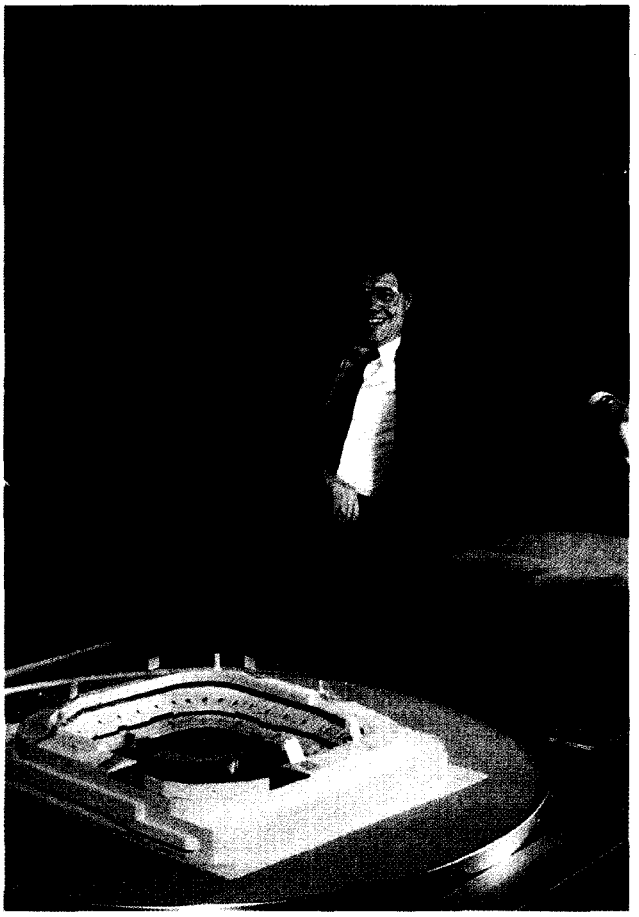
As an orphan, Tom Monaghan got to see the Detroit Tigers play but once a year, compliments of the Knights of Columbus—today, he owns the team.

by Hank Nuwer

Tom Monaghan is not only rich, famous and the owner of the best team in baseball to boot—he's also as modest as they make 'em. "I keep asking myself, 'What's so special about me?' " says Monaghan, shrugging, interviewed in the impressive Ann Arbor, Michigan, office building that serves as the center for his business enterprises. "And I don't think there *is* anything that's special. I think I'm pretty ordinary."

At least on the surface of things, most people would tend to disagree. If nothing else, Monaghan possesses perseverance in admirable and unlimited quantities. The Ann Arbor native grew up in an orphanage. He aspired to the priesthood until his expulsion for mischief-making. He made a fortune before he was 30 and spent every last dime. "A lot of times in my life I was what you would call a loser," Monaghan admits.

No one these days is calling this latter-day Charlie Brown a loser. The multimillionaire pizza king earned instant celebrity status last year when he bought an American League baseball club, the Detroit Tigers, that rewarded him a few short months later with a victor's World Series ring. Monaghan's triumph is even sweeter in view of all the setbacks this 48-year-old father of four daughters had to vanquish along the way.



For Tom Monaghan, the multimillionaire pizza king, it was "one to go, with everything" when he bought the Detroit Tigers. Months later they rewarded him with a World Series ring.

Curiously, he has few regrets. "I'm glad I had them [the setbacks], but I wouldn't want to have them again," Monaghan says, chortling. "One of the important things that I have going for me is that I realize I can lose everything fast, because I've done it already in so many different ways. I tend to be appreciative of all I have."

Monaghan's early sorrows began when he was but four. His much-loved father, who doted on him, bled to death internally from an ulcer on Christmas Eve 1941. With characteristic charitableness, Monaghan says little about his mother, who first foisted him upon a German family that resented his presence and later incarcerated him in a Roman Catholic orphanage "for a year." He and his older brother, Jim, remained at St. Joseph's Home for Boys, Jackson, Michigan, for six years.

He chooses to overlook memories of strap-beatings at the hands of a Dickensian nun named Sister Ladislaus. He's repressed remembrances of countless poor, starchy meals and his unsettling feelings of inferiority to students in his parochial-school classes who *had* caring parents. He latched on to a caring nun, Sister Mary Bernarda, who became a surrogate mother to him and cheered his dreams of becoming "a ballplayer and an architect."

"Sister Bernarda was the greatest," Monaghan recalls, his friendly face beaming as he shows you the rosary the now deceased nun once gave him—a cherished possession that the Pope had personally blessed. "I [often] think of Sister Bernarda and whether she's watching me, because I always used to look for her approval. She had a great, kind face, and I just flourished."

Under her guidance Tom proved a survivor. Soon he discovered baseball and lived for both the Detroit Tiger broadcasts and the once yearly ball games he saw, courtesy of the Knights of Columbus, in Briggs Stadium. "To me, that team was bigger than life," he exults. "They were all all-stars to me: Hal Newhouser, Hoot Evers—my favorite player—Hank Greenberg, Roy Cullenbine, Dizzy Trout, Birdie Tebbetts, Rudy York and that era."

He and his brother found themselves dumped once again when Monaghan was 12: this time in pleasant surroundings. His mother deposited the two boys on a farm in northern Michigan. In addition to his farm chores, Monaghan showed an aptitude for making money—jerking sodas and setting bowling pins for extra cash. His freshman year of high school was spent in a preparatory seminary, but his dream of the priesthood was shattered when he was dismissed for misbehaving.

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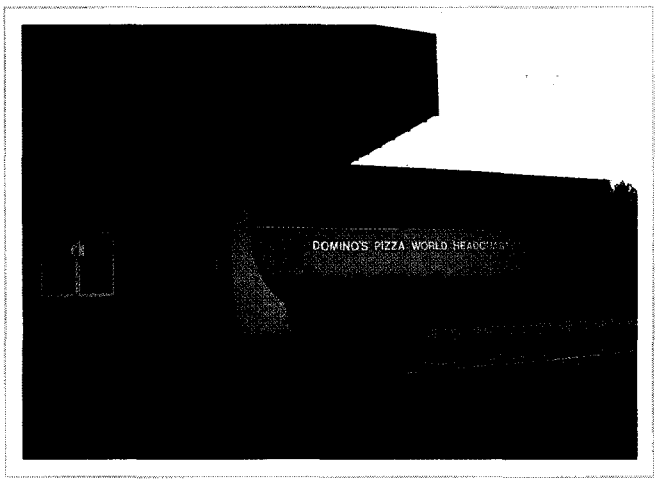
"The monsignor who kicked me out died about a year ago," Monaghan says. "He probably did the right thing at the time, but *I* don't *think* he did the right thing. I thought I was as zealous as anybody at that seminary, [although] I did get into more mischief than most. I seemed to have a penchant for it: more energy, more restlessness. I never did anything serious like smoke. I really thought I'd be a good priest."

Following high-school graduation and a Marine Corps hitch, Monaghan pursued his love of architecture by attending college, but financial problems took him away from his studies. He wound up attending college six times at several southern-Michigan schools and never went beyond the status of freshman. But while struggling to make ends meet at the University of Michigan, he stumbled into a career. His brother, a mailman, bought a failing pizzeria, named Dominick's, that was on his route. Tom Monaghan put heart, soul and upward of 100 hours a week into the business, but Jim (now a Domino's consultant) soon tired of the grind and sold his share to his brother.

Business went poorly until the new owner came up with a formula that still works. He simplified the menu, limited the toppings and the pizza size and offered delivery service in record time. In addition, he experimented with cheeses and doughs until he had created a great-tasting pizza with nutritional pizazz. Today two slices of Domino's cheese pizza contain only 340 calories and provide significant daily-allowance portions of protein, calcium and iron.

Back in those early days, Monaghan not only minded the store but delivered his product, too. One evening he delivered a pizza to a dormitory at Central Michigan University. A dorm switchboard operator named Marge Zybach caught his eye. Six months later, Marge took Tom for better, worse and all the pizzas she could eat. Marge's beneficial influence on Tom included his previously shaky health habits. For her he gave up drinking, smoking and using any form of caffeine. Later he took up jogging and running in marathons—a practice that today gives him the trim appearance of a 30-year-old.



This spacious office building in Ann Arbor, Michigan, is but one of Monaghan's assets, of which he says, "I know I can lose everything fast, because I've done it in so many ways."

Husband and wife are different as night and day, a fact he readily admits. "We're opposites on almost everything you can think of, including religion," Monaghan says. "She doesn't know or care about sports, except now she's taking up baseball for the first time in her life. She's pretty much a domestic type of person. She isn't interested in success at all, which I am. She'd be just as happy or happier if I were a schoolteacher or factory worker living in a three-bedroom ranch house."

Today Monaghan admits to fond memories of those first struggling days before his pizza business triumphed. What's more, even though he opened his 1,900th store recently, he still insists it might have been better had he stayed small. "Maybe I'd have been better off financially if I just had one store," he muses. "My first store was legendary. It became the busiest pizzeria in the country. I'd have been so much better off, and it would have been so much easier to stay in that one store and make a *great* store. It would be doing $5 or $6 million a year, easily $100,000 a week."

Monaghan made other early mistakes. He took on a partner when his brother left the fold; the man proved dishonest and incompetent. Monaghan next changed the name of his store from Dominick's to Domino's when the original owner wanted part

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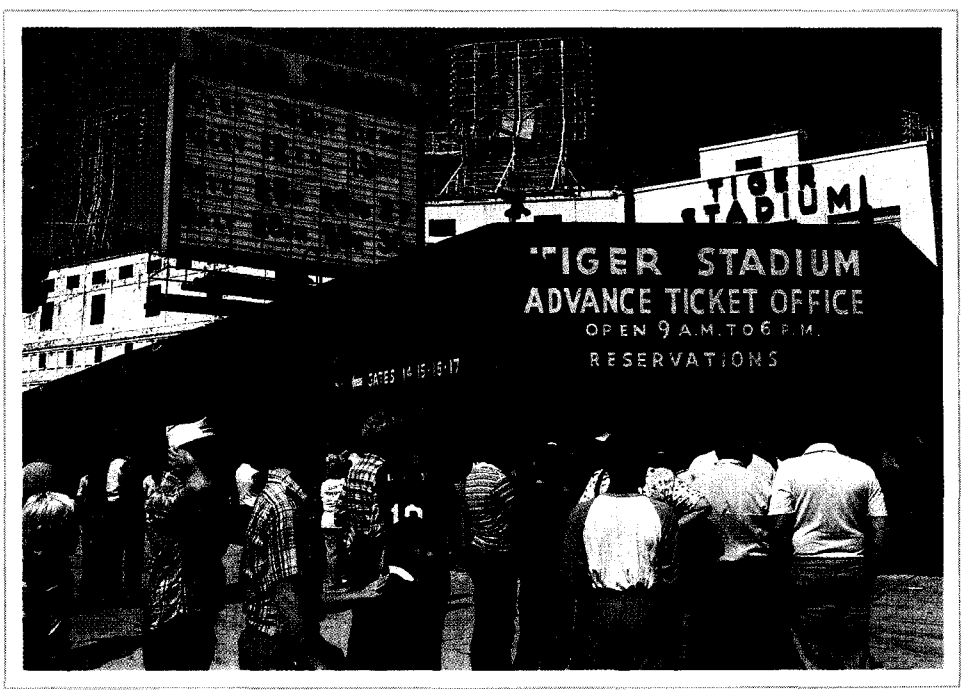

After the Tigers won their first nine games, fans began scrambling for tickets—and the club scored some $8 million in profits while other owners were sliding into the red.

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Home from Camp

All figurines shown smaller than actual sizes which range from 5⅜" to 6¾" in height.

Norman Rockwell's American Family Porcelain Figurine Collection

A collection of six handcrafted, hand-painted figurines in fine imported bisque porcelain celebrating Norman Rockwell's love of family.

For more than six decades the paintings of Norman Rockwell have touched our hearts, tickled our funnybones and often brought a few tears to our eyes. His evocative art was his legacy to us, to the American spirit he loved so much. No wonder collectibles featuring Rockwell art are prized by collectors and eagerly sought after.

Found: Six Rockwell masterpieces!

Glance at a vintage cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* and you know at once that Rockwell loved the enduring goodness and strength of the American family. Now, six "new" Rockwells have been found — rare family scenes he painted late in his life for the Top Value Family Gift Catalog. In each selection, you will see the same classic *Saturday Evening Post* style. The detail, vivid color, strong emotion — this is Rockwell at the height of his artistic power!

The six rare family portraits in the "American Family" were among Rockwell's last major works and also among his greatest. Now they have been recreated as stunning three dimensional sculptures, alive with Rockwell realism!

An exceptional value and convenient to acquire.

Each figurine will be handcrafted and hand-painted using the finest imported bisque porcelain. The original issue price is only

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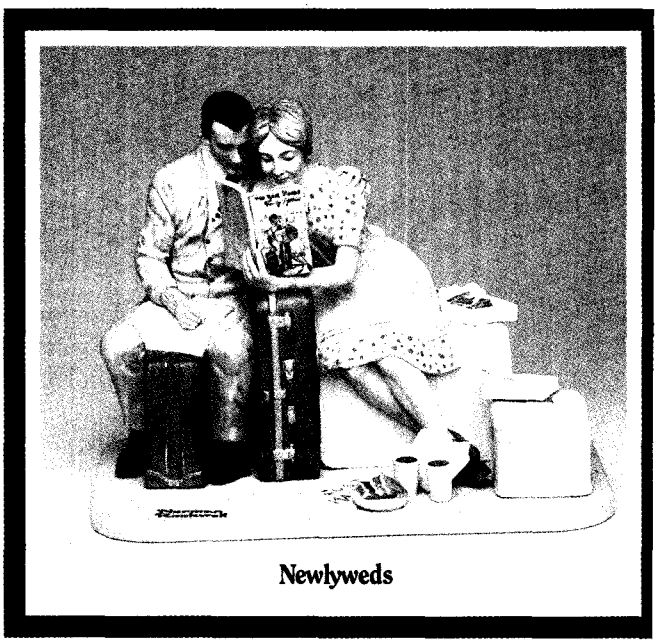
Bride to Be



Newlyweds

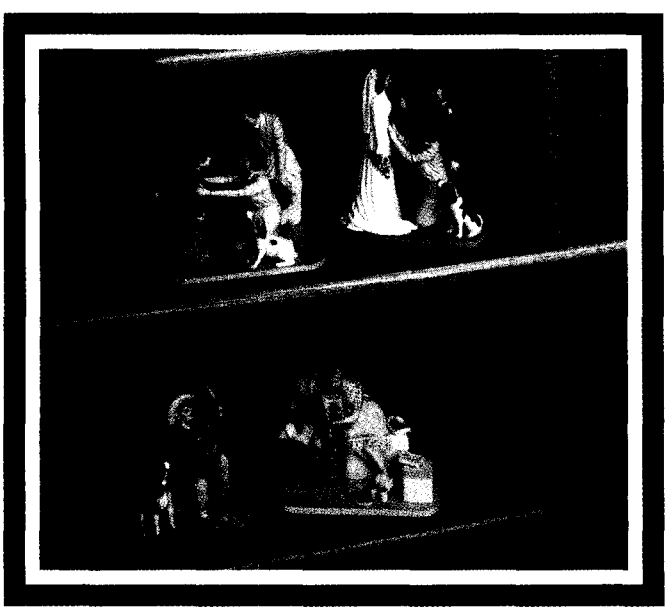
$65 — an exceptional value given the complex handcraftsmanship required. If these figurines were available on the open market, you would expect to pay far more — up to $90 or even $100 for each. But Rockwell's "American Family" will not be sold in stores, galleries or through dealers. It is available *only* from the Danbury Mint.

You need send no money now. To reserve your collection, simply return the reservation application without delay. A new figurine will be sent to you every two months, and billed in two monthly installments of only $32.50 each. *Your satisfaction is guaranteed.* You may return any figurine for any reason within 30 days of receipt for prompt replacement or refund, whichever you wish. And you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Destined to be a classic.
Act promptly to avoid disappointment.

You now have an opportunity to own six rare Rockwells that have never before been featured in three dimensional sculpture. Whether you are just beginning, or you have been collecting Rockwell for years — this "American Family" is a classic collection that belongs on display in your home. But reservations can only be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis. Please act now to avoid disappointment!

Music Man



Shown above are four of the figurines in one of the many ways you might display them in your home.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

B13

Norman Rockwell's American Family Porcelain Figurine Collection

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
P.O. Box 5280
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return by June 30, 1985.

Please accept my reservation for the 6 all-new Rockwell American Family Figurines. The collection will be issued at the rate of one new figurine every two months. I need send no money now. I will pay for each figurine as billed in two monthly installments of $32.50 each, the first installment being billed before shipment of my first figurine.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each installment charged to your:
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

Allow 8 to 12 weeks after payment for initial shipment.

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HOLLY COORS: COLORADO'S GOLDEN LADY

This former model has brought new style to volunteerism since she broke with family tradition and went public with community service.

by Holly G. Miller

She's been called the President's cheerleader; a tireless, roll-up-her-sleeves kind of volunteer, as comfortable manning a phone bank for charity as chatting long distance with the man in the Oval Office.

A string of impressive titles trails after Holly Coors' name. Depending on the hour, the event or the place, she might be introduced as the two-time state chairman of the Colorado campaign to elect the Reagan-Bush team; a member of the Air Force Academy's board of visitors; a member of the board of regents for CBN University; woman of the year for the American Lung Association of Colorado; vice chairman of A Christian Ministry in the National Parks; Colorado state coordinator for the Fiftieth American Presidential Inaugural; mother of 5; grandmother of 20; and the list goes on. And on.

She's an elegant example of a growing number of women who make a difference, volunteers who prefer a charged life to a charmed existence, social activism to active socializing. Her civic involvement dates back nearly as far as her marriage to the businessman Joseph Coors, president of the Adolph Coors Company, of Golden, Colorado.

Holly's peak-to-peak accomplishments are recognized with the Woman of the Year award by the American Lung Association. Pleased escort is Joe Coors, her admiring husband of 44 years.

She gasps at the realization that at least one title, that of Mrs. Joe Coors, has been hers since 1941. "Forty-four years in April," she says with disbelief. "That seems impossible; but it's been wonderful."

They met on Nantucket Island, that posh summer haven patronized by the socially correct. She was 19, had dabbled in modeling and was preparing to launch a career as a fashion designer. Her flair for style had been evident since childhood, when she sketched "originals" for her collection of paper dolls. Somehow she had convinced her parents to sanction a hiatus from college and had secured a job in New York City. She was about to realize a dream.

"But that kind of went out the window after I met Joe," she jokes today. The marriage proposal meant not only saying good-by to the long anticipated fashion career but also to her home on Philadelphia's Main Line. The choice actually was no contest: "I would have followed him anywhere," she recalls simply.

After World War II they left the East Coast for Colorado with two little sons and one on the way. "Oh how I missed the ocean!" she says. "It took me seven years of homesickness and tears to realize the mountains have their own splendor. Now I love the West and Colorado is truly 'home.' "

Part of her restlessness as a young wife and mother was due to her abrupt shift in roles. She had always been an intense person—"a black-and-white person rather than gray; a right is right and wrong is wrong person," she explains. As a schoolgirl she had been the editor of the student newspaper and the author of its "flaming" editorials. Once married, she felt she must put aside such soapbox activism and settle into a low-profile role. Coors tradition had always encouraged female family members to work behind the scenes, anonymously if possible, and to avoid high visibility.

Her early volunteer work revolved around her five sons: Joe, Jr., Jeff, Peter, Grover and John. She jokes that she was involved with Cub Scouts for so long that she was nearly issued a blue-and-gold uniform. "I never told our last boy there was such a thing as Cub Scouts," she admits with a laugh. "So he survived without the benefit of that wonderful organization."

She struggled with the question of what direction her life should take. She knew she lacked fulfillment and

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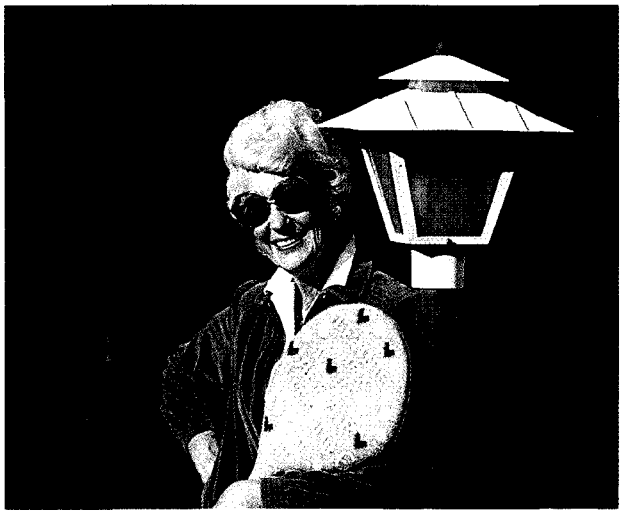
questioned if her lifestyle, which she likened to a social whirl, shouldn't have some deeper meaning and spiritual purpose. "I wanted so much to help others," she recalls. "I knew there had to be more to life than high fashion and living the good life."

Although she had grown up in the church and had attended Quaker schools as a youngster, her spiritual knowledge was superficial at best. She began enrolling in seminars and retreats in an attempt to find her answers. "I suppose I was ripe; I was ready for it," she says. "I had searched for so long. I'd ask my friends, 'What is it that makes us tick? Why are we here?' That was all part of my identity search. Even as a child I remember entering different churches and thinking, *Maybe the answer is in this building; it must be here.* But it wasn't. I never understood that it had to be a personal relationship. Until I could make that total, not just intellectual, commitment to God, something always would be missing."

She made her commitment in 1961 —she recalls vividly the day, the hour, the circumstances—and a sense of contentment settled within her. "A lot of things changed, including my temperament. I didn't have the same desires for fashion and material things. They just didn't seem as important. My depression was gone too.



A *Life* magazine picture of Holly at the Coors' tennis court catches the needlepoint message on her racket cover: "Tennis is a love affair with Joe—6 love."

I didn't have time for it!" Holly exclaims. "Teaching Sunday school became an important part of my life. One special girl that I remember with fondness was Lisa Nelson, who when she grew up became the wife of Tim Robertson, son of Pat Robertson."

She joined an effort to establish a volunteer program at a large local hospital and spent hours helping in the intensive-care unit. She supervised the gift shop and assisted the chaplain. "As president of St. Luke Hospital Auxiliary, which boasted 700 'pink ladies,' I saw America's hallmark of volunteerism at its best. The dedication of those women to come through rain, snow and ice to help others permanently impressed me. Volunteerism is uniquely American

After presenting an award to the oldest woman in the Peace Corps, Holly receives President Reagan's congratulations for being one of *his* favorite volunteers. (Above) Charlton Heston and Holly add charisma and glamour to a benefit.

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A six-pack of Joe and Holly Coors' grandchildren take advantage of grandmother's favorite rock, now decorating the Coors' front lawn. Having fallen in love with the elegant monster elsewhere in Golden, Holly spent three days directing its relocation.

Holly and son Peter in the pits at the Indy 500 lend encouragement to the Coors' Silver Bullet crew before the big race.

and one which President Reagan soundly endorses. We share this volunteer effort with Great Britain, where my friend, Barbara Shenfield, has organized a quarter of a million volunteers to serve throughout her country," she says.

As Holly stepped up her involvement in charitable activities, she was delighted to meet many Christians who, like she, opted for volunteerism over more self-indulgent pastimes. She attended a worship service at the sprawling estate of the Texas oilman Bunker Hunt and felt the common bond that exists when blacks, whites and Hispanics pray together. She enthusiastically lent her support to the STEP Foundation (Strategies to Elevate People), a national group of concerned Christians dedicated to helping the needy in America's inner cities. By example, she influenced others from her circle of friends to get involved. She explains:

The families all living nearby, get-togethers are frequent. (Above) Holly is surrounded by 15 of the Coors' 20 grandchildren. (Right) Joe and Holly at the '84 Olympics, where, she says, "We lent our fervor to the patriotism sweeping the land."

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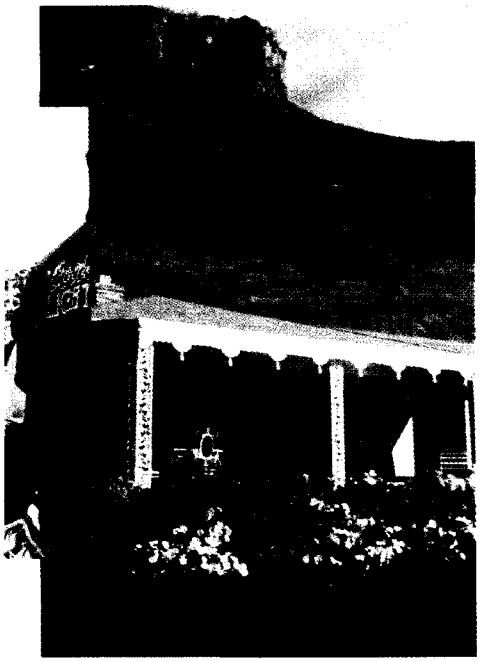
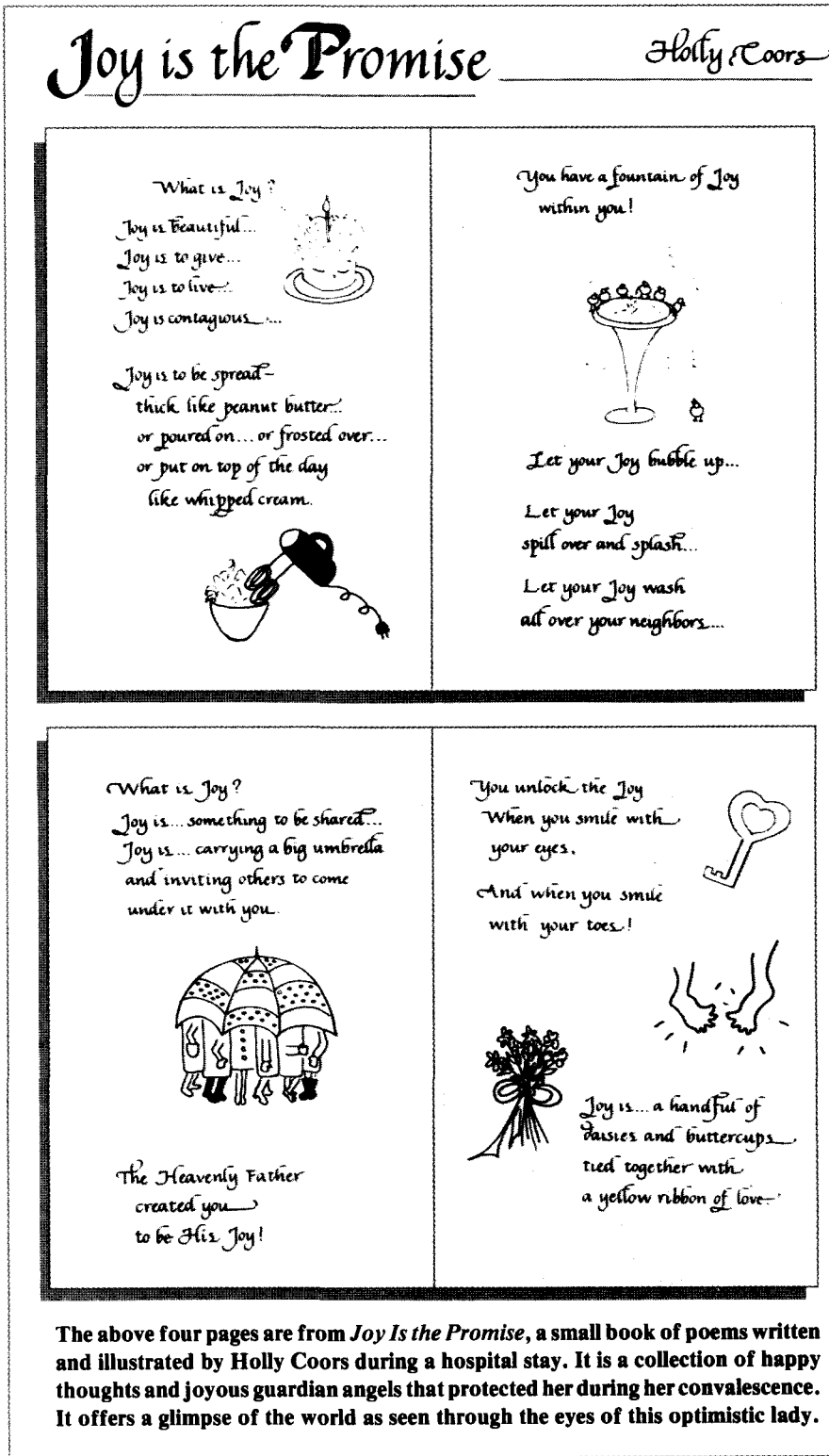


The Coors are hemmed by beauty—a patio framed in blossoms, and rising behind the residence, majestic Castle Rock, Golden's most spectacular landmark. "Climbing it gave pleasure to our sons and now to our grandchildren," says Holly.

The picture that's worth more than a thousand words to Holly, because in it she sees a composite of all her granddaughters.

"I feel that many people want to lead more meaningful lives, but the frustration is in not knowing how to do it or which groups to support. But," she adds, "more and more of these wonderful people are being motivated to help in various ways. It's mind boggling how much needs to be done. I feel in these years a greater responsibility to help the less fortunate. When you see poverty or need, you just can't ignore it."

During a hospital stay, Holly experienced the truth found in Nehemiah 8:10: "The joy of the Lord is your strength," which added a new dimension to her life. This resulted in the writing of a booklet during her convalescence, a booklet she titled *Joy Is the Promise*. "His joy makes all the dif-



The above four pages are from *Joy Is the Promise*, a small book of poems written and illustrated by Holly Coors during a hospital stay. It is a collection of happy thoughts and joyous guardian angels that protected her during her convalescence. It offers a glimpse of the world as seen through the eyes of this optimistic lady.

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ference in our lives," she says.

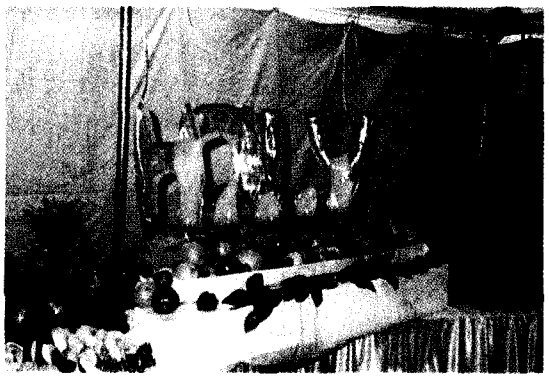
Inspiration came from a trip to the Holy Land to develop the Scripture Garden at the Denver Botanic Gardens. Holly's research and ideas coupled with the expertise of the Denver Botanic Gardens' staff ultimately became a reality with a gift from the Coors family. This flourishing garden, which thousands visit, has created a mutual bond of understanding through the Biblical plants grown in both of our countries.

Another garden Holly takes a great deal of pride in is on the banks of Clear Creek, which runs through the Coors company plant in Golden. Because of the growth of the company, there seemed less and less room for the employees to have a pleasant outdoor place to enjoy a lunch break. "I bugged my husband and our sons until after several years they let me have my way! Now it is a little treasure by the banks of Clear Creek, where no doubt Indians and pioneers refreshed themselves in the past just as Coors employees do now," she says. On the day of the dedication she was surprised and delighted to see a pink-and-white tent and even an ice carving of Holly on the refreshment table, and to her astonishment the park has been named "Holly Park."

Her husband, Joe, not only has applauded her volunteer efforts but has lent advice whenever she wrestles with a tough decision. "I always seek his wisdom because he has the most wonderful way—perhaps many businessmen do—of cutting right through all the red tape and the hassle in my mind and getting to the point," she says. "Men have to make decisions all day and they can't waste time. Women tend to deliberate more, procrastinate and look at the various sides of things. Perhaps we make a nice balance, though; I like to think I can bring to him a more temperate view, while he gives me the soundest advice I could get from anyone. He's a friend and counselor as well as a wonderful husband."

The couple became even closer when Holly's interest

Adding "matchmaker" to her many titles, Holly hosted a prenuptial party for her Sunday-school student Lisa Nelson and Tim Robertson, son of CBN founder and "700 Club" host Pat Robertson. Holly is on the board of regents of CBN University. (Below) The five Coors sons, all involved in the family business: (l. to r.) Grover, Joe Jr., Pete, John and Jeff.



Holly's dream of a green-belt around the Coors plant became a reality with Holly Park. (Top) The ribbon is cut at opening ceremonies. (Center) A surprise ice sculpture. (Below) The Coors take a stroll.

In Dallas, Holly, chairman of the Colorado delegation and member of the party's platform committee, enjoyed the outcome.

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in politics was rekindled. Each had strong, patriotic roots, instilled by parents and grandparents who revered American freedom in a way only immigrants do. Holly's father, a paper manufacturer, had been penniless when he arrived from Sweden, and Joe's grandfather, a native of Germany, never forgot his gratitude to the United States.

"Now, instead of taking a back seat politically, I'm attending meetings with Joe and playing a more active role. It's been exciting to share this interest; I can't imagine anything worse than being married to someone who isn't on the same political wavelength," she says. She admits that she's been approached by persons who would like to see her as a candidate for office, but her reply is adamant, usually softened by a grin: "I do not choose to run."

Her appeal as a candidate or as a supporter is obvious. At 5'9", she's a stately beauty whose charisma is increased by her mixed bag of interests. She's an aristocratic populist, a gracefully mature woman with little-girl qualities, a world traveler whose feet are firmly planted in the grass roots. She lists her role models as Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Jeane Kirkpatrick and Pat Robertson but also lauds the people—particularly the women—who make contributions behind the scenes.

"Women make such a difference because they add a certain dimension," she says. "I think of women as being like thermometers in the home. When they're up and feeling good the whole family is up. When they're down, the family is long-faced. By their nature women take time to find out more about other persons; they have a certain caring, compassionate part to them. I hope they won't try to compete so much in the world that they lose that special God-given touch."

She keeps her priorities by making time for her ever expanding family, even if it means rising at 6 a.m. to get a head start on the day. Long hours are spent in her downtown office, far from her fashionable hilltop home. Weekends are reserved for the family, all of whom live in Golden. The five boys are employed
ness, so Coors reuni
When her son John te
cated in Germany to purs
tion, Holly was a welcome

She jokes that she is some
barrassed to tell the number o
children she and Joe have, espe
when many young marrieds are
ing for the "three's a crowd" philo
ophy. In truth, she's proud of the clan and particularly of the happy marital matches of her sons.

Her own 44-year partnership has served as a good example. "Of course all marriages have ups and downs, but when you love someone you love him at all times of the day and night, and you aren't thrown a curve by a wrinkle. You just smooth it out and start again. Marriage means long-term commitment; it has to be weathered," she says.

Hers has matured to the point that she and Joe often travel in separate directions, according to their obligations and interests, and regroup and rejuvenate frequently in the quiet of their Arizona *casita* or on the slopes near their Aspen ski lodge. After the rigors of the 1984 presidential campaign and inauguration, Holly opted for two weeks in Germany to visit her son John and to spend time with the group she calls her main source of inspiration, the Evangelical Sisterhood of Mary, in Darmstadt. "I feel I've been really blessed to have a husband who has encouraged, not just tolerated, my efforts to develop my abilities. He's never tried to put me on a shelf, so to speak. I've enjoyed the blessing of being a little independent while acknowledging that Joe's the head of our home," she says.

Occasionally she frets that the demands of her volunteer work limit the time she can spend with her family and in more traditional church work. "But you can't go to Bible class all your life," she concludes with a shrug. "You've got to get out and do the things you are led to do. That's the transition I've been in, and I feel very comfortable that this must be the direction He wants me to follow, because I have so

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As vice chairperson of the board of A Christian Ministry in the National Parks, Holly greets Director Warren W. Ost and his wife Nancy. Young people in ACMNP help with religious services in the parks.

At age 18 B.C. (before Coors), beautiful Holly Hanson (left) put proper Main Line Philadelphia behind her and risked her straight-laced reputation modeling in Manhattan. As a member of the paparazzi and editor of the *SatEvePost*'s "People Page," Holly Coors (right) takes her trusty camera to shoot any celebrity who's fair game.

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The huge, vibrant, raspberry-colored tropical *JoAnn* blooms profusely and emits a delicate fragrance.

BACK-YARD WATER GARDENS COME ALIVE

Lily ponds as small as pools or tubs will add an ever-changing element of tranquility to the landscape.

by Pat Woy

The Egyptian high priest Meten had one. So did the duke of Devonshire, Claude Monet and Alfred I. du Pont. And today, there's no reason you can't have a water garden, too. Historically, reflecting pools were only for the elite, but with new pond-construction techniques, plentiful aquatic supplies and hardy water plants available, people are finding water gardens easier to install and less work to maintain.

The most elementary water gardens are mere reflecting pools. More complex are the self-sustaining ponds, in which all components—water, plants and animals—interact to form a habitat. Some of the most beautiful ponds are tub gardens that have been placed on patios or balconies for added color and design. Others are restorations of long-forgotten goldfish ponds.

In New Orleans, one man found a long-abandoned pond while he dug in the back yard of his newly purchased home. He went on to discover two more hidden ponds. Attempting to restore them, he learned that the nursery that had originally stocked the gardens was still in business. The nursery was happy to send him an old catalog to identify species provided for the ponds in 1929.

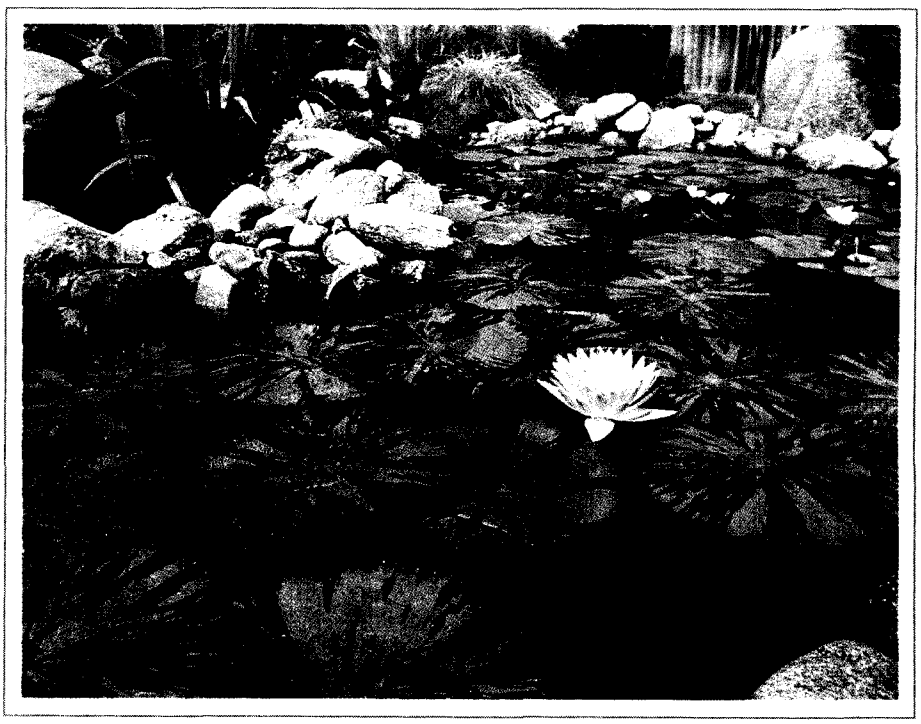
One bit of evidence that water gardens are coming back in vogue: At the Winterthur estate of Henry Francis du Pont, the curator of plant collections recently (to the chagrin of swimming buffs) filled in the Olympic-size swimming pool to a depth of 28 inches and planted it with beautiful yellow and lavender water lilies.

Water gardens were the rage in Europe and America around the turn of the century. The most famous one, perhaps of all time, belonged to the impressionist painter Claude Monet. In 1901, after redirecting a stream to form a pond at his home in Giverny, France, Monet stocked the pond with lilies developed by his countryman, Joseph Bory Latour-Marliac. His paintings, brilliant studies of light on leaves and colorful petals, give us a lasting imprint of Giverny.

The Lilies of the Pool

The true stars of the water garden are the colorful, fragrant water lilies. The hardy flowers add more than just beauty. Their pads keep the pool warm in winter and cool in summer. They offer the perfect hiding place for bashful fish.

Water lilies come in two basic types: tropical and hardy. Tropical water lilies bloom more frequently, yet they cannot withstand cold winter climates. The hardy water lilies, considered perennials, bloom year after year and are able to survive in the colder climates. Although most water lilies bloom during daylight hours, some tropical lilies bloom only at



A successfully balanced pond contains oxygenating plants, snails and fish as well as water lilies. For upkeep—a trim around the edges now and then will do.

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night. Blossoms range in size from approximately 1 inch to 18 inches.

The original water lilies were white or sometimes pale tints of pink and yellow. Today, through hybridization, water lilies bloom in vibrant shades of purple, orange, stunning yellow and shocking pink. And by planting various types, a water gardener (in a warm climate) may have a source of color all year round.

"Each color and flower has its own history and story," says Walter Pagels, the president of the newly formed Water-Lily Society. Pagels has researched the origin of numerous varieties in long-shelved publications at the New York Botanical Gardens.

Many species of lilies are available to amateur water gardeners; some, (such as the mammoth *Victoria regia,* developed by Joseph Paxton, the gardener to the duke of Devonshire) might not quite fit into today's moderate-size ponds. "Old Vic" grows six-foot-wide leaves that can support hundreds of pounds. It also produces startlingly beautiful 15-inch blossoms.

Planning Your Pool

When planning an in-ground water garden, choose a spot far enough away from trees and shrubs to avoid falling debris and too much shade. You may want to place the pool near enough to an electrical outlet that you can later install lights or possibly pumps or filters, should you decide to make your pond more elaborate. However, such equipment is not necessary to have a thriving pond that includes fish.

Many pools today are made with inexpensive, plastic PVC liners. A typical pool about 7′ by 7′ and 18 inches deep requires a PVC liner about 12′ by 12′. A hole dug to the desired depth should have higher shelves and sides or ends for planting shallower growing foliage.

Planting Your Lilies

Water lilies should be planted in containers with soil levels six to eight inches beneath the pond's surface. Hardies are planted with their tubers at 45-degree angles inside the container; tropicals should be planted perpendicularly.

If the pool is slightly deep for any plant, it's easy just to prop the pot up on a brick or a flat stone. Lilies don't like moving water, so they should not be placed near a fountain or in a cold, spring-fed pond.

The real trick is not to overplant the pond. A healthy water garden should have only two bunches of oxygenating grasses and one water lily plus some snails and no more than two or three small fish per square yard. Other plants can be placed

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Easy-Care Tub Gardens

Tub gardens are easy to install, and they don't require filters, pipe work, drains or lighting. Your first step is to choose a container. Select any size, number or type that suits your location. Tub gardens are adaptable to wooden tubs, washtubs, ceramic pots and even old bathtubs. Wine or whiskey barrels are frequently used; however, they should be lined with PVC to protect plants and fish from harmful bacteria.

The ideal location for a tub garden is level, sunny and away from deciduous trees and shrubs. William Uber, the owner of Van Ness Water Gardens, Upland, California, suggests putting your tub on rollers to move as the sun changes positions. Three to four hours of direct or indirect sunlight each day is sufficient.

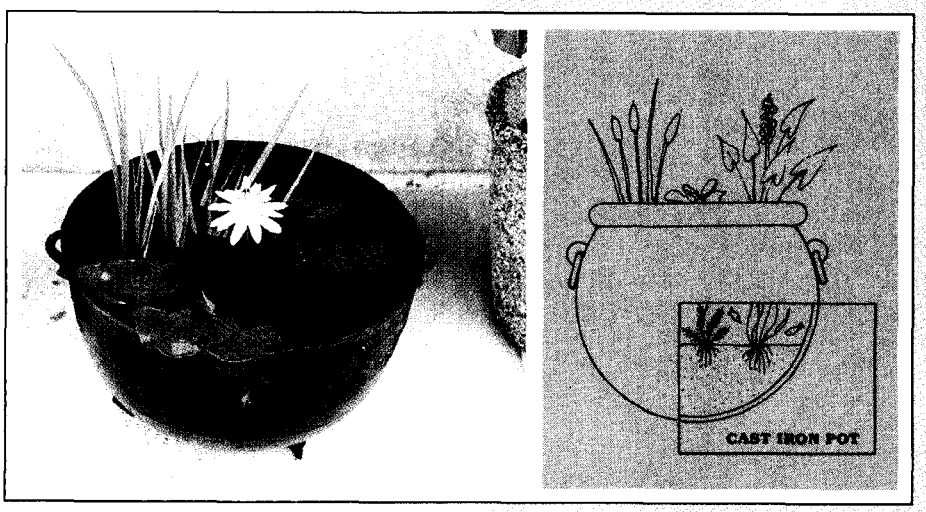
The quantity and types of aquatic plants vary with your desired landscaping effect and the size of your container. Oxygenating grasses are needed to absorb carbon dioxide and replenish oxygen, and water lilies prevent oxygen loss through the water's surface. For each square yard of surface, Uber recommends two bunches of oxygenating grasses and one medium to large water lily.

Since goldfish and koi don't do well in tub gardens, guppies or mosquito fish are recommended. Water snails are the final touch. They are the tub scavengers and eat algae and fish wastes.

Tub gardens are easy to plant. Fill your container one-fourth full of sandy loam and add the correct amount of aquatic-plant fertilizer for the volume of soil; then fill the container with sandy loam to the halfway mark. Cover with one-quarter-inch of sand. Place an old sock over the end of your hose and slowly fill the tub with one inch of water without disturbing the soil. Plant the water lily at a 45-degree angle in the middle of the tub and grasses or bogs around the outer edges. Slowly fill with water.

Garden balance is usually achieved within 30 to 60 days. Chemical controls are not necessary. Trickle small amounts of water into the tub garden daily for about 30 days. This minute amount of chlorine will control algae until the tub garden is balanced. Tub gardens shouldn't be crystal clear. Small amounts of algae are necessary as food for fish and nutrients for water plants.

"Tub gardens take very little maintenance," says Uber. "Water gardens thrive on neglect. All it takes is keeping the water level up and a little trimming. Nature does the rest."



A container garden.

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RELIGION

JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

One thing they all had in common: They were heading relentlessly for a waterfall, over which they all tumbled to their destruction.

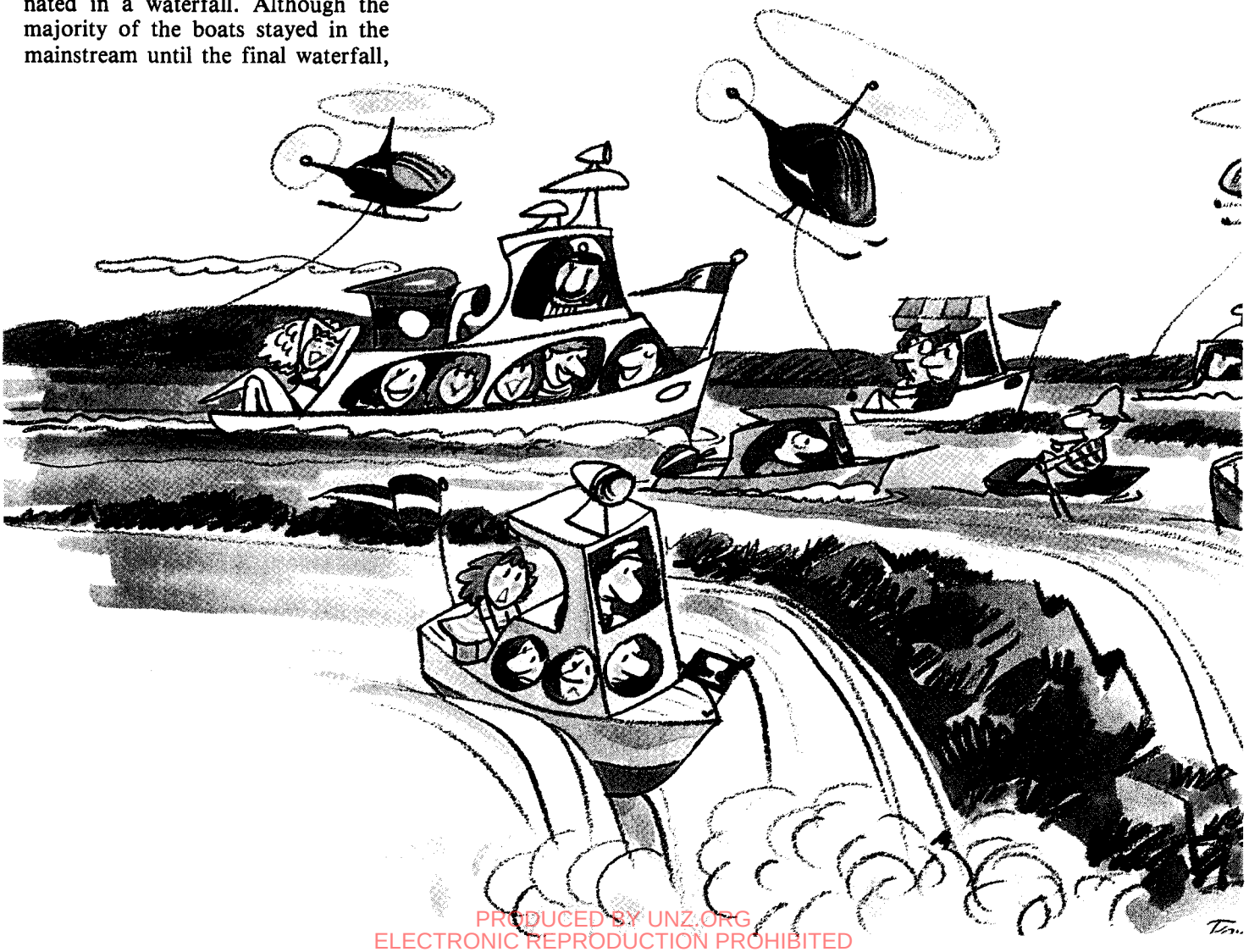
by Denis Burkitt, M.D.

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Had John Bunyan been alive today, he might well have seen his pilgrim's progress through life on earth and eventually to the celestial city in another way. He would then have said:

I saw in my dream a river winding its way through many different varieties of countryside, some beautifully scenic but some arid, rugged and hostile. My attention was immediately attracted by a river that eventually thundered over a towering waterfall. On the river I saw many boats. I was particularly impressed by their diversity in size, color, shape, design and quality. At first glance, one couldn't help feeling jealousy toward the owners of the more magnificent craft and sympathy for those in the poorer vessels. One peculiarity I noticed about the river—whereas a normal river has tributaries running into it, this river had tributaries running out of it. Each tributary terminated in a waterfall. Although the majority of the boats stayed in the mainstream until the final waterfall, some turned off into earlier tributaries and so had a much shorter journey—their boat was destroyed sooner than those that remained in the main course of the stream. One thing they all had in common: They were heading relentlessly for a waterfall, over which they all tumbled to their destruction. I thought it a terrible sadness that even the most beautiful of the vessels, with all its valuable contents, would eventually be destroyed and damaged.

I realized that this was a picture of every man's life and thought of the words in Scripture: ". . .it is appointed unto all men once to die . . . ."[1] But while I was thus musing, I noticed something that turned my despair to hope and joy. Hovering high over the river were many helicopters.



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Over each craft dangled a life line with a harness that also provided a two-way telephone communication with the pilot flying overhead, who could see all the hazards in the path of the boat. Only when the hatch in the roof of the boat's cabin was opened could the life line be seen. When the boat's occupant recognized it, he could strap the harness around him. I thought of the account of a brave member of the king's court lowering ropes to pull the prophet Jeremiah out of the dungeon from where he could not have escaped; of Jesus Christ, who affirmed that He had come down from heaven for the express purpose of saving the lost[2]; and of the assurance we have been given that the "gift of God is eternal life."[3]

Fastened to the harness was a book of instructions giving clear guidance on how to attach the harness and on the use of the telephone. It contained much else to help the navigators and to prepare them for the life promised if they were rescued. But the people in the boats seldom opened their top hatches, so they were unable to look up and were oblivious to everything except what they could see through the windows of their boats. I saw with joy that when those with harnesses reached the waterfall, their boats were carried over and destroyed—but the occupants were winched up to safety. On the other hand, the boats of passengers without the proper life lines were hurled over the waterfall and carried their occupants with them. I couldn't help remembering Saint Paul's view of people traveling to alternative destinations, either "on their way to ruin" or "on the way to salvation."[4]

As I pondered the scene and examined the behavior of the yachtsmen more closely, their attitudes toward their boats and the priorities in their lives seemed unbelievably strange. Most were preoccupied with the quality, condition and prestige value of their boats. It never occurred to them to peep through the hatches of their cabins, in spite of their companions, who had opened their hatches, grasped the offered life lines and hailed the others on megaphones. They told the good news, not only of promised deliverance from doom ahead but of communication with the pilot above, who with his view of the whole river was eager to help in any way. Yet many of those with a life line appeared indifferent to their friends' peril. Moreover, they didn't seem to recognize their good fortune or the enormous cost met by Another to mount the rescue operations.

In my dream I wandered down to the riverbank to examine the behavior of these navigators more closely. The occupant of a boat with a life line, far and away the most valuable thing any boat could have, might actually look out the window and be envious of a fellow traveler with a craft more luxurious but without a life line. "How could it be," I asked myself, "that men and women could be so blind that they view the improvement of their boats of greater importance than looking up and searching diligently for a life line to grasp and make their own?" To think that such trivial and temporary requirements as food and drink and clothes and amusements should apparently blind them to the hazards that lay ahead! Their only hope lay in being anchored to some source of security outside the moving waters. But those whose hatches were closed fast were well aware of the waterfall ahead and were consequently spending much time contriving life-saving devices, such as rockets they could strap to their backs. There was no evidence that any of these home-made devices had ever been effective. Why should all this effort be ex-

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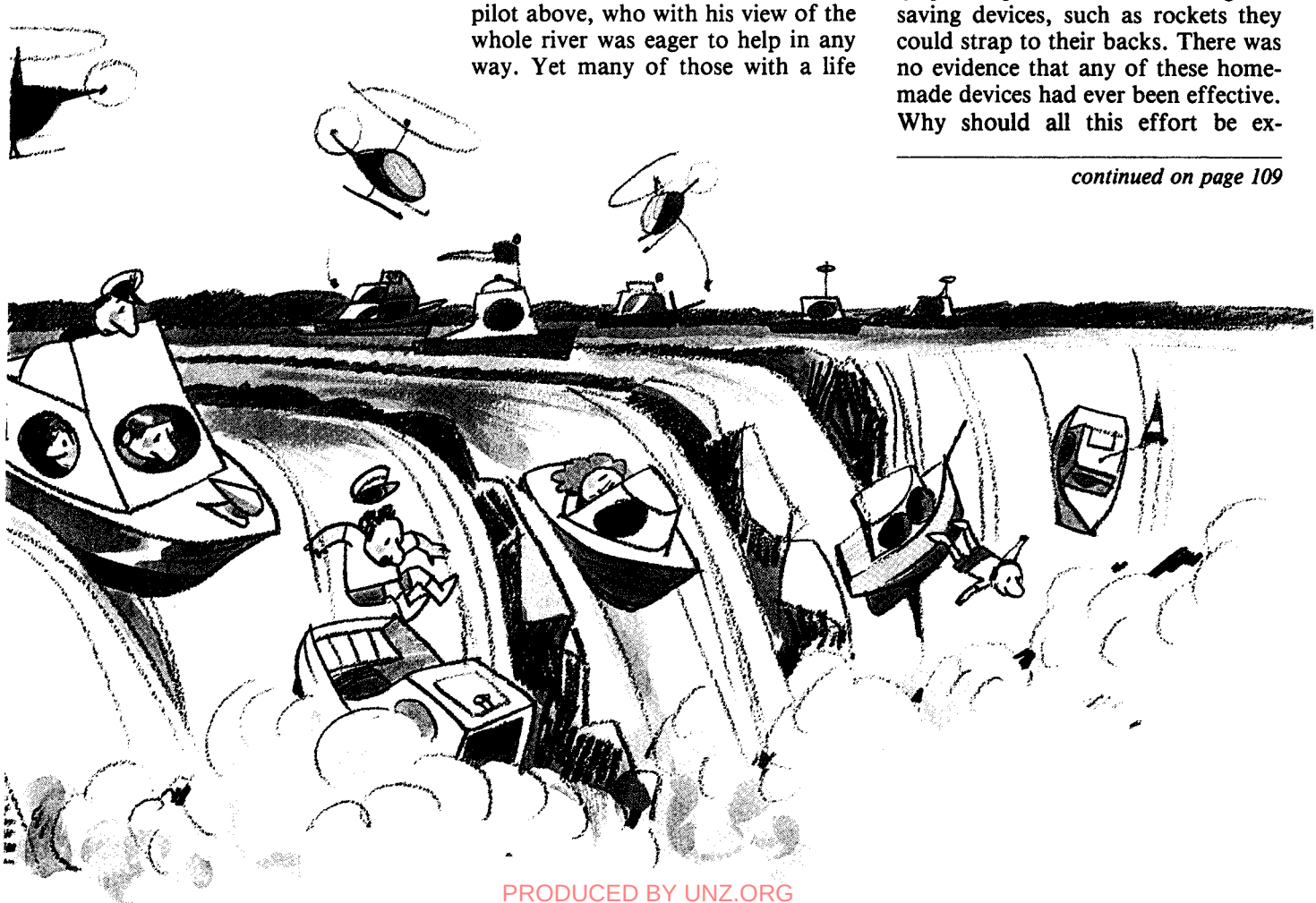

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SPOKANE'S BLOOMSDAY RUN

If you've ever wanted to race in a gorilla outfit or while pushing a balloon-decorated stroller, or maybe while wearing a single T-shirt with your girlfriend, this grueling 12-kilometer marathon is for you.

by Tom Granger

A marathon race in chilly Spokane, Washington? At one time it seemed only a running gag. But now even disbelievers are convinced that the Spokane Bloomsday Run is here to stay. This annual odyssey, held here every May since 1977, is now regarded by many runners as the third most important long-distance run in the United States, right behind the well-publicized 26-mile events run annually in Boston and in New York. Weather notwithstanding, this next fifth of May an estimated 35,000 fitness buffs will compete in the 12-kilometer (7.45 miles) run for prize money, a T-shirt and, most important, personal satisfaction.

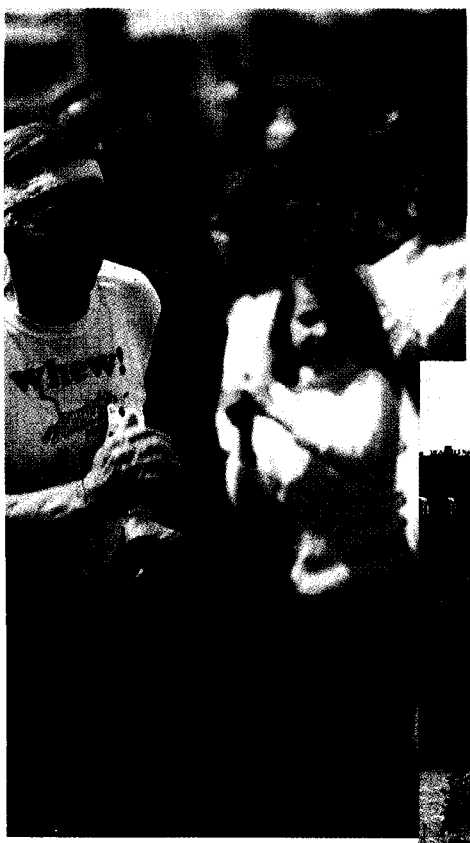
"The race has grown beyond our wildest dreams," exults the race director, Sylvia Quinn, a runner herself whose best 12k time is 50 minutes and two seconds. "Every year we think the race is going to peak out, but every year it's turned out that I underestimated the number of people registered."

The "Lilac Bloomsday Run," as it is officially called, began in 1977 as the brainchild of a former Olympic marathoner, Don Kardong, a Spokane resident. In that race a scant 1,400 runners competed, but the numbers have multiplied. Mayor Jim Chase of Spokane likes to repeat a friend's contention: If his city had grown the last eight years the way Bloomsday has blossomed, Spokane would now be the second largest U.S. city, behind New York. Predictions are that the race will see 40,000 or more participants come 1990—not bad for a city of some 170,000 residents.

The name Lilac Bloomsday Run is derived from two events. The "Lilac" part of the name comes from the Spokane Lilac Festival, held every May, one of the largest community celebrations in Washington State. Every upstanding male citizen sports a lilac button in his lapel; every female proudly wears the deliciously scented flower in her hair.

The second part of the race name, says Kardong, was inspired by a scene from the novel *Ulysses*, by James Joyce. In Joyce' book the protagonist, one Leopold Bloom, wanders through the streets of Dublin, Ireland, in rough approximation of the great Ulysses' wanderings in classic times. "Joyce shows us that ordinary people and heroes are not much different," says Kardong, who adds that ever since, scholars have honored a day in May commemorating Bloom's journey as "Bloomsday."

Most runners who congregate here the first week of May are decidedly nonliterary types. A few boldly insist that "Bloomsday" marks the day when those celebrated lilacs finally show their colors. But Kardong believes that



(Above) Bloomsday attracts both young and old. (Right) One of the three starting places takes runners past Spokane River and into Peaceful Valley.

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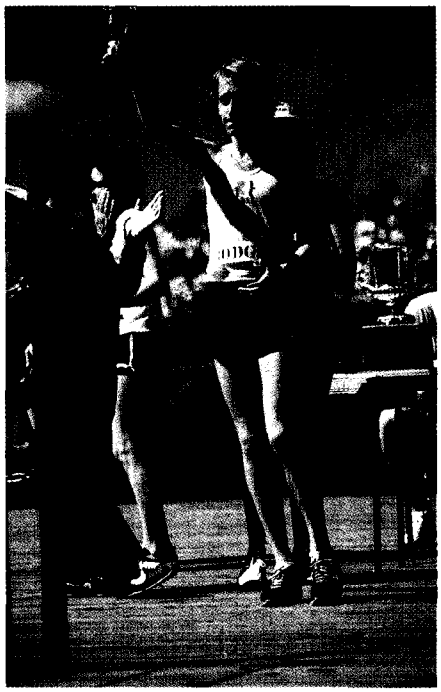
even those who don't know Bloom from bloomers will appreciate the challenge. "The process of preparing for and completing the [Bloomsday] journey will call up an individual's best heroic instincts, leaving him or her a changed person," he claims.

The 12-kilometer course is indeed a challenging run. The first mile is the most frustrating stretch for participants because the thousands of runners remain clustered all the way to the Marne Bridge that spans Hangman Creek. Passing them is like passing a line of semis in a driveway. The next challenge comes in an uphill stretch along Fort George Wright Drive as runners approach the four-mile mark. The most grueling part of the race is the long climb up Pettet Drive from mile five to mile six. Runners have nicknamed the Pettet Drive stretch "Doomsday Hill." The name tells all one needs to know about its difficulty. A few spectators along this path derive pleasure from taunting the straining, sweaty masses while they themselves sip lemonade in their folding chairs.



An impressive roster of runners have raced for cash and glory in the past eight Mays. In '78 the famous marathon runner Bill Rodgers lofted the winner's cup.

Throughout the race' brief history, the one bright spot all runners have come to expect is rain-free weather the day of the race. Curiously, Washington State's normally wet spring weather has been a no-show all eight Bloomsdays. Not once has rain dampened the spirits or the running suits of competitors. The closest to a washout that promoters faced was last year's race, when cold air greeted runners at dawn and snows in the mountains to the east and the west prevented many race signees from reaching Spokane by automobile. By the 9 a.m. start, however, the skies over Spokane relented, and cool temperatures (in the high 30s) greatly reduced the number of heat-exhaustion casualties. Consequently, a record total of 30,465 crossed the finish line, in front of City Hall.

An impressive roster of athletes have run for glory in Spokane the past eight Mays. Well-known runners, such as the Kenyan Ibrahim Hussein, Bill Rodgers, Tony Sandoval, Regina Joyce of Ireland, Ric Rojas and Duncan Macdonald, have competed. In addition, at least one celebrity usually strolls into town to watch the spectacle from the sidelines. Last year's visiting celeb was Ben Davidson, the former Oakland Raiders star turned actor, who beamed benevolently as he disbursed $50,000 in prize money.

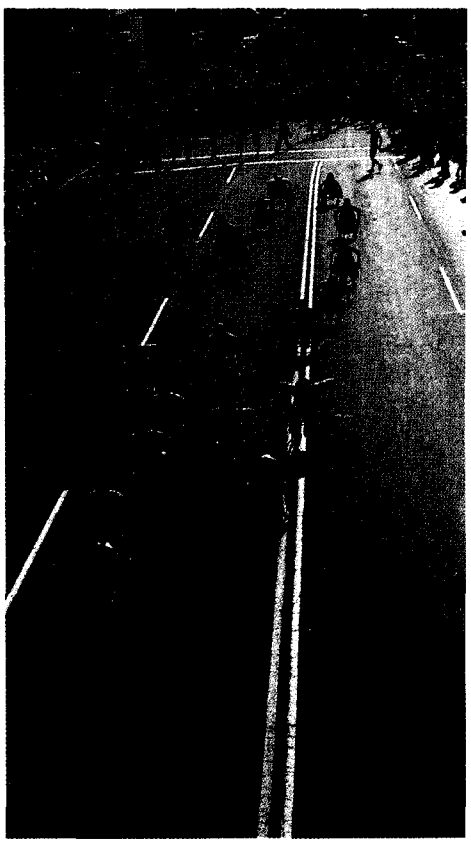
The race isn't for VIPs, say race officials—it's for everyone. Nearly every state in the Union, including Hawaii, is represented each May, as are dozens of foreign nations. Each year a few one-year-olds participate, as well as hundreds of senior citizens. The most determined "runner" of all may be Emmett Jones, 91, of Sagle, Idaho. He competed in his third Bloomsday event last year.

To inspire the efforts of contestants, the nonprofit Lilac Bloomsday Association gives illustrated T-shirts to all who complete the course. In addition, the *Spokesman-Review* and the *Spokane Chronicle* publish the names of all finalists along with their times.

Perhaps the most rewarding sight is the hard-fought wheelchair competition among disabled men and women. Prize money totaling $9,500 was

continued on page 112

The competitive spirit is no less keen among the handicapped. The $9,500 prize money in 1984 was shared by the disabled—winning, placing, showing or just participating.



The wheelchair competition at the start is one of the most inspiring sights at the Bloomsday Run. Thousands cheer while others await their chance to vie on foot for the liberal purse.

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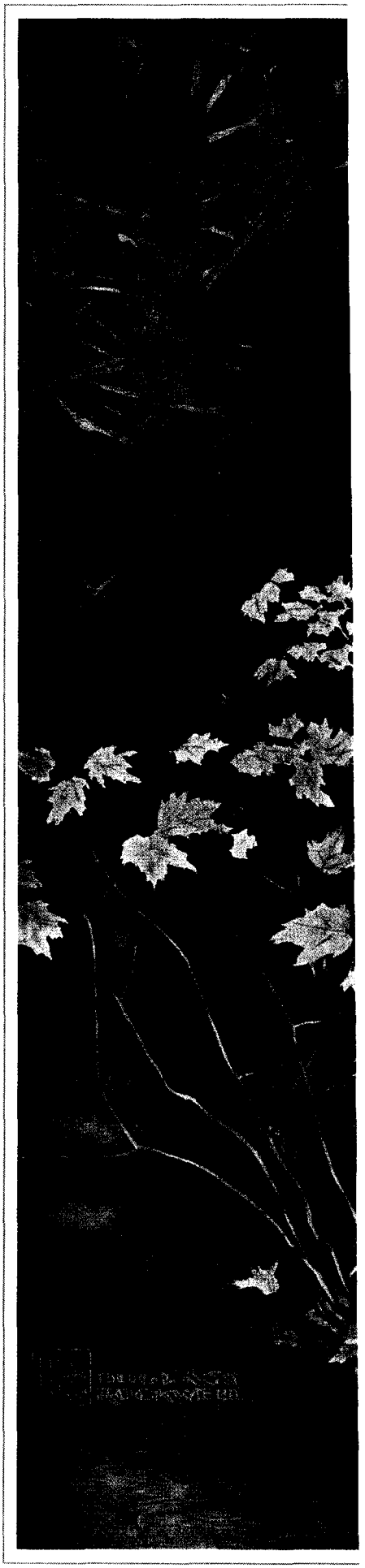
THE BOY FROM THE WOODS

What was the strange gift he brought out of the depths of the forest?

by Richard Savage



It was late in the afternoon, almost dusk, when the last of the campers had left. The head counselor had taken a large group to the city by train; parents had driven up to collect the others. Now the final car was just departing up the camp road, while the director stood with hand raised in a farewell gesture. His smile remained fixed for some moments after the car was out of sight. Finally he relaxed, and the smile—affable but professional—slowly faded. As he stood there motionless, his gaze became almost vacant, reflecting the blankness of the nearby pine woods, where the trees stood so still in the lengthening shadows that they seemed to have lost even the memory of motion. Within that dark wall of pine trees was a sanctuary of stillness, of mystery; for the present unfelt, unsensed by the man who confronted it.

So sunk was he in this strange lassitude that he didn't hear the approach of the camp's caretaker. "Yah, sure, it's yust going to be kind of lonesome without the kids," said the wiry old Swede, resting on his upturned wheelbarrow.

With an effort Warren Cole roused himself, trying to push up out of the depths into which he'd fallen. "That's right, Fred," he said absently. "It's always lonesome just after they leave."

"And ay want to say," rambled the good-natured Swede, "they were one nice bunch of kids, yah, sure! Yust helped me lots of ways. Ay got to know them pretty goot."

Cole felt himself give an inward start. Confined to his office in the main lodge, tied up with countless administrative details, how many boys had he really got to know? At meals he saw them and sometimes at the night's activities in the main lodge, but——

"Yes," said the director mechanically, "they were nice kids."

"Oh, it was a goot season, Mr. Cole. Yah, sure, a goot season." Fred saw the need for cheering his employer.

"That's right, Fred." The tone was hollow, the words barely audible. But somewhere in the recesses of his mind Cole made an additional comment. *Yes, a good season. Program clicked . . . nearly a hundred boys . . . made more profit than I've ever had from a season.* . . . Suddenly he straightened up and for the first time looked directly at his caretaker.

"It was a good season, Fred." He paused. "But it's going to be my last." He spoke with determination, almost fiercely. The decision was made. But he didn't know whether he felt better for it or not. There was a moment of silence. The caretaker scratched the stubble on his jutting chin and swallowed a few times, staring at his employer.

"Aren't you feeling so goot, Mr. Cole?" asked Fred, helpless to think of anything else.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the director. He tried to recover his usual brisk manner. "We'll talk about it later, eh?"

Fred nodded. "Well, ay guess you'll be wanting supper soon," he said, too bewildered to question the matter further. "So you yust come to the kitchen when you're ready, and ay will——"

"Don't bother fixing me anything tonight, Fred. I'll get myself something a little later. You go on now and eat your own supper. I'll—I'll just wander around for a while."

He listened till the footsteps and sound of the wheelbarrow had faded up the path toward the main lodge. Stillness again. A deep, primordial stillness, yet big with life—the myriad life waiting, listening in the forest. Each motionless branch of pine and

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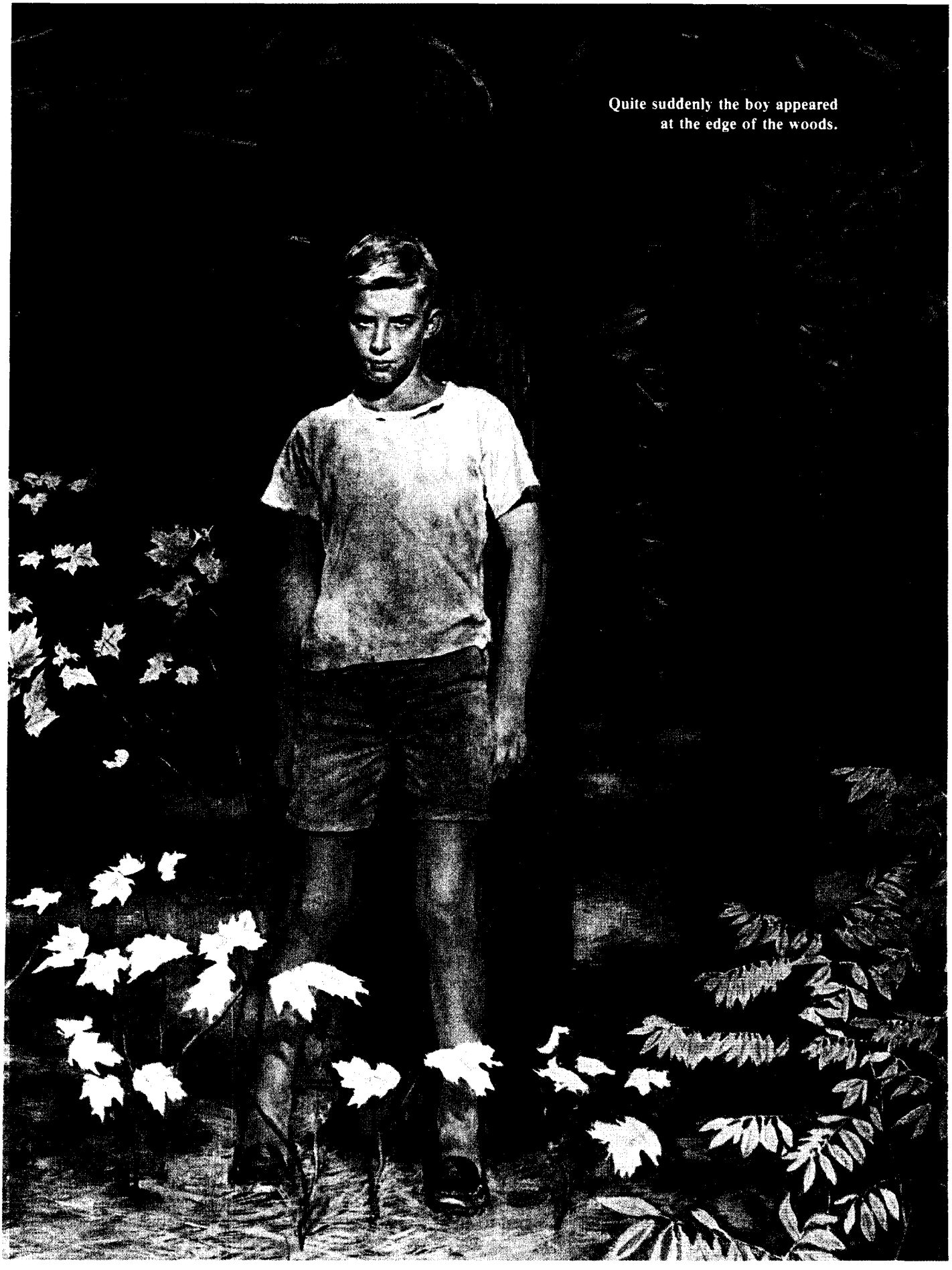

Quite suddenly the boy appeared
at the edge of the woods.

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birch was held, as if in a frieze, outside time and unchanging.

Disturbed by the stillness and seeking to reassure himself, the man kicked at a stone in the driveway. He was certain he knew what he had wanted to say, but it was as if the words to shadow forth his thought were held from him by some mysterious force. He shrugged again. "Things have changed," he ended vaguely. "They've changed."

He turned to gaze at the luxurious layout of his camp. Year after year he'd added things—expensive things, things he thought his camp had to have if he were to attract the boys. In the softly luminous dusk he could still see the extensive playing fields, the rows of neat, well-constructed cabins. He gazed at the tennis and basketball courts and at the elaborate shops for crafts, photography and artwork. And for a moment he could even hear his own voice, resonant and cheerful, giving directions to counselors and campers over the new loudspeaker.

He felt a surge of pride and a lifting of his spirits; but it was only for a moment. In the end the emptiness returned. Listless and discouraged, he wandered toward the baseball field nearby, slumping down onto a bench behind the backstop. In that instant Warren Cole felt all of his 57 years. His once solid, energetic figure had become soft and slack beneath the weight of prosperous-looking flesh, and his skin was almost as pale as when the season had begun. All summer he had remained virtually a prisoner in his pine-paneled office, going over the elaborate daily schedule with the program director, discussing activities with counselors, writing letters to parents and taking care of all the seemingly endless details. He sighed and stared at the ground.

Somewhere out on the lake that lay on the other side of the rise where the main lodge stood, a loon uttered its weird cry, and the mournful sound seemed to carry Cole along with it.

How long he sat there he didn't know, but for some reason he suddenly raised his head. It was then he caught sight of something that made him jump to his feet.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed aloud. At the very edge of the woods stood the figure of a boy. The director's first thought was that this was a camper who had been left behind. He took a step forward, staring intently. The boy remained motionless, strangely calm and thoughtful as he stared back at the director. Something about him made Cole hesitate, and for several moments the two eyed each other.

"Did that fool Robinson leave one of the campers behind?" muttered the director under his breath. Apprehensively he recalled that once before, some years ago, a camper had wandered off into the woods on the last day and had somehow been overlooked until he reappeared several hours after the group he was going home with had left. Cole didn't see how this could ever happen again, but he feared the worst. Collecting himself, he called out to the boy in a reassuring tone.

"Hey, there, come over here, won't you? Who are you?" Whether an answer came or not, Cole couldn't be certain, for a sudden gust of night wind breathed with hollow thunder through the pine boughs. Then it was still again. Cole was relieved to see the boy moving toward him at last. The figure seemed to glide across the grass with the ease and grace of an animal. Peering through the semidarkness, Cole satisfied himself that the boy wasn't wearing a camp uniform; whereupon he straightened up with a sigh of relief. In another moment the boy stood before him. He was dressed in faded brown shorts, a torn, white T-shirt and moccasins. The face and the body were darkly tanned, and the light brown hair sun bleached, almost blond in several places. Cole sat down on the bench again. He was certain he had never seen the boy, for he couldn't have forgotten those strange dark eyes that regarded him with such a disconcertingly calm and thoughtful expression.

"Hello, there, son. Do you belong to my camp?"

"No, I don't belong to your camp."

Cole was vaguely disturbed by what he thought was a note of irony in the boy's voice. But staring closely at the child, whom he judged to be about 12 or 13, the director concluded that he could find nothing impolite or mischievous in his manner.

"Come here and tell me about yourself." Cole smiled with professional affability and patted the bench. Without giving any sign that he had noticed the invitation, the boy remained standing. Shifting a little uneasily, Cole tried again. "Tell me about yourself. Where do you live and what are you doing here at this time of night? What do you want?"

A whippoorwill had begun its incantation from a thicket nearby, and the boy seemed to be listening to it rather than to the director. But when the night bird was silent the boy spoke at last.

"I would like you to take me home." He spoke softly, with a tone that was somehow as vague and unfathomable as the sound of wind in the pines.

"Why, sure, my boy!" exclaimed Cole, heartily relieved that the matter was turning out to be such a simple one. "I'll be glad to take you home. Tell me where you live and we'll be on our way."

"There," said the boy, pointing a berry-stained finger. "There—on the other side of the woods."

"Sure, I suppose that *might have worked O.K., but in those days they just didn't have Krazy glue."*

continued on page 78

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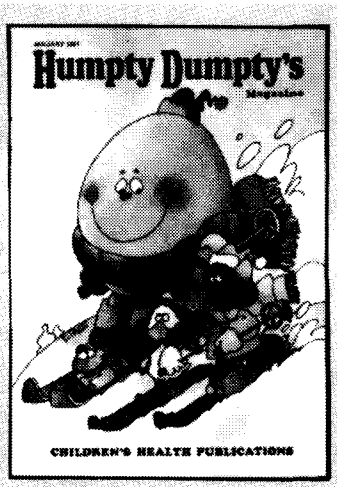

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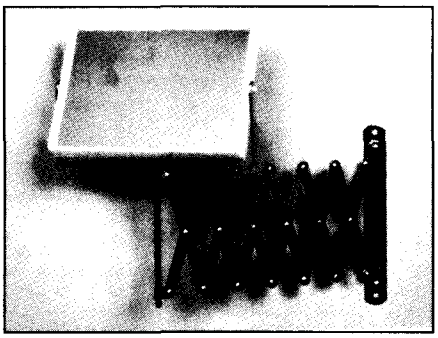

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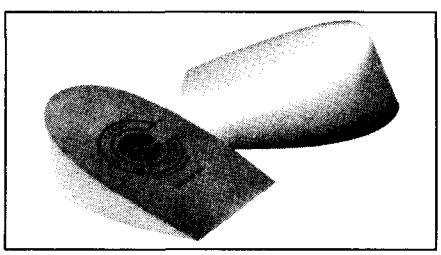

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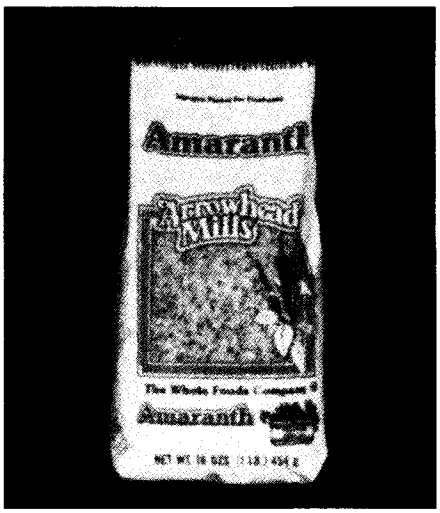

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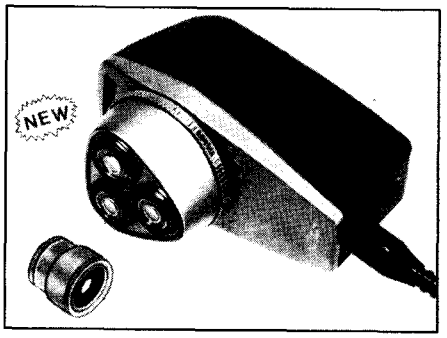

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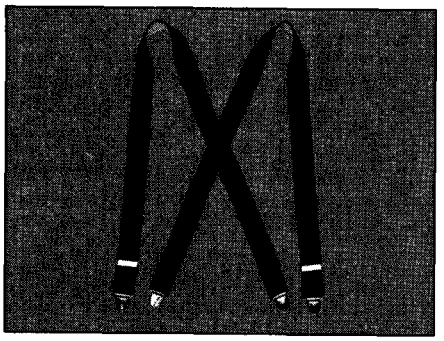

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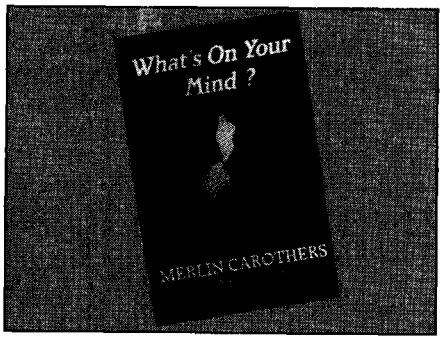

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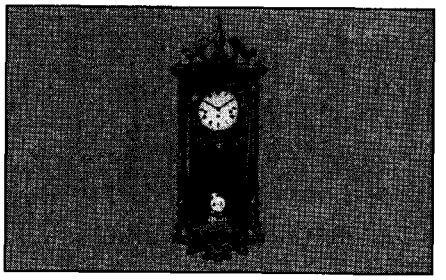

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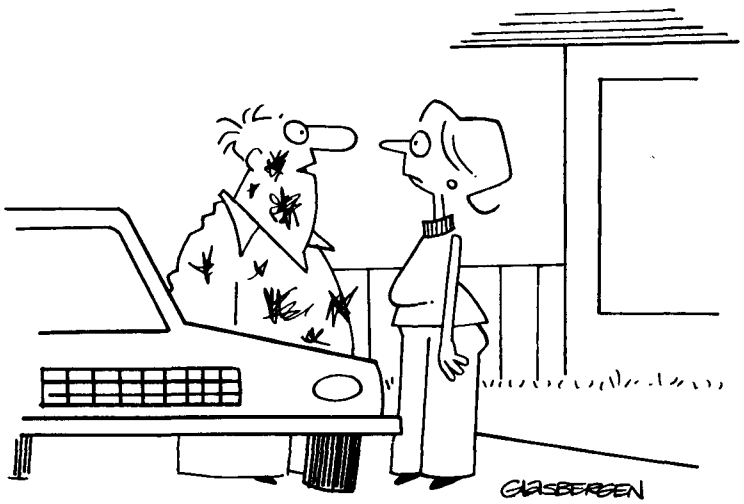

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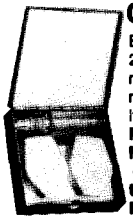

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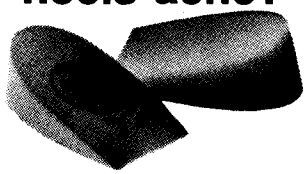

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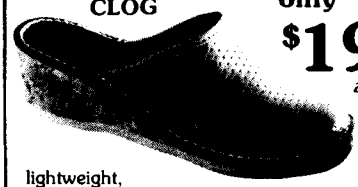

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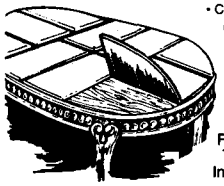

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The Boy from the Woods

continued from page 72

"Oh. Well, we'll drive around in the station wagon. How's that?"

"We can just as well walk. It's not far, and there's a path through the woods that leads almost to our cabin. I could get back in no time at all, only—only I guess I'm a little afraid now that it's getting dark. But you don't mind that, do you?"

Cole stared at the boy. Incredible as it seemed, the child's question had sounded almost like a challenge. But surely not, he decided. Yet what was the boy up to anyway? Cole leaned forward, studying the face more closely. The luminous brown eyes only blinked at him with their inquiring, fawnlike expression. But in their depths seemed to burn two tiny hearts of flame, wild and secret as a creature of the forest. The director shifted about on the bench, uneasy and irritated because he didn't seem to have the situation under control. It was certainly more sensible that he drive the boy home in the station wagon; yet now he couldn't bring himself to insist upon it any further. Catching sight of a flashlight on the ground a few feet away that had been dropped by some camper, Cole suddenly made up his mind. It was going to be a clear, starry night, but there'd surely be no chance of wandering off the path if he had a light.

"All right, my boy, we'll walk! I think a little hike through the woods would just do me good." Realizing that his voice sounded a bit too loud and the cheerfulness too forced, he moved casually over to pick up the flashlight. It was all so sudden and so totally unexpected that he was both bewildered and irritated by the situation in which this strange child had somehow involved him.

Resting a hand on the boy's shoulder, he said, "You lead the way, son, and I'll follow."

The boy slipped from under his hand and moved off toward the woods, glancing back with a quick, playful smile. At the very edge of the woods he stopped and, when Cole approached, the boy reached out unexpectedly and took his hand. In a moment the irritation the director had felt disappeared, and in its place came a sudden, nameless affinity with this boy.

Cole never remembered having

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seen the path they took. But with a twinge of conscience he admitted to himself that this was not surprising. There was still just enough light so they could make their way through the thick stand of pines without too much difficulty. And the boy seemed to have eyes like a cat. Soon, however, the path narrowed and they had to walk in single file. The boy moved ahead.

"By the way," said the director, "you haven't told me your name?"

"Oh, you can call me Warren."

"Why, that's my name too."

"I know."

"But nearly everyone calls me Coley." He laughed. "You'd better call me that too. It'll be less confusing, eh?"

There was no reply, and for a few minutes they walked along in silence. Cole watched with fascination the boy's quick, lithe movements. Everything about him blended in harmony with the woods. He glided along as gracefully and easily as a fish slipping through underwater plants. Trying to imagine some of his campers in a similar situation, Cole had a vision of their comparatively clumsy, plodding efforts, and he shuddered partly with amusement, partly with real regret.

As he studied the figure ahead, a thought came to him: here was a boy who had somehow discovered the mystery of the woods, had learned to love its beauty, its holiness. It wasn't just a skill, it was a way of life—one in which he would always find strength and comfort. Cole suddenly remembered a time long ago on camping trips with his father when he, too, might have been such a boy.

And wasn't this discovery part of the ideal he had once envisioned for himself and the boys in his camp? How had he lost sight of it then? He shook his head, unable to answer as to how or why.

Suddenly he had to stop to unhook his shirt from a low-hanging pine branch. He felt awkward and out of place in his well-creased slacks and bright sport shirt. But as they continued on he became strangely pleased by this tramp through the woods. For the time being he shrugged off the questions that had suddenly risen to prick his conscience. After all, he thought, what did it matter now that he had decided to leave camping?

continued on page 95

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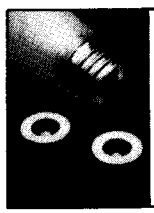

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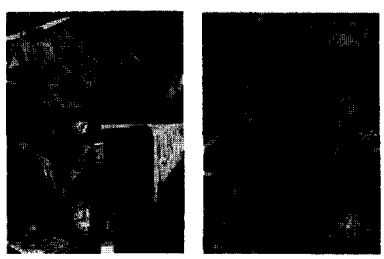

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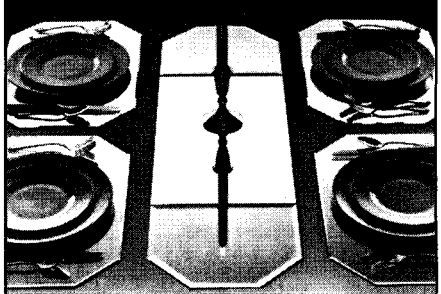

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Animalholics

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That's why they're complaining. It's uncomfortable. Why not loosen the martingales a few notches—like six?"

"Can't do it. Against regulations," said the sergeant.

"Maybe I should talk to your mayor, Marion Berry," she said sweetly. "He seems like a sensitive and reasonable man."

"I'd rather you talk to him about giving us a raise," a good-natured voice called from the ranks. Laughter rippled up and down the line.

"And how long have you been sitting on your horses? Three hours?" she purred, answering her own question. "The constant weight while the horses are standing still is bad for their kidneys and stops circulation. Their back muscles must be aching. Why don't you dismount for a few minutes?"

No one answered.

Her emotions were still on low, and she turned the full force of her 150-watt blue eyes on the stoic faces.

"It's clear that you're all equipment men. Boots, buttons and tack shined to perfection. Why, these animals could pass a white-glove inspection. But are you more concerned with your exemplary appearance than with the inner souls of your horses?"

By now a small crowd had encircled the combatants. Silence. Someone coughed nervously. I peered around the tree to see if La Contessa were rocking back and forth on her heels yet. But she continued to radiate charm and femininity, a beatific smile on her face. The sun cascaded down her honey-colored hair.

A tall, angular patrolman with a hawklike face and bobcat eyes broke the tension. "You're right, lady, and I admire your guts for sticking up for the horses, since they can't stick up for themselves. I'll oblige." He dismounted. Soon most of the riders were on the ground, and spasmodic laughter and clapping broke out from the onlookers.

Elizabeth walked the dogs back down the hill, looking as though she'd just belled the cat. As the threesome passed the tree where I still hid, Sandor and Sergei glanced at me and gave me the thumbs-up sign.

In early spring the flowers are in full bloom in South Carolina. Elizabeth suggested we tour the famous Magnolia Gardens, with a visit to historic Charleston.

We were chaperoned by Barron, Brandi and Zsa-Zsa—the only female of the seven dogs. They are great traveling companions, as well as distinct personalities.

We hit the Magnolia Gardens in jubilant spirits, but our stay in Charleston was a trifle blue as La Contessa almost reenacted the War between the States. Not since South Carolina seceded from the Union and General Beauregard captured Fort Sumter has Charleston rocked to such a cacophony.

We were spending the day in Charleston, a warm and humid April day. Elizabeth, looking every inch the mistress of the house, strolled past the steps of the historic Nathaniel Russell Mansion on Meeting Street. She wore a yellow linen dress of classic, elegant lines and a broad-brimmed, yellow straw hat. A white magnolia blossom added a lovely touch. She lingered at the edge of the manicured lawn to admire a hovering swallowtail butterfly, and the dogs and I plopped down in the Volks station wagon to wait for her.

A big bay horse with protruding ribs came limping down the street and pulling a garland-bedecked carriage. Nine sweaty tourists were sandwiched on the seats. The driver stopped the rig before the old house. Water poured from the horse' back, and his head dropped below his knees.

Elizabeth's gaze swept the scene and came to rest on the exhausted animal. After a short silence, she addressed the driver with a half-frisky smile.

"Sir, your horse' sides are shaking, and he seems to be very tired. Don't you think the load might be a bit too heavy for him in this heat?"

The driver peered down at her. He was a sinister-looking character with a Viva Zapata mustache and a beer gut.

"Now, Sweet Toots," he rasped, "don't you worry your pretty little head about my horse. We've been together a long time. So just you stand aside, Sweet Toots. My customers didn't pay me to see you."

"Nor did your customers pay to be hauled around by a horse so skinny he looks like an X-ray picture. Didn't

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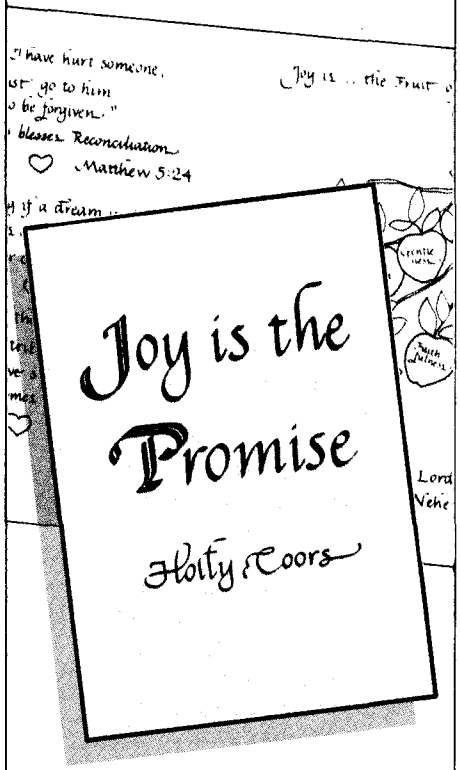

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FOOD

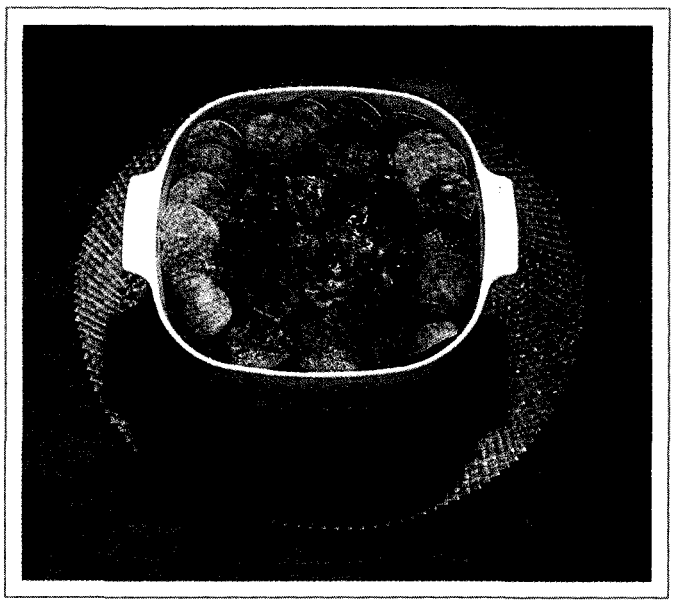
GETTING BACK TO BARLEY

If you like barley in soup, you'll love it in these unique and delicious recipes made from one of the world's most ancient and nutritious grains.

by Christopher Irwin

It may seem ironic that one of the world's most wholesome grains originated in the highlands of Ethiopia. From there it spread throughout the ancient world. Hebrews of the Bible used it to make their unleavened bread. The Romans took it along on their conquests. Until the 16th century it was the staple grain of Europe, and it is still commonly found in breads and cereals of Scotland and Scandinavia.

Barley has remained almost unchanged throughout five millennia of domestication and human consumption. But only recently have scientists discovered just how valuable a food source it truly is. In the search for high-protein grains, they have found barley is one of the highest in lysine, the essential amino acid most often lacking in cereal grains. In addition, they've discovered that barley, like oats, contains water-soluble fiber, the kind of fiber many scientists now believe helps the body lower blood cholesterol.



Baked Spanish Stew has an irresistible pizzalike flavor. Its combination of barley and lean ground beef offers plenty of protein as well as cholesterol-reducing soluble fiber.

So why aren't Americans eating more barley? That's what home economists at Montana State University want to know. To help popularize this underused grain, they've put together some tasty new barley recipes—from soups even better than the usual to muffins, breads, main dishes and desserts.

Americans should be aware that this versatile grain is now becoming available in other forms than the usual pearl barley, says a Montana State University nutritionist, Dr. Rosemary Newman. Barley flour can be used to make breads, pastries, cookies, muffins and cakes. Barley flakes, similar to rolled oats, but thicker and chewier, are good for cookies, hot cereal, breads and homemade granola. Barley grits—a cracked, parboiled product a bit like bulgur wheat—are excellent for baked goods and in salads. Barley grits are common in Scandinavia and Britain but still rare in the United States.

Dr. Newman offers these tips for barley users:

* Barley flour may not yet be available at your supermarket, but you can make your own by putting half a cup of pearled barley at a time into a blender at high speed for one to three minutes, depending on the fineness you desire.

* Don't sift barley flour, or you'll lose important nutrients.

* Barley flour has less gluten than wheat, so it's best to use not more than one-fourth to one-half barley in raised yeast breads.

* Barley has a tendency to absorb water, so when you substitute it in your own recipes, the mixture will tend to appear drier. Add a small amount of liquid if this problem occurs.

* Barley flour makes an excellent thickener for soups, gravies, stews and sauces. Although not as smooth as refined flour, barley flour will thicken and add flavor and nutrients.

The following barley recipes were tested in the *Post*'s kitchens. Try them, and you'll agree it's time to take this nutritious and delicious grain off the back burner.

Swiss Hot Cereal

(Makes 4 servings)

1 cup pearled barley
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
¼ cup sesame seeds
¼ cup wheat germ
¼ cup coconut
¼ teaspoon salt
3 cups water
¼ cup raisins (or other dried fruit)

Pulverize barley in blender or food processor. Heat oil in a heavy pan. Add barley, sesame seeds, wheat germ and coconut. Sauté until light brown. Add salt, water and dried fruit. Cover and steam about 25 minutes until barley is fluffy. Serve with milk and honey or brown sugar.

Swedish Flat Bread

(Makes 16 loaves)

5 teaspoons active dry yeast
3 tablespoons warm water
2 cups whole milk
4 teaspoons margarine
2 teaspoons salt

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3 tablespoons light corn syrup
½ teaspoon caraway seeds, crushed
3 cups barley flour
2 cups white wheat flour

Dissolve active dry yeast in a cup with 3 tablespoons warm water (110° F.). In a saucepan warm milk and margarine to 110° F. Add this to yeast mixture. Stir in salt, syrup, caraway seeds and barley flour. Slowly fold in the remaining 2 cups of white wheat flour and work into a soft dough. Cover and let rise for 30 minutes. Knead the dough for 5 minutes. Cut into 16 pieces of equal size (about 5" in diameter). Pierce or indent with a fork on the top portion. Bake at 500° F. on a greased cookie sheet for approximately 7 minutes. The loaves should have raised, browned areas over the top surface. Cool under a towel and serve.

Refrigerator Barley-Bran Muffins
(Makes 4 dozen muffins)

2 cups boiling water
6 cups bran flakes
1 cup vegetable shortening
½ cup honey
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
4 eggs
4 cups buttermilk
5 cups barley flour
5 teaspoons baking soda
2 teaspoons salt

Pour boiling water over 2 cups of bran flakes; cool slightly. In mixer, on high speed, cream shortening, honey, sugar and molasses. Add eggs and buttermilk and mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and add to wet. Stir until well coated. Add soaked bran and remaining bran and stir well. You may refrigerate batter in covered container and bake as needed. Store up to 4 weeks. Fill well-greased muffin tins ⅔ full. Bake 18 minutes at 400° F.

Barley Bean Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

¾ cup raw pearled barley
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 bay leaf
1 cup navy beans, cooked or canned
1 medium cucumber, peeled and diced
1 cup green beans, 1" pieces, steamed
⅔ cup sliced black olives
2 tablespoons scallions, minced
2 tablespoons fresh parsley, minced
½ cup plain yogurt
¼ cup olive oil
¼ cup red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon sweet basil
½ teaspoon dried marjoram
½ teaspoon dried dill weed
¼ teaspoon ground pepper
½ teaspoon salt

Cook the barley (2½ parts water to 1 part barley) and add soy sauce and bay leaf to the cooking water. When the barley is done (about 30 minutes), remove the bay leaf and allow the barley to cool to room temperature. Transfer barley to a mixing bowl. Add beans, cucumber, green beans, olives, scallions and parsley and mix well. Combine the remaining ingredients in a small bowl and mix thoroughly. Pour over the salad and toss until everything is evenly coated. This salad can be served immediately or it can stand an hour or so at room temperature or refrigerated.

Creamy Barley Mushroom Soup
(Makes 6 to 8 servings)

¾ cup pearled barley
1 large onion, chopped
1 large carrot, chopped
2 bay leaves
2 tablespoons margarine
2½ cups water or vegetable stock

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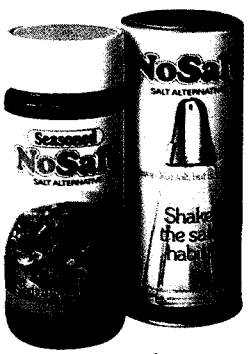
NoSalt Beef Stew

1½ lbs. boneless beef for stew, cut into 1½ inch pieces
¼ t. pepper
1½ T. unsalted butter or margarine
1½ T. vegetable oil
2 cups chopped onion
2½ cups water, divided
¾ cup Burgundy wine
1 bay leaf
1 t. instant beef bouillon, without salt added
¾ t. dried thyme, crumbled
6 medium carrots, sliced
2 small potatoes (4 ozs. each) cut into 1-inch pieces
¼ lb. mushrooms, sliced
1 cup frozen peas
3 T. cornstarch
¾ t. Seasoned NoSalt

Toss beef with pepper. In a large heavy saucepan or Dutch oven, melt butter with oil. Add beef and brown well. Remove and set aside. Add onion; cook until tender. Stir in beef and 2 cups water, wine, bay leaf, bouillon and thyme. Bring to a boil; reduce heat, cover and simmer 1 hour.

Stir in carrots and potatoes; simmer, covered, an additional 45 minutes or until beef and vegetables are tender. Stir in mushrooms, peas and cornstarch blended with remaining ½ cup water. Cook, uncovered, 15 minutes or until mushrooms are tender and gravy is thickened. Stir in Seasoned NoSalt and garnish, if desired, with parsley. Makes about 6 servings.



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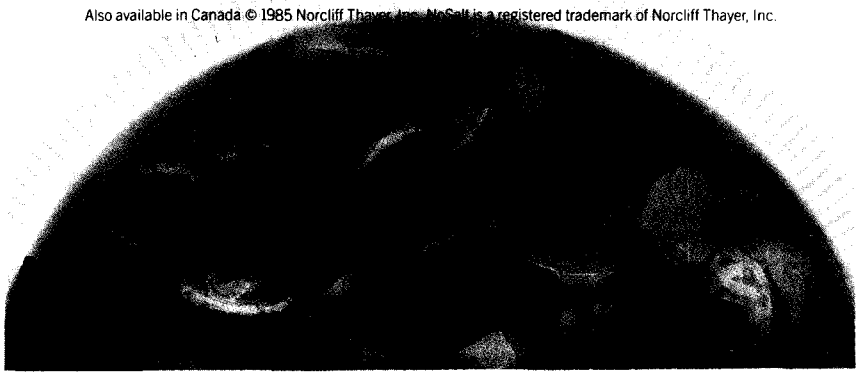

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1 medium potato, diced
1 large celery, finely chopped
¼ cup parsley, chopped
1 teaspoon dried dill weed
½ teaspoon dried summer savory
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ pound fresh mushrooms, chopped
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons barley flour

Place barley, onion, carrot, bay leaves and margarine in a large pot with water or vegetable stock. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer over low heat for 10 minutes. Remove bay leaves. Add potato, celery, parsley and seasonings. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes. Add mushrooms and milk; cover and simmer over very low heat for about 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender but not overdone. Dissolve the flour in just enough water (½ cup or 125 ml.) to make a smooth, flowing paste and whisk it quickly into the soup. Allow the soup to stand for 5-10 minutes off the heat before serving. It thickens if it is refrigerated. Add more milk or water as needed and adjust the seasonings.

Chicken-Broccoli Chowder
(Makes 6 servings)

10½ ounces chicken bouillon
2 cups carrots, diced
½ cup onion, chopped
3 cups water
1 package (10 oz.) chopped frozen broccoli
½ cup barley flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
1½ cups chicken, precooked and chopped
1½ cups Swiss cheese, grated
½ teaspoon marjoram
4 ounces chow-mein noodles

Place the bouillon, carrots, onion and 2½ cups water in a saucepan (reserve ½ cup). Bring to a medium boil and reduce heat to simmer for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, grease 4-qt. casserole dish and add broccoli. Set casserole dish aside. Place barley flour, salt and ½ cup water in a jar and shake until well mixed. Bring saucepan mixture to a rolling boil and add flour-water mixture. Stir constantly. Add milk and chicken pieces. Lower heat and continue to cook for 10 additional minutes. Remove from heat and stir in cheese and marjoram. Pour into 4-quart casserole dish and sprinkle with noodles. Let stand for 5 minutes and serve.

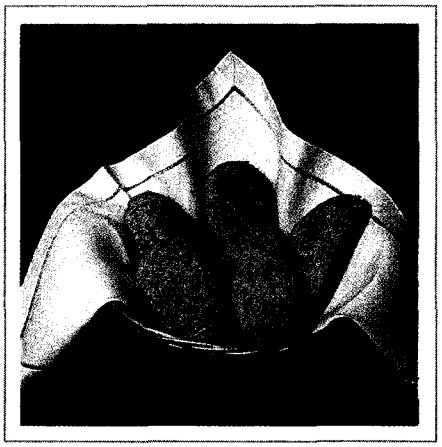
Baked Spanish Stew
(Makes 6 servings)

¾ cup pearled barley
1½ cups water
1 pound lean ground beef
½ cup onion, chopped
½ cup celery, chopped
½ cup green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons oil
1¼ teaspoons salt
Pepper, to taste
½ teaspoon marjoram
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ cup chili (hot) sauce
3½ cups canned tomatoes, chopped (including liquid)
½ cup Cheddar cheese, grated
½ cup sliced black olives
Tortilla or corn chips for garnish

Cook barley in water by bringing to a boil and then simmering for 30 minutes in covered saucepan. Sauté: ground beef, onion, celery and green pepper in oil. Drain off excess fat from beef. Stir in salt, pepper, marjoram, sugar, Worcestershire sauce, chili sauce, canned tomatoes and barley. Bring to a boil. Simmer for 10 minutes. Pour into casserole dish. Sprinkle grated cheese on top. Lay sliced olives on top of cheese. Form a bed of tortilla chips around edges of casserole. Bake in 350° F. oven for 20 minutes or until cheese is bubbly.

Helen's Barley Pilaf
(Makes 8 servings)

¾ pound sliced mushrooms
¼ pound margarine



Swedish Flat Bread comes straight from Scandinavia, where baking with barley has never gone out of style.

2 medium onions, chopped
1¾ cups pearled barley
6 cups chicken broth or beef bouillon

Preheat oven to 350° F. Sauté mushrooms in 2 tablespoons of the margarine, remove from pan. Add remaining margarine and sauté onions until soft. Add barley and coat well with butter. Stir over medium heat until lightly browned. Place barley, onions and mushrooms in greased casserole dish. Add half the broth or bouillon and bake, covered, for 30 minutes. Add remaining broth and bake 30 minutes longer or until barley is tender and liquid is absorbed.

Note: If using homemade stock, add salt to taste.

Zucchini Beef-Barley Pie
(Makes 8 servings)

Shell
1 pound lean ground beef
⅔ cup barley flakes
⅓ cup ketchup
½ cup onion, chopped
1 large egg
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon Tabasco

Filling
2 medium zucchini
1 cup mozzarella cheese, shredded
⅓ cup ketchup
½ cup black olive slices
½ teaspoon oregano leaves
½ teaspoon basil leaves
8 tablespoons Parmesan cheese

Preheat oven to 350° F. For shell: combine ingredients and mix well. Pat into bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie shell and bake for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and drain moisture and fat. For filling: Steam sliced zucchini (¼"-thick slices) for 5 minutes and rinse in cold water. Drain. Combine half the mozzarella cheese and the next four ingredients. Spoon into the shell and top with remaining ½ cup of cheese and top with Parmesan cheese. Bake for 25-30 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand for 5 minutes. Cut into pielike slices.

For additional barley recipes and information, send $1 to: Rosemary Newman, Department of Home Economics, Herrick Hall, Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana 59717.

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Animalholic

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you read in this morning's newspaper about the horse who fell over and died of heart exhaustion? He was pulling an overloaded wagon like the one you have."

"Listen, Sweet Toots, fanatics I don't need. And what would you know about horses, anyway?" His mustache quivered with pointed indignation.

"I know enough never to sell any of mine, so they won't wind up with a brute like you." Now her voice was icy.

Elizabeth fired her next salvo. "Your horse is lame because he's not shod properly and can't stand the concussion of the hard pavement. He's in pain."

"Bug off, Sweet Toots," the driver shouted. "Bug off!"

"You're a lout of heroic insensitivity," she screamed, her hands gesturing in short chops. "And as for your poor horse, every day is without dignity or hope." La Contessa was exhaling pure fury.

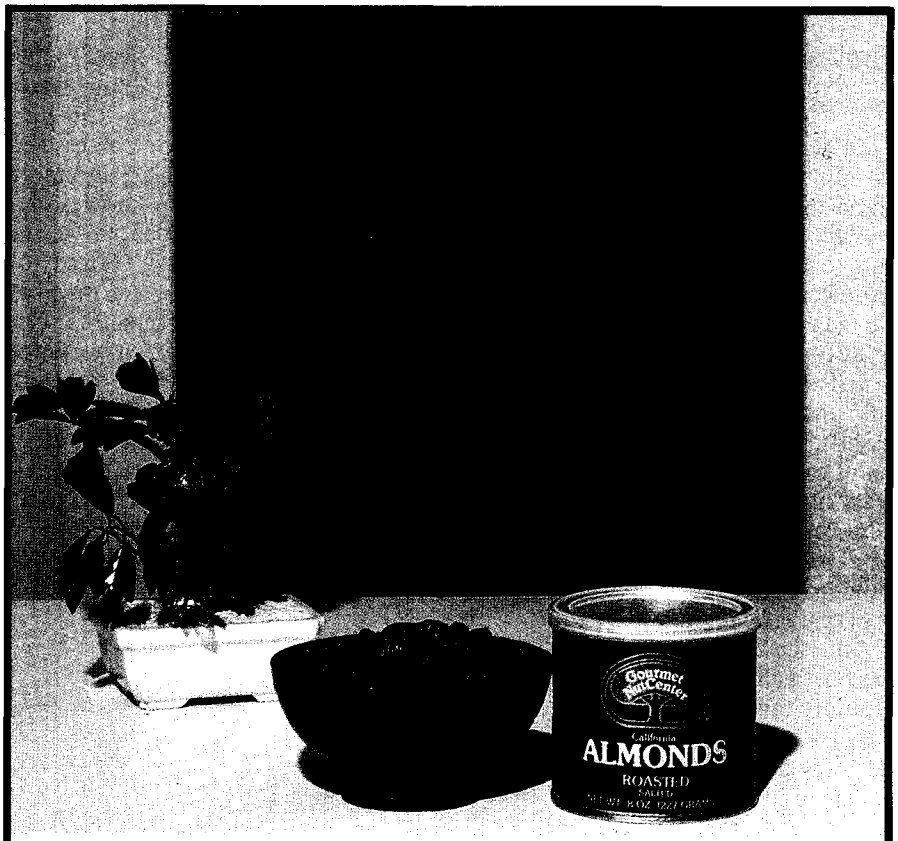
Then, just as the driver whipped his horse into a rattling sleepwalk down the street, Elizabeth jumped behind the wagon and began pushing it. A chubby kid with a choirboy face leaped down to join her, and several street urchins ran up to help them ease the horse' load. A few of the male passengers got off, but the remaining cargo sat tight, staring fixedly ahead in consternation.

The carriage moved a bit more easily now. Having made her point, Elizabeth walked back to the car. Perspiration seeped through her yellow dress, and she no longer looked like the Mistress of the House. But to me, my wife had never looked more beautiful.

Back in our motel room, Elizabeth's anger was still firing on all cylinders, so I took the dogs out for a Big Mac.

We returned to find Elizabeth asleep. Piled high on the dresser were protest notes to the mayor of Charleston, the SPCA, the chamber of commerce, the chief of police and the president of the United States. Attached to the bathroom mirror was a quote from Mahatma Gandhi:

Almost anything you do will be insignificant, but it is very important that you do it.



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Tigers by the Tail

continued from page 55

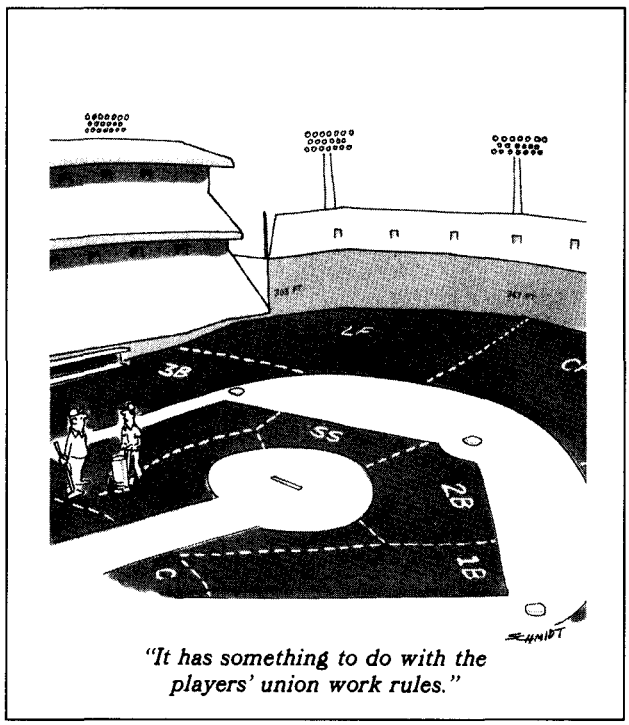
of the action. The name change then cost him $1.5 million to successfully defend a suit by the owners of Domino Sugar, who had gone to court to force him to drop the name. And after things really boomed, and he began selling Domino's franchises like hot—er—pizzas, he overextended himself as late as 1969 and avoided bankruptcy only by the slimmest of margins, thanks to his willingness to again work 100-hour weeks until prosperity returned.

But by 1984, he had accumulated the wealth that would put him on a *Forbes* list of the 400 wealthiest men in America. True, he had failed to realize his dream of becoming an architect, but he had nonetheless obtained vicarious pleasure from becoming a financial angel to the University of Michigan's school of architecture. Moreover, he had purchased a Frank Lloyd Wright home outside Ann Arbor, and he had executed plans to build what local wags call "The Tower of Pizza"—a 30-story building based on Wright's plans for a skyscraper that combines beauty with function.

But deep down, the little boy in Monaghan chafed. That long buried dream of living a life in baseball's big leagues still remained. He could still hear the voice of the late Tiger broadcaster Harry Heilmann singing the praises of Monaghan's beloved Detroiters. So when the aging communications baron John Fetzer began considering plans to sell the Detroit franchise to some individual who would provide stable club ownership into the next century, Tom Monaghan put the same effort into acquiring the team he had given his pizza venture. After a three-hour meeting between Fetzer and Monaghan, the pizza franchiser's $53 million offer was accepted on a single condition: Fetzer did not want the story to leak to the press until the contract was signed.

"Mr. Fetzer and [Tiger president] Jim Campbell had said right from the beginning that if the story gets to the press, the whole deal is dead," says Monaghan. "We were doing everything in such secrecy it's unbelievable. We [even] had code names. But the way it turned out, more and more and more people had to know about it: lawyers, bankers, people in the Tiger organization, my board of directors, my family." As a member of Domino's board of directors, one of those in the know was the famed University of Michigan football coach, Bo Schembechler.

The deal looked closed when all at once a ghost of Monaghan's materialized. In a January '82 interview with a *Kalamazoo Gazette* sportswriter, Jack Moss, Monaghan had expressed his long held desire to purchase the Tigers. All at once Moss, hoping to land an exclusive, materialized at the Domino's headquarters. When Monaghan frantically denied all, Moss shrugged and said he was off "to interview your friend, Bo."



"It has something to do with the players' union work rules."

Afraid Schembechler might inadvertently spill the beans, Monaghan quickly called the coach. "What do I do?" asked Monaghan. "He might write something about me that mentions the Tigers, anyhow. If it gets into the papers before Mr. Fetzer [announces the news], I don't know what the heck's going to happen." Schembechler was unruffled. "I'll just tell him," said the coach.

Time passed without anything hitting the papers. The deal was closed. "And then the night before the announcement I called Moss," Monaghan says, chuckling. As a reward for his fidelity, the secret sharer had become the first member of the press to get the story.

Tom Monaghan's purchase was instantly rewarded. The Tigers won the first 9 games of the season and set a record for the best 40-game start (35-5) in baseball history. Their pitching ace, Jack Morris, tossed a no-hitter in April. Sparky Anderson managed the team brilliantly. A newly acquired relief pitcher, Willie Hernandez, saved 32 games en route to capturing the coveted MVP and Cy Young Award trophies in the American League. And the Tigers buried the Kansas City Royals in the play-offs and thrashed the San Diego Padres in the World Series. The club made an estimated profit of $8 million in a year many baseball owners took red-ink baths.

Monaghan is reasonably confident that the Tigers can repeat in 1985. "I think we've got as good a chance as anybody," says Monaghan, "but it [the pennant race] should be closer. We haven't made any great changes. I believe in defensive baseball. I think that's the reason the Tigers did so well. When you've got a Gold Glove winner at catcher in Lance Parrish, a Gold Glove winner at shortstop in Alan Trammell, a Gold Glove winner at second in Lou Whitaker, and in Chet Lemon, a better center fielder than guys who *have* won the Gold Glove, that's great defense up the middle, maybe the best ever."

Of course, Tom Monaghan is too humble to mention that it also helps to have a good man at the top as well. Too many powerful teams have performed miserably in the standings at least partially through the meddling of owners. "I'm not trying to get that involved," admits Monaghan.

The prediction here is that the Tigers will once again squeak by talent-laden Toronto, the free-agent-heavy Baltimore Orioles and the overpaid New York Yankees.

Somewhere, someplace, Sister Bernarda is beaming!

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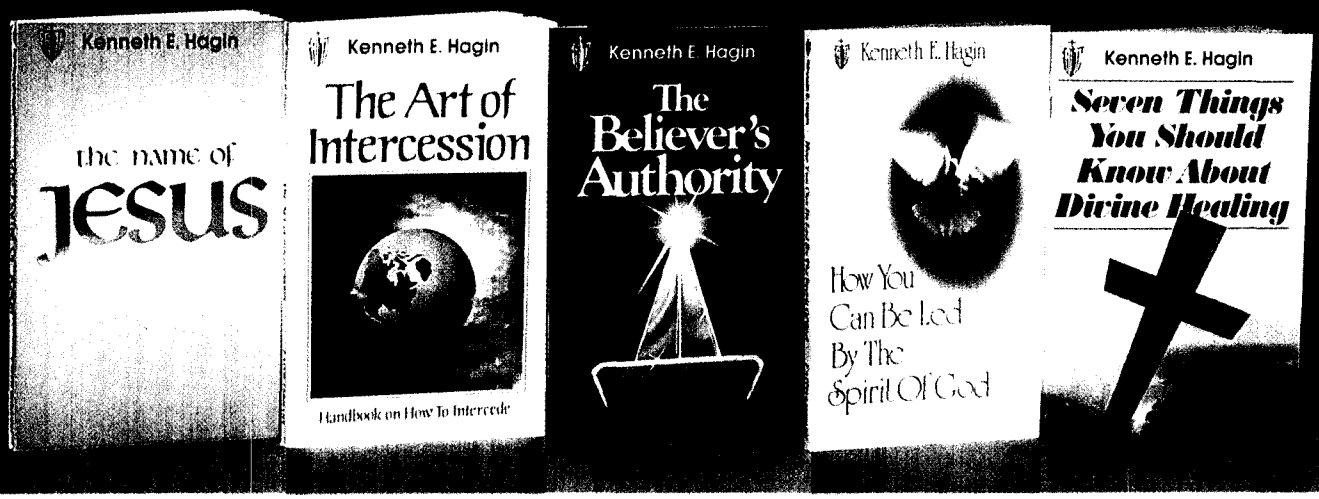
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We can't think of a single gift that would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal and high-fiber unprocessed miller's bran.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. We're packaging both high-lysine corn meal and miller's unprocessed wheat bran in lined, brown-paper bags to get more people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of adding back the bran, or going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're O.K.--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory SerVaas, M.D.

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The Gardens' greenhouse—inside and out—is a haven for both common and endangered species of the southeastern United States.

Summer programs include everything from circus acrobatics to shuffleboard to an educational tour of the experimental farm.

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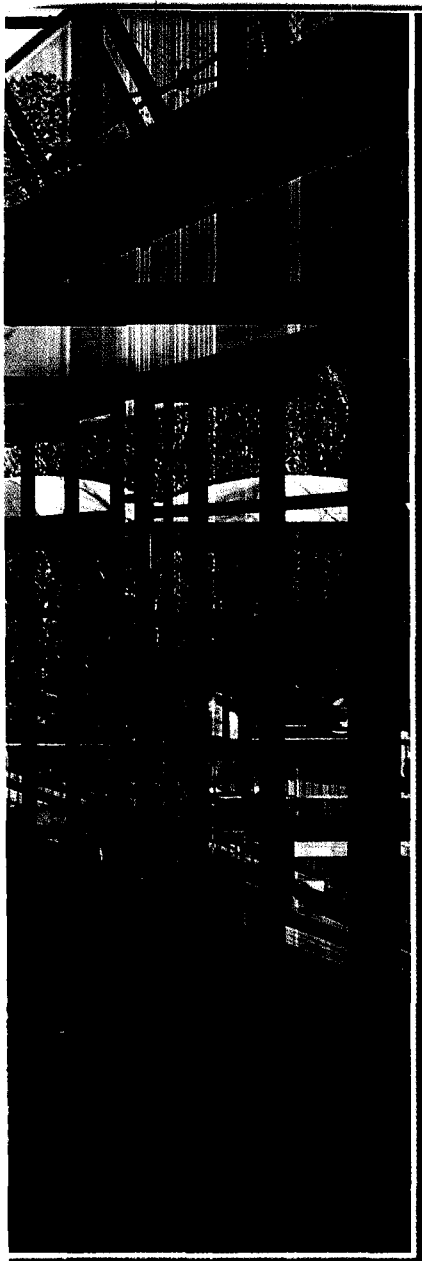

Georgia's Answer to Eden

Callaway Gardens

Too late for Eden and too early for heaven? This 2,500-acre spa for nature lovers and sports buffs is the next best thing.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

It could easily have been admired in passing but not remembered. It might have been missed altogether or perhaps even trampled upon during that walk through the deep Georgia woods in the fullness of summer. Instead, the coral-red azalea, discovered by the industrialist Cason J. Callaway, was destined to blossom into the 2,500-acre nursery, vineyard, park and playground that today is luxuriant Callaway Gardens.

For a flower that at the time (1930) bordered on extinction, the rare azalea could have fallen into no better hands—though Cason Callaway's sensitivity to nature's beauty was yet to be demonstrated. Military school, college, a stint at bookkeeping, founding the Valley Waste Mills and rising to a position on the board of his father's Callaway Mills, a leader in Georgia's burgeoning textile industry, had left Cason little time to smell the flowers.

As president of the American Manufacturers Association, then as director of the Cotton Textile Institute in New York and finally as director of the Cotton Price Stabilization Board in Washington, D.C., he lived cotton, thought, dreamed and talked cotton, it was said. It took a heart attack to bring about a drastic change in Callaway's lifestyle—a change that would be a boon to nature lovers, sports buffs.

The Gardens' chairman of the board is Howard Hollis "Bo" Callaway, son of the founder (with his wife, Beth). Some visitors choose a seat on the train to enjoy the lush scenery.

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vacationing families and conventioneers the world over.

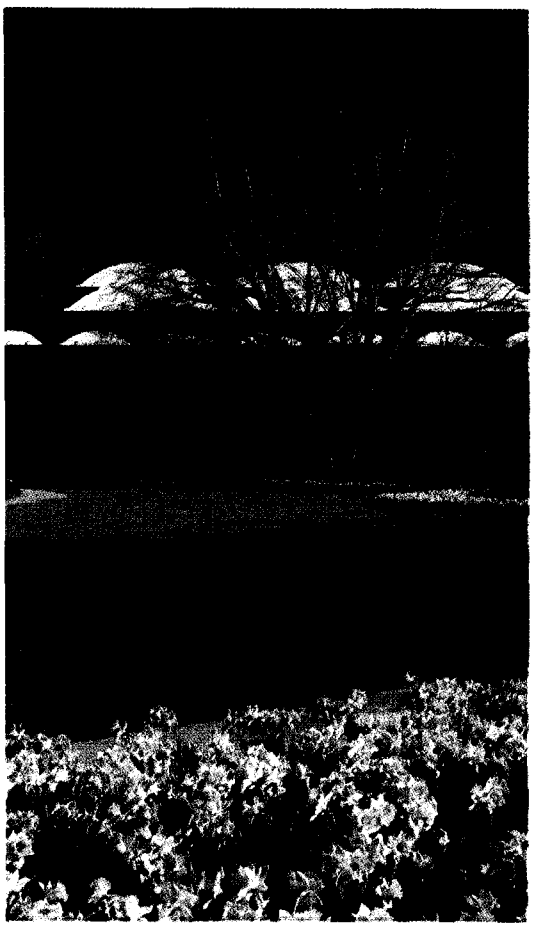
Those who have been to Blue Springs agree it is unforgettable. Small wonder then that nine years after picnicking on the banks of this deep, 25-foot-wide spring of indescribably blue water, Callaway remembered it, too. Secluded, primeval, situated at the foot of a flint cliff 30 miles from industrial La Grange, the enchanting forest stirred responsive chords in Cason Callaway's nature. Where better to take life a little easier and indulge his passion for the outdoor life?

Purchasing a 2,500-acre tract that embraced both the Blue Springs and the Barnes Creek watersheds, he had workmen cut timber and form an earthen dam for the creation of Lake Ida (named for his mother). Here he escaped the cares of the industrial world and settled down to experimental farming, from strawberries and ducks to blueberries and turkeys. Here he planted and grew his exciting horticultural discovery, *Azalea prunifolium*, and eventually cultivated more than 20,000 varieties.

To Blue Springs came everyone in Georgia interested in better farming—then visitors from all over the world: the great, the lowly, the small farmer, the rich landowner, the agricultural student, the county extension agent, the soil conservationist. They came by bus, by train, in old Fords and in Cadillacs.

And still they come. Mostly on I-75 to Macon, then west; or on I-85 to I-185 and then east on Georgia 18. Some come by plane to Atlanta and take the shuttle service to Callaway Gardens/Harris County Airport, only five minutes away from this 2,500-acre tract that has become a complete vacationing spa.

No longer do the crowds come just to study farming. The hoe has been replaced by the tennis racket, the Ferguson tractor by the riding horse. The crowds come to enrich their lives and elevate their spirits around 13 lakes bordered by thick stands of azalea (at least one million of 700 varieties blossom in April and May), laurel, rhododendron, dogwood, chrysanthemums and thousands of other species of flowers and shrubs. They come to stroll the Laurel Springs Area and listen to the meadowlark at sunrise. And they come to this boundless greenhouse to flat out have the time of their lives.



The latest addition to the Gardens, the John A. Sibley Horticultural Center, was designed to maintain harmony with its surroundings.

What's your pleasure?—Callaway Gardens has it.

Tennis? You'll find both soft and hard surfaces—11 Plexipave and 8 Rubico courts. Your game is an embarrassment? No sweat. Professional instructors await your asking.

Golf? Four impeccably maintained courses offer a variety of challenges. The names of the courses proclaim their scenic beauty: Lake View, Garden View, Mountain View and Sky View. Need help with your putting? PGA and LPGA instructors are there to give it.

Fishing? Bass and bream on the 175-acre Mountain Creek Lake continually break the surface, so eager are they to get out of that cold water into a nice, warm boat.

If you prefer to saddle up and savor the beauty of Callaway Gardens' unending season from the back of a horse, there are miles of winding woodland trails to roam.

Should your forte be trap-and-skeet shooting, the fields are ready. After a few tips on marksmanship here, you'll want to explore the thousand-acre hunting preserve, where covey after covey of quail rises from October through March.

If you stay in summer, you'll want to swim or to water-ski. In July, it's a cinch you'll be cheering the pros at the annual Masters Water Ski Tournament.

As if this were not enough, Florida State University's famous Flying High Circus performs daily under the big top at Robin Lake Beach. Circus acrobats are a highlight of this greatest collegiate show on earth, and counselors even teach these exotic skills—where else can a ten-year-old safely master the fine art of juggling or hanging by her heels from a flying trapeze?

Sun lovers will find Robin Lake to be a circus in more ways than one. At the world's largest man-made inland beach families gather to swim, canoe, paddle boat, water-ski and play tennis and miniature golf. When the body wearies, the lake is a lovely place to picnic or to take a lazy tour aboard the riverboat.

For those with ambition left, it's a pleasant walk to the 200-year-old pioneer log cabin in the Meadowlark arboretum. The costumed hostesses are eager to explain the 19th-century furnishings and to tell how forebears survived in the days when the natural world was the only world.

Learning plays an important role in the Gardens' program for vacationing families. Nature trails attract bird watchers as well as flower fanciers. Artisans teach cornhusk crafts. A field trip may focus on the night sounds of the forest. Workshop leaders demonstrate the preservation of dried materials for arrangements. There are seminars in pruning, transplanting and landscaping. Discovery programs cover a wide range of topics, from natural dyes to edible plants.

The heart of Callaway Gardens remains nothing less than the most productive 7½ acres in the entire United States. Cason Callaway devoted much time and energy to agricultural experiments aimed at improving the lot of the Georgia farmer. In so doing he came up with the idea of developing a garden where people might learn techniques useful in their own back-

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yard patch. Here they could study ways to increase productivity; here their children could learn that a cabbage doesn't grow inside a plastic wrapper. And out of his wide variety of fruits and vegetables—everything from okra to muscadine grapes—visitors could select the kinds best suited for their own gardens.

If all this makes you hungry, it's off to the Country Store to shop for Southern crafts, gifts or specialty foods, including muscadine preserves made from Callaway-grown grapes.

Outdoor appetites are catered to at a number of dining facilities. The Gardens Restaurant offers a fine view of the lake and the golf course during lunch and of singing waiters and waitresses on summer evenings. The intimate atmosphere of the Quiet Place, its cozy comfort and easy chairs, invites relaxing conversations. And you won't want to miss the ambience of bamboo, wicker and hanging plants in the Vineyard Green, an airy spot for an evening of dancing to live entertainment.

Visitors are encouraged to take nourishment for the soul as well as the body. The Ida Cason Callaway Memorial Chapel can be found tucked among the trees at the far end of Falls Creek Lake. Made from native fieldstone and red-oak beams, the chapel lends itself to meditation as well as to organ concerts and small weddings.

When, finally, it's time to give up the sights and scents, the sports and the splendor of another day, Callaway Gardens offers a choice of accommodations: Callaway Gardens Inn, a woodland cottage, a luxury villa or the exclusive Executive Lodge. Or you may want to treat yourself to the Gardens' newest lodgings, the luxurious Mountain Creek Villas—nestled in a natural setting, handsomely appointed, with sun decks and screened porches. The prices by today's standards are quite affordable, possibly because Callaway Gardens is a nonprofit foundation, chartered by the state as an educational, scientific, religious and charitable institution.

The foundation also owns Gardens Services, a subsidiary company that operates the Gardens' recreation, lodging and retail facilities. The activities of Gardens Services support the main purpose of the foundation,

continued on following page

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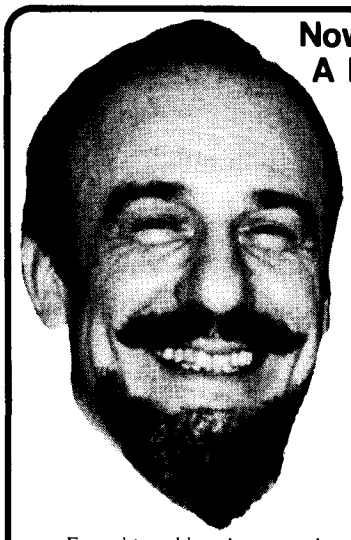

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CAROLINA IN THE MORNING
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING
MY WILD IRISH ROSE
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
POLLY WOLLY DOODLE
WAIT FOR THE WAGON
THE OLD GREY MARE
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY
HELLO! MY BABY
MOONLIGHT BAY
THERE'S YES! YES! IN YOUR EYES
SINGIN' IN THE RAIN
ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU
TOOT, TOOT TOOTSIE GOODBYE
WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK ONE DAY
IDA SWEET AS APPLE CIDER
A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO
PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNETT
I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY
WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD
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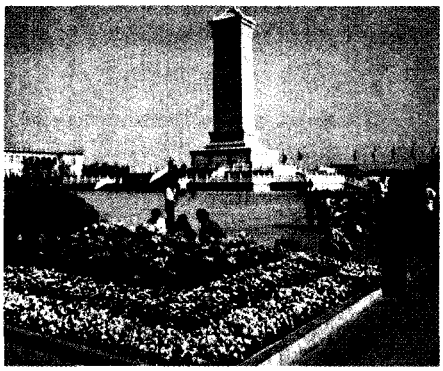
Where in the World?

Two former and two present capital cities make up this month's armchair travelogue.



A

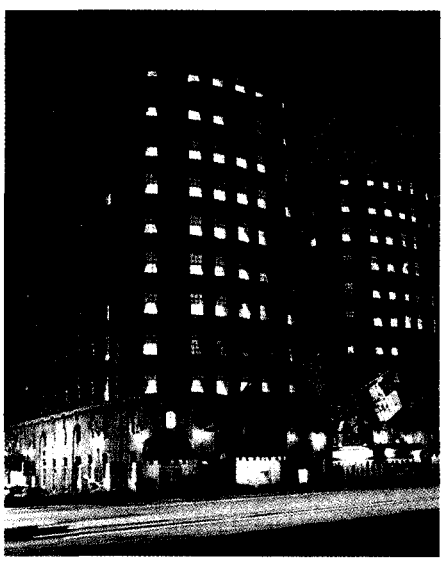
☐ *Vatican City*
☐ *Peking*
☐ *Cairo*

No architect would call it revolutionary, but tell that to the citizens who heard their people's republic proclaimed near here in 1949. This obelisk sits amid the largest square in the world, the world's largest capital city (1985 *World Almanac*), the world's largest country. . . .

B

☐ *Venice*
☐ *Paris*
☐ *San Antonio*

The famous phrase that most people would die just to see this city is just an expression for its unforgettable beauty. Regardless, even the most literal minded will be able to hazard a visit if the town keeps sinking at its mid-20th-century rate of 12 inches per century.



C

☐ *Philadelphia*
☐ *Oklahoma City*
☐ *Washington, D.C.*

George Washington didn't sleep here at the Mayflower Hotel, but FDR, JFK, LBJ and RMN did. Two U.S. vice presidents lived here throughout their terms; "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself" was composed at this address; and every presidential inauguration from 1925 to 1981 featured a ball held here.

D

☐ *Morocco*
☐ *Algeria*
☐ *Burma*

If ever a city had an identity crisis, this would be the one. Not only is it one of four capitals in its nation's history, but the city itself is composed of two different towns—the Old City, dating from A.D. 808, and the New City, from 1276.

Answers on page 112

and its after-tax profits are used to maintain the high standards of horticultural and educational excellence for which the Gardens are known. These funds, together with gate admissions, charitable donations and earnings of the foundation's endowments, help keep entry fees to Callaway Gardens within the reach of everyone.

So, if it's been awhile since you took time to smell the flowers, the azaleas and much more are here—thanks to a farsighted man of business who loved nature—at Callaway Gardens to enjoy.

Water Gardens

continued from page 65

around the edges for variety. Pennywort, water hyacinth and water poppies are favorites. Once planted, a garden will take a week or longer to come to equilibrium. The water in the pond should be neither completely clear nor extremely cloudy.

You can stock your water garden with koi or goldfish. If your garden is in a tub or a small planter, however, only smaller fish such as mosquito fish or guppies will do.

Over winter, hardy water lilies can be placed in the deepest part of the pond below the ice level, or they can be taken out and kept in a safe place for replanting the following summer.

If you'd like to bring your back yard to life this year, more information about water gardens and supplies is available from the following sources:

Van Ness Water Gardens
2460 N. Euclid Ave.
Upland, CA 91786

Slocum Water Gardens
1101 Cypress Gardens Rd.
Winter Haven, FL 33880

Water-Lily Society
P.O. Box 104
Buckeystown, MD 21717

Trickers
7125 Tanglewood Dr.
Independence, OH 44131

Lilypons Water Gardens
6800 Lilypons Rd.
Lilypons, MD 21717-0010

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The Boy from the Woods

continued from page 79

The night air became cool, but free from insects this late in the season. Patches of light from the newly risen moon lay on the carpet of pine needles, and sometimes the light was caught, glistening, in thick, silvery cobwebs that hung among the bare lower branches.

With each step Cole felt an increasing affection and respect for this strange child. He would like to have had such a boy of his own. Suddenly—forgetting completely his decision to give up the camp—he gave way to an impulse that delighted him.

"Hey, there, Warren. How would you like to come to my camp next summer? For the whole season. Maybe you can help with the nature work and campcraft. But mainly you'll just be my guest. How would you like that?"

"Thank you," replied the boy without hesitating a moment, "but I don't think I'd care to come."

Cole was so astounded by this matter-of-fact refusal that he stopped in his tracks. Why, he had more applicants for his camp than he could handle—and at a good price too. And here this—this ungrateful brat wasn't even interested! "Wait a moment!" he called. "Look here, let's rest a bit." He wanted to get to the bottom of this matter. Besides, he really did need a rest, for he was puffing strenuously.

"Now," began the director after they had made themselves comfortable on a soft mound of pine needles, "tell me why you wouldn't like to come to my camp." With difficulty he tried to keep his tone friendly and reassuring.

The boy crossed his legs, shoved back a lock of hair and gazed at Cole. "What do you do at your camp?"

"Why—why, you know. We play basketball and baseball and tennis——"

"We can play those things in the city."

"Certainly you can! But"—Cole struggled to remain patient—"Well, there's swimming and boating, even water-skiing—and of course the nature and campcraft activities."

The boy nodded and sifted pine needles through his fingers. "Yes, that would be fun, I guess. But——" He fell silent.

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Cole decided the child was deliberately trying to irritate him. He glared—and the boy gazed back, blinking his large brown eyes with such an expression of sincerity and innocence that the director felt helpless. Forgetting how much he had been admiring the boy only a few minutes before, Cole fumed inwardly.

A problem child, he thought. *Maladjusted. If I knew something about his background or environment I might be able to help him. The boy's not normal!* Satisfied on this point, he resolved to tolerate the child's vagaries as patiently as possible.

"Now tell me, Warren, what is it you don't like about my camp? Tell me what it is and I'll see what I can do to make it right. You see, I'd really like to have you at the camp as my guest. So don't be afraid. Just tell me."

The boy gazed about him a few moments without speaking. He looked up at the pines towering above them, then lowered his glance to watch the twitching nose of a rabbit poking out from the juniper bushes nearby. Finally he spoke, quietly and simply.

"It's like this. You bring the city into the woods. You've got telephones, electric lights, hot showers, radios, jukeboxes, loudspeakers——" He paused. "The loudspeaker's the worst. It frightens the animals. You don't live in the woods. You just live in a—in a little city surrounded by woods."

There was no rancor in the boy's voice. He spoke as always, softly, impersonally, and yet with such profound assurance that it bewildered the director. It seemed as if some older, wiser personality than the boy's spoke through his lips. Nonetheless, for a moment the director was unable to restrain himself.

"Why, that's nonsense!" he shouted. "Look, I have a nature counselor who takes the boys into the woods and teaches them the names of the trees and birds and all that sort of thing. Why, they even take a test on what they've learned at the end of the season. If they pass, they get a diploma. There, what do you think of that?"

The boy looked down at the tepee he was building out of pine needles and twigs. "Sure," he said finally, "they learn the names of all the things, but—but they don't really know the woods till they live in them, till they make the things they learn a part of their living. They don't do that, do they?"

Cole could only stare at the boy, but now not so much in anger as amazement. The boy's words had suddenly carried him back almost 40 years to the time he had first began camping. Then they had lived in tents, slept on hemlock boughs and cooked over open fires. There had been no tennis or basketball or water-skiing; no main lodge with radios, movie projectors, jukeboxes; no dances with girls' camps—Cole winced as he thought of the incredible change that had taken place. He wondered then at the sacrifice he had made for the sake of all the modern improvements he felt obliged to buy in order to get boys to come to the camp. But surely, he thought, there was nothing so wrong about all that.

"Look here," he began, trying to defend what only a short time ago he'd been prepared to give up, "my boys go on overnight hikes——"

"On picnics," interrupted Warren.

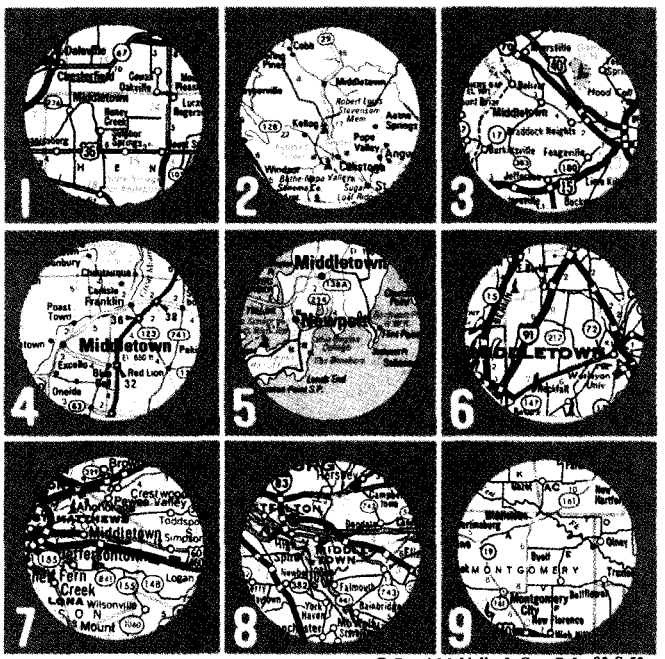
The director waved an angry finger in the child's face. "They go on overnight camping trips! Sometimes they stay out two or three nights. Maybe it's not what it used to be——" He dropped his accusing finger and shrugged. "Well, times have changed, that's all. I give the boys what they want, and they still get some real knowledge of the woods."

His young companion laughed. Then he cuffed the little twig-and-pine-needle tepee flat and jumped to his feet. "Follow me," he said, crooking his finger. "I want to show you something."

The camp director lifted himself wearily off the ground and followed the boy. They made their way along a small path branching off from the one they had been following, and in a minute or two came to a clearing outlined in the moonlight.

The boy stood aside and pointed. "My dad taught me about the woods"—Cole started, remembering that he, too, might have once said those very words—"and one thing he always told me," continued the boy, "was that you can tell if someone knows anything about the woods if he can make a camp and then go away without leaving any signs that he's been there. So look."

Cole looked, and in the moonlight he saw the debris from some overnight trip that had gone out from camp: clumsily hewn pieces of wood and shavings, a scouring pad, aluminum foil, a dirty handkerchief, some pieces of frayed rope and a few other similar items. It was like a scar de-



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— *Where do you think you are?* —

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like Middletown." Above are nine of the dozen or so Middletowns we could find in the U.S. Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area N, S, E, W or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 112)

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facing the beauty of the forest. The director grimaced and thrust his hands violently into his pockets.

"If I were coming back next season," he muttered, once more switching to his earlier decision, "I'd get rid of that campcraft counselor!"

"That wouldn't do much good," replied the boy softly, seeming to accept the director's sudden admission about not returning.

For a long moment the two looked at each other in silence. There seemed then to be an instant of understanding between them, as deep as the forest, as inexpressible as its wild, indomitable heart. Then Cole turned abruptly aside.

"It's about time we were getting you home, isn't it?" He was beginning to have doubts that this strange child of the woods had a home. "I thought you lived only a short distance? We've come more than a mile already, and now I don't know where we are. Let's go." His tone had become querulous, and he felt suddenly angry and impatient.

As if not hearing, his young companion stooped to pick up a hawk's feather, examined it and then looked up at the camp director. "I like the woods better than a camp. I wish there weren't any camps around here at all. But it was nice of you to invite me to your camp anyway." Then he started back toward the path they had just left. "We've got just a little farther to go." Cole grunted and followed him.

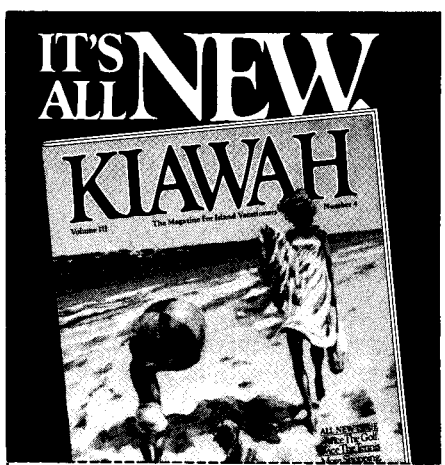
By now the trees towered above them more densely. It was becoming darker, the path more overgrown and harder to follow. Cole had to use his flashlight, but the battery was weak and it offered a minimum of help. His sport shirt and slacks were torn, and there was a streak of dried blood on his cheek where a branch had caught him. He had no idea in what direction he was headed and he was becoming uneasy. The noise of his own clumsy progress through the woods sounded frighteningly loud against the silence around them. At last he could barely make out the path, and the figure ahead of him was almost invisible. He stopped, catching his breath in gasps.

"Warren!" he called. "Warren, wait up!" The boy halted and turned back. "Look here," puffed the director, "do you know where you're going? If you want my opinion, we're lost. Well?" In the dark Cole could almost feel that unfathomable gaze resting on him, could almost see flickering beneath the calmness of the eyes those tiny secret flames.

"Yes," answered the boy quite simply, "I think we're lost."

Cole took several steps forward, stopped, and stared unbelievingly at the child. It was not simply the fact that they were lost that unsettled him, but now he was certain that the boy was actually smiling! Yet he could see it was not a mocking smile, but a perfectly friendly smile as if the boy were unaware that anything was seriously wrong.

"You did this on purpose, you little devil!" shouted Cole. "You know you did! I was crazy to come with you. It was just a trick because you don't like my camp. Well, let me tell you——" He lunged toward the boy, but the lithe figure slipped easily away and disappeared among the trees. Plunging after him a few yards, Cole suddenly realized the hopelessness of giving chase. He realized at the same time that his directions were now so confused that even with a



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flashlight he could wander around the rest of the night before finding his way out.

"Come back here!" he called. "I won't touch you. I promise I won't. Come back!" Then he stood still, waiting anxiously for several minutes. But the boy had vanished as quietly and mysteriously as he had come.

There was not a sound in all the forest. Even the tops of the pine trees were frozen in dark silence beneath the heavens, which seemed so close that here and there a star appeared to rest on the very tips of the trees. In spite of the stillness, Cole felt all about him the breathing of the wilderness, slow, immense, powerful—pulsing like the heart of some great, sleeping animal.

At last he sat down, propping himself against a tree. Suddenly and inexplicably he no longer felt angry at the boy—only a sense of amazement, and of regret that the child was no longer with him. Now Cole wanted only to sleep, for he seemed overcome by a tremendous weariness.

Flashing his dim light about him, the director caught sight of a large hollow filled with pine needles at the foot of a great pine. He crawled over to it on his hands and knees, too tired to walk, and scooped out a little trench in the needles. He snuggled down into them, feeling the warmth they still retained from the sun. Before he could review in his mind any more of the night's events, he fell sound asleep. When he awakened, feeling cold and stiff, a few rays of early morning sunlight slanted through the trees. Cole sat up, shivering a little and rubbing his arms and legs. Several minutes passed before he could remember exactly where he was and why. Then suddenly a smile crossed his face. He wasn't quite sure why he smiled, but the smile reflected the brightness of the sun's rays that rippled along the branches, spilled onto the bushes and ferns and down onto the carpet of pine needles. Getting to his feet, Cole faced the sun and stretched. As if warmed by the inner fire of some sudden inspiration, he no longer shivered or felt the ache in his muscles.

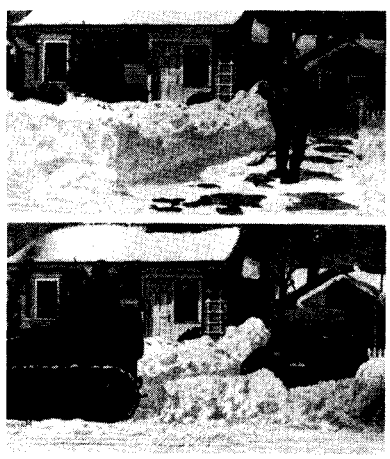
A red squirrel ran out along a pine branch nearby, peered down and then began to chatter and squeak in unfriendly squirrel language. Cole glanced upward. "Hey, there, boy, take it easy," he laughed. "The woods are big enough for both of us!" At the sound of the voice the squirrel scampered halfway back along the branch, then stopped and turned to peer down again at Cole. Its tail, a jaunty, burnished plume, flicked a few times. Satisfied that coexistence was possible, it scolded no more and disappeared into the higher branches.

It took Cole only a minute or two to decide in which direction to walk.

continued on following page

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by April 16, 1985.



Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Victor Kirk of Arroyo Grande, California, for the winning caption in our December caption contest.

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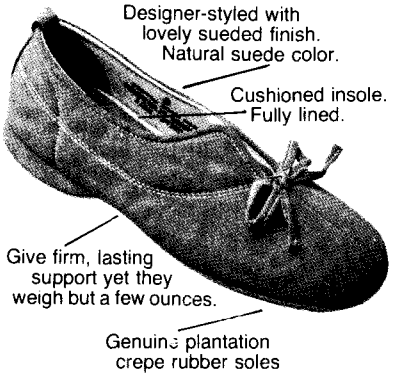
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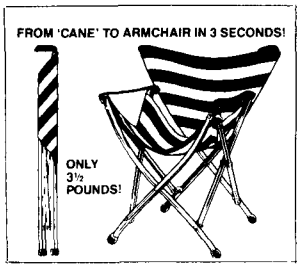

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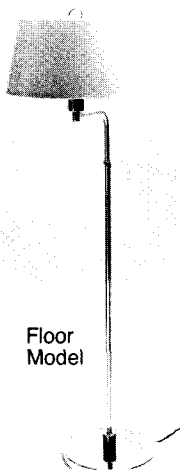

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He knew the sun rose directly across the lake from the main lodge. So at last, after brushing the pine needles from his clothes, he headed east into the rising sun. Before he had taken many steps he found the path he'd walked along the night before. As something from a dream he seemed to recognize it. But when he suddenly spotted a little mound of twigs and needles in a clearing beside the path, he smiled. He wanted no part of it to be a dream.

As he walked along he was surprised by the vigor of his stride and the spring in his step. He seemed to be keenly alert to everything. If a chipmunk scurried along a fallen log, he saw it; if a partridge rustled invisibly beneath the tall maidenhair ferns or juniper bushes, he heard it. He smelled the acrid sweetness of the pines and listened to the occasional songbird still holding forth at summer's end.

He began at last to recollect the night's events: *That boy,* he mused. *Bet he lives in that little summer cabin on the dirt road running by the other side of my property. Of course! Why didn't I think of that before? He's the boy the game warden told me about once. "Roams the woods like an animal," he said. Think he's a good friend of the boy's too. I'll just drive over to the cabin and——*

"Mr. Cole! Hey! Mr. Cole!" It was Fred's voice calling from somewhere directly ahead. Cole started. The sound crashed disagreeably on his ears, like a voice shattering a pleasant dream. With an effort he reconciled himself.

"Here I am, Fred! Right ahead of you!" In a few more minutes the two met on the path. The Swede rushed up and shook the director's hand.

"Ay sure am glad to see you, Mr. Cole! Ay was yust ready to go back and call the sheriff."

"Just out for a morning walk, Fred," laughed Cole. "Should have told you, but I didn't think you'd miss me so soon." The caretaker stared bewildered at his employer's torn shirt, the rumpled pants, the hair in disarray and the generally disheveled appearance. He shook his head, wondering at this and how it fitted in with the remarkably good spirits his employer had suddenly got into.

"Yah, sure, you should let me know, Mr. Cole. Ay was getting worried when ay went to your lodge to see if you wanted breakfast."

Cole knew then the caretaker had probably found his bed unslept in, but he didn't feel like making any explanations at the moment. "Come on, Fred, let's get back. I'm hungry enough to eat a breakfast big enough for a whole cabin of kids!"

As they moved down the path, only a short distance now from the edge of the woods, the caretaker raised a question which had undoubtedly been worrying him since last night. "Ay was yust wondering, Mr. Cole," he began hesitantly, "if you were going to give up this here camp."

"Give up the camp!" cried Cole with feigned surprise. "Give up the camp? Wherever did you get that idea?" His voice was bursting with good spirits, and he took additional delight from his caretaker's confusion.

"Yah, sure, Mr. Cole, ay thought you said last night——"

"But that was last night, Fred!" exclaimed Cole, hardly able to contain a burst of hearty laughter. "That was last night! Everything's dif-

continued on following page

You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Charles, a prudent man who provided well for his family, had the foresight to purchase a $50,000 life-insurance policy with a "double indemnity" clause so his wife would receive $100,000 if Charles died an "accidental death." While crossing the street one day, Charles was struck by a car and critically injured. After being hospitalized in a coma for six months, he died with a pile of medical bills to pay.

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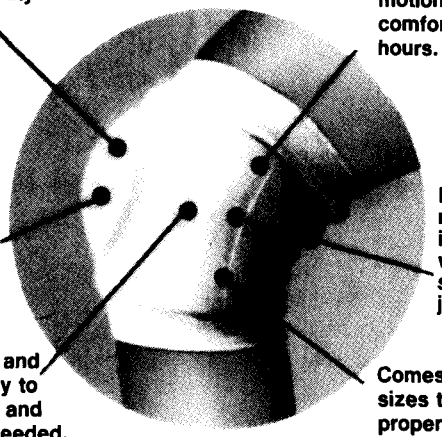
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ferent this morning. And things are going to be different at the camp next season too!"

The caretaker was suddenly caught up in his employer's good spirits. "Ay am goot and happy you ain't leaving, Mr. Cole. And we'll make next season a real goot one, yah, sure!"

"Yes, Fred. Next season and the seasons after that. The boys are going to discover some things we've been letting them forget. When they come to my camp, they're going camping, not country clubbing. They're—— Say, it's a wonderful morning, isn't it, Fred?"

Soon they stepped out of the woods onto the edge of the playing field. The sun was dazzling, igniting the dewdrops on the grass into a lake of silver fire. To Cole all was light.

Halfway across the field he stopped. Something made him turn and look back. In the shadow of a great pine that reached out over the field he was positive he saw a small, lithe figure move backward into the underbrush. He began to raise his hand, almost unconsciously, in a gesture of greeting. Then he quickly suppressed it as he heard the caretaker clear his throat and felt the old Swede staring at him. He turned and started on. But etched vividly before him was the sun-tanned face of the boy and those large brown eyes in the depths of which burned tiny hearts of flame, wild and secret and beautiful as the forest itself.

"Please inform the chef that we'll be waiting for him outside."

Men in Iowa

continued from page 51

North. But the biggest excitement was when a heavyset Irishman climbed off the Rock Island, and someone yelled, "It's John L. Sullivan!"

Antipher looked like a pale copy of the face that stared at him from the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, the *Denver Post*, the sides of covered wagons and billboards. He looked pale, but not scared. Whenever he walked through the streets, you could tell where he was by the roar of the crowd. It was like a big football game. People would listen and say, "He's a-heading down Locust Street to Kenneberry's."

"You know, he almost has me believing he can do it!" boomed the editor privately.

"Maybe he can," said Dan Dayton. "I never saw anyone act more confident. Maybe we're missing something mighty good."

But they both came and asked me to make reservations for them on the night train westbound, on M Day. "An emergency may require me to be elsewhere," explained the editor. "I may have to address the Ad Club of San Francisco," said Dan. They said they were too busy to go to the station, and I should just put the reservations in my name. I was pretty sore. I thought that wasn't showing the proper faith in Antipher. But they slipped me five dollars, and that made me feel better. And then Ellen came to me, and smiled sweetly, and asked me to get a reservation for her too. On second thought, she said, she had better have two reservations. I could just put them in my own name, she said. Her aunt was sick, she said.

I began to wonder whether maybe I was missing something. But I heard Antipher accept an invitation to tea the week after M Day, and after that I stopped worrying.

The night before M Day, Des Moines heaved a citywide sigh and sank into a troubled sleep, in rented beds, on floors, in parks and tepees. Occasionally a war whoop split the night, more often from the direction of Kenneberry's than from the Indian settlement. Sometimes a fire bell spread its velvet softness on the air, but inasmuch as no fires were seen, it was suggested that the engines were being pulled by nightmares. The city heaved another sigh and woke up the next morning with bags under its eyes and a taste for black coffee.

M Day ceremonies were at high noon. It seemed no higher than other noons, but that is what the *Register* called it. By nine o'clock people had begun to stream toward the meadows they now call the fairgrounds. By noon, the crowd seemed to stretch from one horizon to the other.

I pushed through the crowd to the platform. The band played the Iowa Corn Song, and everybody sang the new words:

"Best state in the land!
Moose on every hand!"

The governor and the editor and Dan Dayton and John L. Sullivan and several others came out on the platform. Everybody clapped. Then Antipher came out, and the crowd opened their mouths and roared like an avalanche. Antipher bowed and bowed. Like an opera singer.

Dan Dayton looked pretty worried. He looked as though he had just found out that Cedar Rapids was growing faster than Des Moines. The editor looked bad too. The happiest-looking man on the platform was the steamboat captain. He was representing the governor of Missouri. Antipher was as white as the little clouds that kept floating down out of Dakota—not scared, just white. He sat there calm as an icebox while the governor orated and the editor boomed and John L. Sullivan was introduced and Dan Dayton read a lot of inspirational clippings about the economic superiority of the Iowa climate. The crowd shuffled on its feet and buzzed impatiently until the governor introduced Antipher. Then there was a silence like night on the prairie.

I think I've never been as proud of

continued on following page

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

...a photograph of the child you are helping.

...a special sponsorship folder with the case history of the child.

...a description of the country where your child lives.

...a quarterly progress report about your child's community from the field worker.

And you will receive at least two personal letters a year from your child.

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

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$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

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...emergency food, clothing and medical care.

...a chance to attend school.

...help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.

2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.

3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

K5LX

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
Attn: Joseph Gripkey, President
2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes, I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl
Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Thailand ☐ Africa ☐ The Holy Land ☐ Dominican Republic

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

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the wonderful Iowa climate and what it could do for a man as I was that minute, when Antipher held up his hand and cut off the voices like grass with a scythe.

Then Antipher gave the call. I had thought it would be louder. It was like a French horn or a tired old cow or an opera. He cleared his throat and gave another call. The crowd relaxed and the band played, and everybody looked toward the northern horizon and began to bet how long it would take the first moose to get to Des Moines. The best mathematicians figured that an average moose could make about four miles an hour. Perhaps a moose answering one of Antipher's calls might make five miles. Supposing the nearest moose were lined up on the Minnesota border waiting, and that they took ten minutes off for meals, then they would get to Des Moines sometime the next day. Some people said ten minutes for lunch wasn't enough, and that moose ate seven meals a day. The bets ranged all the way from early morning to late afternoon. But still people kept watching the horizon, because they weren't quite sure just how fast a moose might travel when Antipher called it.

The band played again, and the editor boomed briefly about the virtues of the Iowa climate and explained that naturally the Iowa people would probably see the moose first because the climate encouraged eaglelike eyesight. Then Henry Kenneberry yelled, "I see 'em!" Now, as far as I could judge, Henry was in a condition to see elephants just as readily as moose. But a funny thing happened. Somebody else from Iowa said, "I see 'em too." And the California people, not to be outseen, yelled, "There they are!" And Florida people yelled, too, eager to show that they could see as well as anybody else, and the whole crowd yelled—everybody, as far as I could see, except the Missouri steamboat captain and me, and I give you my word of honor I couldn't see a thing coming.

And then the steamboat captain said, "By the Big Dipper, which is much, much brighter in Missouri, I really do see one!"

That was the last straw. I understood then that I was not a worthy Iowan and had better go to California or farther. Then I looked where the Missouri steamboat man was looking, and there was a little black speck coming down the northwest horizon. It seemed to be coming out of Des Moines rather than out of Canada, but it was coming with a funnel of dust behind it. It looked as though it had antlers as high as a man on horseback. And then I saw that it was a man on horseback.

It was little Thinkle Peep Thorkelson, who ran the telegraph wire for the *Register*. He was riding hot for leather, and the crowd scattered when he came. He rode right to the platform. He was called Thinkle Peep because he had trouble talking. This time he was winded and blowing, so he could hardly tell what he had to tell.

"If this keeps up, we may have to skip the back nine."

"A stold grike," he sputtered. He popped like Chinese firecrackers. "Fransancisco, San Cranfrisco. A jip. A ship." Then the editor took him by the shoulders and shook the words right out of him, and as the news dropped, the first circle of people picked it up and tossed it back over their shoulders. "The ship *Excelsior* landed today in San Francisco," the first row said. "Big gold strike in the Klondike. Everybody on board's rich." And the second row said. "Free wampum. Let's go." Yes, that was July 15, 1897.

The crowd began to fray out at the edges like an old tablecloth. But the editor made an announcement. Under the circumstances, he said, sounding sad and noble, it would be unthinkable and inhuman to drain all this food supply out of Canada and starve the prospectors in the Yukon. Besides, certain interested people would doubtless be in a hurry to join the movement north. Therefore, he said, they had better call the proceedings off.

That seemed to be all right with the crowd, and Dan Dayton led a cheer, but Antipher stood up and made long, sweeping, indignant gestures. He said that they were forgetting the hordes of moose even then plunging southward in answer to his call. And furthermore, he said, like any other artist, he had a pride in his handiwork and didn't want it interfered with.

The editor sat down in a corner and held his head. Three strong men seemed to be restraining Dan Dayton from leaping on someone on the platform. The crowd buzzed and chattered.

Then Ellen whispered sweetly in Antipher's ear. She even used a few gestures. Antipher got up and cleared his throat and said that some new facts had been brought to his attention, and if this mighty crowd was willing, he would show them something never before given in public. He would give his reverse moose call, and send all these moose back where they came from. After all, he said, the wonderful Iowa climate was wonderful enough even without moose.

The crowd cheered and clapped. Antipher gave his call. It sounded exactly like the other calls. Then everybody hurried back under a cloud of dust toward Des Moines. That was the real beginning of the gold rush. Many of those people didn't stop until they got to the Klondike.

Everybody seemed to be happy, even the steamboat captain, who said, just before he started for Seattle, that next to the Missouri the Yu-

continued on page 112

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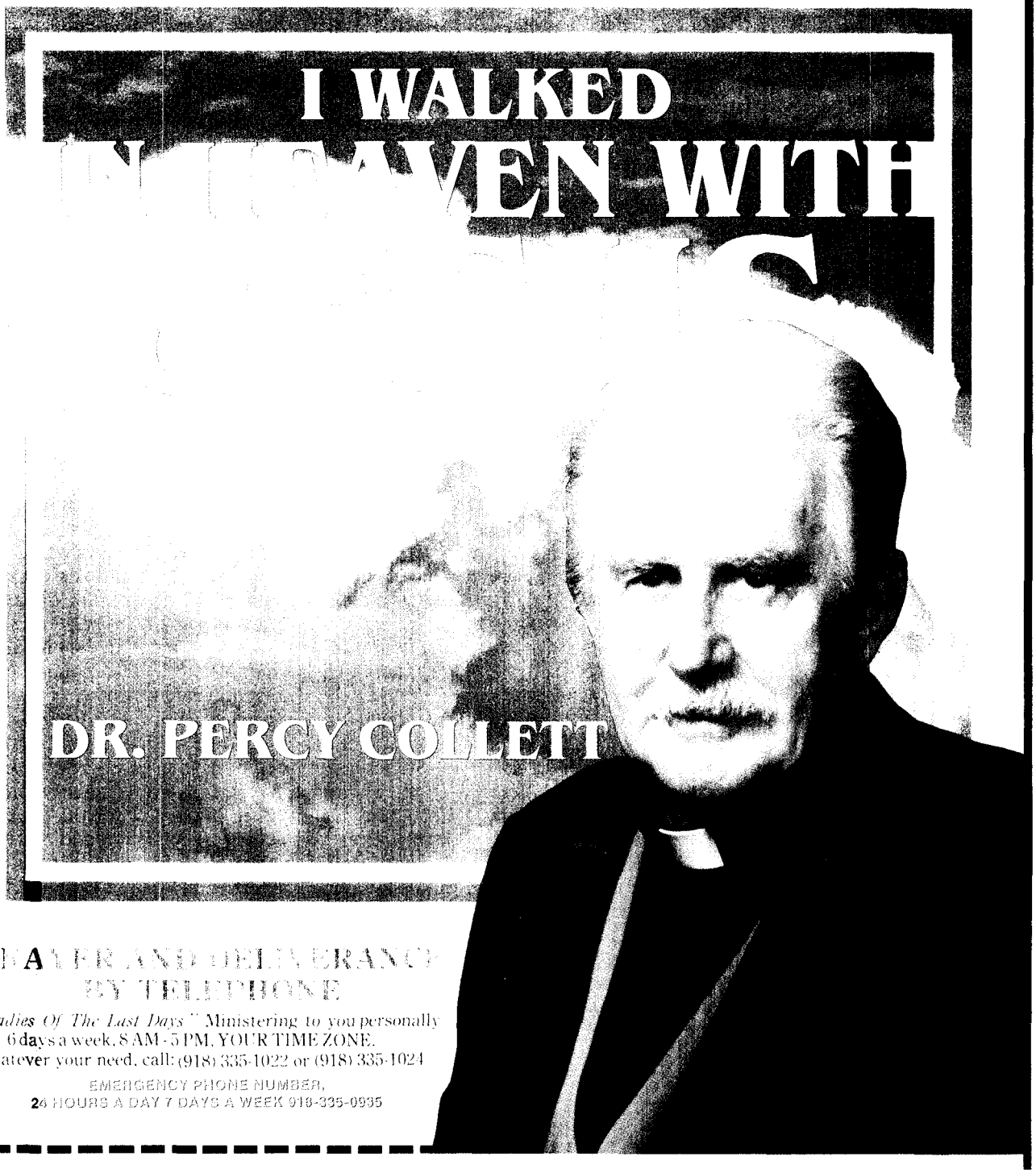
I WALKED
VEN WITH



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—II Timothy 1:7

Care for Your Colon

My mother, Trudy, 83, is shown here on her way to chapel in the Iowa Methodist Hospital just three days after major abdominal surgery. The dark cover on the I.V. bottle is to protect the vitamin C that had been added to her intravenous feeding.

Ironically, the vitamin C she had been taking was depriving her of an accurate stool test for hidden blood. Her Hematest® consistently showed "no red blood cells present" even though they had undoubtedly been there for months or even years.

Regular readers may remember that two years ago (July/Aug. 1983) I wrote about her "pink stool" discovery, even though we had been testing her with Hematest regularly every few months. This was before we knew about the false-negative tests and before the Hematest package insert instructed physicians of this danger. We notified the manufacturer, and now the package insert includes the warning. Unfortunately we have discovered that many physicians who have been using this product for years aren't aware of the change in the fine print of the insert.

Patients need to be made aware of this danger to help spread the word. We don't want any more of our readers to find a pink stool. We want them to discover the small amounts of red blood cells in their stool—long before they are visible to the naked eye—with any of the many home or office tests for hidden or occult blood in the stool.

We keep writing about this problem because the *Post* Cancer Prevention Survey of our readers showed that one-third of you do take more than 500 milligrams of vitamin C every day. The problem is, we don't yet know of any test that doesn't give a false negative in the presence of more than 500 mg a day of vitamin C.

A false negative means you might as well not take the test. It is telling you and your doctor your stool does not have any blood in it, when in fact it might have. For instance, in one test the chemicals turn blue in the presence of red blood cells. But in the presence of the vitamin C, they don't turn blue if there are red blood cells.

I have a problem in this regard with my husband. He won't go off the vitamin C for two or three days, which is necessary to get an accurate test for hidden blood in his stool. He is missing a very valuable diagnostic test for a very common disease.

We asked Dr. Linus Pauling if he knew of any method of testing for hidden blood in the presence of vitamin C. He didn't. But he also pointed out that researchers have no evidence there would be any danger in going off vitamin C for the 48 to 72 hours necessary to get a good stool test.

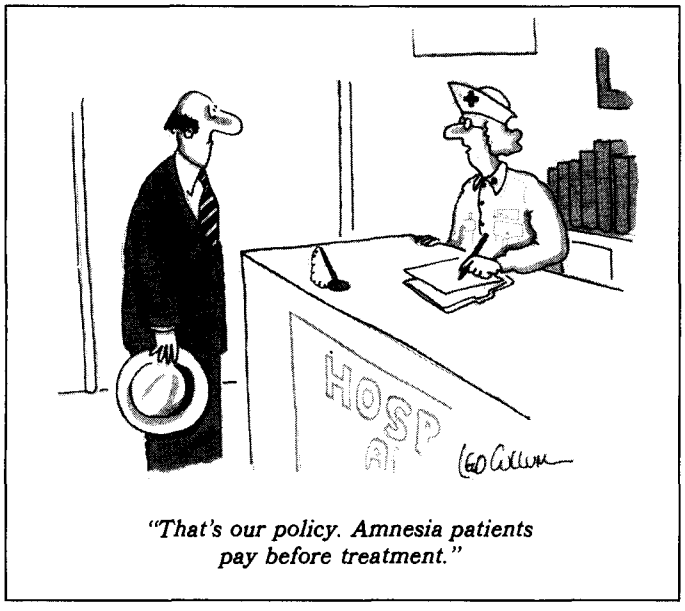
Surgeries are often done in large hospitals away from the hometown doctor who regularly cares for a patient; it is then important for the patient or the family to ask the surgeon about adding vitamin C to the intravenous-feeding bottle if the patient has been in the habit of taking supplemental vitamin C regularly, because those on supplemental vitamin C metabolize it (use it up) at a faster rate. Stress from surgery can accelerate the need, and therefore the patient might be scorbutic (lacking in vitamin) if it is not replaced in the intravenous feeding while the patient isn't able to eat. All doctors agree that persons on high doses of vitamin C should not have this vitamin removed from their diet abruptly. (We still recommend going off vitamin C for two or three days to get a valid stool test for hidden blood at least once or twice a year after 40.)

Trudy got to chapel with her portable hanging food bag, sang her favorite hymn, "How Great Thou Art," and gave thanks for a successful surgery.

She took very little painkiller and started exercising the day after surgery (lying in bed after surgery brings the danger of blood clots). She bravely walked down the hospital corridors the second day. Because most painkillers slow down the bowels, she avoided them as much as possible—she knew she couldn't leave the hospital until her bowels were functioning, and she was eager to get home.

As soon as she went off the intravenous feeding, we started making "slurries" for her in the blender. Here are recipes for them:

¾ cup skim milk or 2% milk
½ banana
2 tablespoons unprocessed bran



"That's our policy. Amnesia patients pay before treatment."

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Partially freeze the skim milk until it is slushy before adding other ingredients. Liquefy in the blender for 5 minutes. Serve chilled. The slurries can be varied by substituting ½ cup blueberries or red raspberries for the bananas.

Invite the patient to sip it with a large straw or drink it from a glass. This slurry tastes almost like a malted milk and is much more valuable nutritionally, because it does wonders for getting the bowels regulated. This is especially important while a patient is more sedentary than usual.

Cory SerVaas

ıe brown cover on my mother's I.V. bottle protects the vitamin inside from light damage. Patients who have been on vitamin C ould let their surgeons know so that their usual dosage can be ntinued while they are being fed I.V. My husband and her nurse ade sure she had plenty of post-op exercise.

Another slurry we prepared:
¾ cup tomato juice
1 tablespoon unprocessed bran
1 teaspoon vitamin C crystals (Bronson Laboratories)
3 500 mg L-lysine tablets
Liquefy in blender for 5 minutes.

For variety we substituted sauerkraut juice or V-8 juice for the tomato juice.

The National Cancer Institute has stated there is now ample evidence that dietary fiber does help prevent colorectal cancer, and fiber is one ingredient that regrettably is often still lacking in hospital food.

Adding fiber to the diet not only prevents colon cancer, it prevents a problem that afflicts more than half our senior citizens—diverticulosis.

Pap Smears for the Lungs?

"Pap smears" for the very early detection of lung cancer? We know of two physicians especially interested in finding abnormal cells in the sputum in time to discover a lung cancer while it is still small enough to leave the patient with a very good prognosis.

We went to visit Dr. Robert Ginsberg, chief of thoracic surgery at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, who reported that in his experience 100 percent of patients were cured of their lung tumors when their tiny cancers were identified by cytology while too small to be seen on an X-ray. The tumors were localized and surgically removed.

"When it's identified that early, we can cure virtually everybody with squamous-cell carcinoma," he said. "It's a slow-growing lung cancer, and if it's removed at an early stage, it won't come back.

"It's extremely important that smokers who have had a long history of smoking be cognizant that if they are X-rayed each year and if they obtain sputum cytology, there is a chance that should they develop lung cancer—and probably over a lifespan, about 10 percent of heavy smokers *will* develop lung cancer—it can be picked up early.

"Squamous-cell carcinoma grows from the lining of the lung and has the most favorable prognosis of all lung cancers. It's the one that can be picked up by cytology. You can liken it to a skin cancer. The only problem is, unlike skin cancer, it's within the lung and we don't see it and the patient doesn't see it.

"Before new special equipment was available, it took us a long time to find the tumor, but now with newer methods and fiberoptic equipment, we can get to the very far reaches of the airways and identify these very early tumors, and some of these tumors can be identified by using special dyes and lasers."

We asked Dr. Ginsberg how a patient submits a sputum sample. "The first sputum of the morning is collected on three consecutive mornings," he explained. "We ask the patients to put a small amount of gin or vodka into any kind of clean bottle. It doesn't need to be sterile."

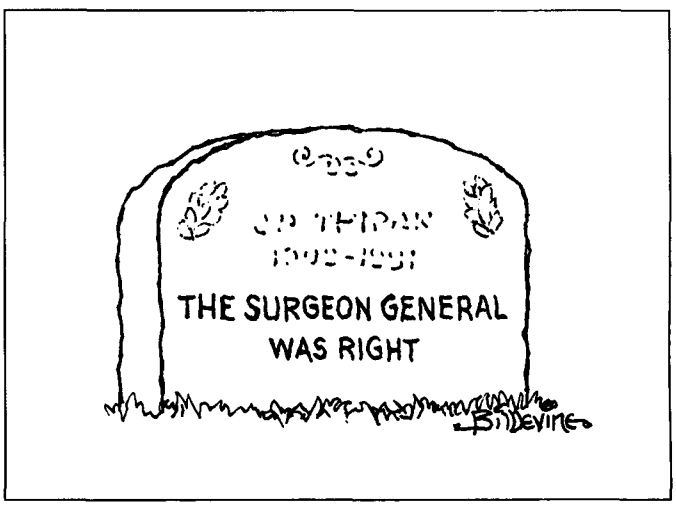
The sputum specimen can then be mailed to a laboratory for examination of the cells. This is best done by a laboratory with a great deal of experience reading and interpreting pulmonary cytology.

Another doctor who has been discovering lung cancers by pulmunary cytology is Geno Saccomanno. We asked him how much quicker cytology can pick up tumors compared to a chest X-ray. He replied, "About three years sooner on the average."

Doctors or patients interested in pulmonary cytology can write to:

Robert J. Ginsberg, M.D.
Mt. Sinai Hospital
600 University Ave.
Toronto, Canada M5G 1X5
(416) 596-4053

Geno Saccomanno, Ph.D., M.D.
St. Mary's Hospital
P.O. Box 1628
Grand Junction, CO 81502
(303) 244-2556



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The Surgeon General

continued from page 53

edge it's a cause for dismissal and that there is no grievance procedure. I think things like this have to happen all over the country. As they do I think my dream of a smokefree society in this country by the year 2000 becomes more and more of a reality.

SerVaas: What about passive smoking? Do we have some good, hard facts about the dangers of it?

Koop: We have always had good, hard facts about the effects of passive or side-stream smoking on children. We know the children get more respiratory infections, more bronchitis, more bona fide diagnoses of pneumonia; they miss more days from school, they are in bed more days and they are generally more frail. We have only recently had good, hard scientific evidence on side-stream smoking in adults. It is now possible to measure, in the urine excretion of an individual, one of the end products of nicotine absorbed through the lung, so that you can tell how much a nonsmoker is absorbing on the basis of urinary studies. The bottom line is that if a smoker and nonsmoker live together, and the smoker is a two-pack-a-day habit person, the nonsmoker smokes three cigarettes whether he wants to or not. I think you will find a rash of further studies coming up of various parts of the world relating this to the workplace and to other types of social contact we have with smoking.

SerVaas: Have there been any studies on the health of stewardesses and airline employees?

Koop: I've done one study—every stewardess on every plane I fly on who recognizes me says, "Won't you do something so I don't have to go back to the rear of this plane and expose myself to that health hazard?"

SerVaas: The health cost to all of us is great. Since we have Medicare and we take care of our people who are sick, the smoker isn't just satisfying his own habit—he is costing all the people a lot of money, isn't he?

Koop: Well, I mentioned that the cost to us is 39 billion dollars a year, and 13 billion of that is in direct medical cost. That is astronomical, but the rest of it is in time lost from work and in illness that doesn't end in fatality. If you added up the economic loss and the misery that goes with smoking, and then remember the end result of 340,000 premature deaths that are avoidable, you can see what a tremendous public-health problem we have.

SerVaas: What percentage of emphysema, in your opinion, is caused by smoking?

Koop: The experts in the National Heart Blood Lung Institute tell us that if there were not smoking, there would be practically no emphysema.

"Very well then, we'll take a vote."

SerVaas: Emphysema alone costs how many billions of dollars a year?

Koop: I don't know how much that costs alone, but I know that of all the illnesses leading to death, emphysema is the most long-drawn-out, miserable one. I have often said to smokers, "Don't judge misery by what happens to a person with a sudden heart attack from smoking, but go and watch someone who spends his last years trying to breathe with emphysema. Then maybe you will quit."

SerVaas: Are you satisfied with the medical profession's ability to help people, or do you think that organized medicine is really working sufficiently?

Koop: I have to answer that in two different ways—first of all, I think doctors themselves have been slow to pick up the cudgel against smoking. It's unpopular to tell somebody he should stop something that he desires to do very much. I think, therefore, individual physicians have to try harder, and I think that's one of the great advantages of nicotine chewing gum—they now have something to offer besides just platitudes. If you are talking about organized medicine, I have been discouraged that organized medicine has not taken as firm a role and as much of a leadership role as it should. You expect the Society of Preventive Medicine to do this, but I would like to have seen the AMA come out much more strongly about it. In recent years I have been on the house of delegates for the AMA. The students and the residents, the young people who are coming up are the most concerned about this, and I have to admit that last year the resolutions from the house were the strongest they have been in the last decade. I was very disappointed that the AMA's enclosure in *Newsweek* magazine on the health of this nation totally ignored cigarette smoking, when it is still the No. 1 health hazard we have. They can do more.

SerVaas: I wonder, Dr. Koop, if you could tell us your own personal views—many of our readers write and say they don't think Christians should smoke. Other readers say they don't think that cigarette smoking has anything to do with their religion. In your own views, do you think that a person who is going to church and who professes to be a Christian should be concerned about smoking?

Koop: I have always had just one point of view about smoking in the Christian context, and it hasn't to do with smoking alone. We are told not to let anything have the mastery over us. Well, if you are smoking something that contains an addictive drug, you have something that has mastered you. I think that is the point we should stress.

SerVaas: And what about smoking in churches?

Koop: There is just no class to that at all.

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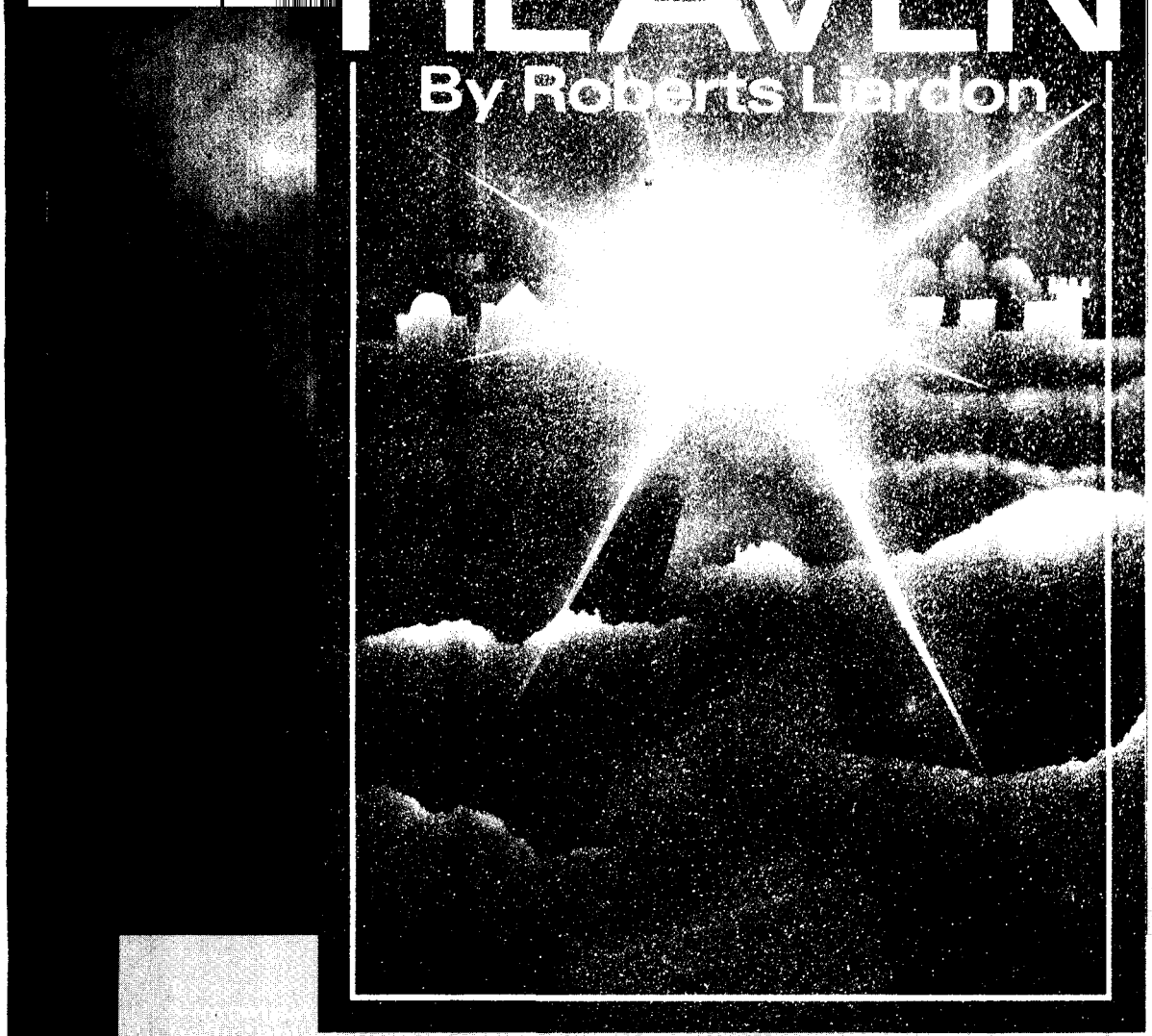
I SAW HEAVEN

By Roberts Liardon



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Journey

continued from page 67

pended on a fruitless endeavor when a life line of guaranteed reliability was freely available if only they would open their hatches, look up and grasp it? These passengers would much prefer to strive to achieve security, no matter how flimsy, by their own devices, than to admit their utter inability and cry to Another for help.

Most of those with life lines had secured them during the early part of their voyage. Only a few had done so later. It appeared that the hatches were easier to open when they were new. Later, if kept shut, the hinges rusted, and debris clogged the joints and made opening much more difficult; but certainly some voyagers managed to pry their hatches open and grasp the offered life line, even as they were approaching the waterfall. Nevertheless, it was obviously very dangerous to wait until this late stage.

The attitude and behavior of those who had acquired their harnesses varied considerably. Some were obviously peaceful, joyful and confident in their new-found hope and security, whereas others were constantly fretful and wondering whether their life lines would prove trustworthy. What a pity, I mused, to spoil a potentially happy and fruitful life by constant worry that could achieve no purpose.

I was pleased to see that some of those who had availed themselves of the life lines were obviously eager to share not only the security they felt but all the benefits they derived from using their telephone of communication with their neighbors, whose hatches were closed. As a consequence their vision was limited to what they could see by looking horizontally through the cabin windows. For them the realms of vertical dimension were so completely ignored as to be nonexistent. In order to help their neighbors, some with life lines drew their boats alongside and would cross over and visit with them when sick, bring them provisions and help them to clean and repair their crafts. As a result of this demonstrated, genuine care and kindness, their friends would listen to them when they told of the benefits they had discovered from their life line. They were happy to be helped when shown how to oil the hinges of their hatches and to gradually pry them open so they

could look up. The glorious new view enthralled them at once. They were overcome with gratitude to the One who had mounted the air-sea rescue operation at such personal cost. It brought to my mind a verse on a Christmas card sent by a friend: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."[5] These good people were obviously the same ones who spent time every day reading their Book of instructions and using their telephone connection with their pilot.

On the other hand, I noted that those who merely shouted to their friends from a distance to open their hatches were heard less than those who first showed love and kindness. And I saw others not connected to life lines being equally kind to their neighbors, but their help was trivial compared with the incomparable benefits of peace and inward sustenance—not to mention being granted security for their future life.

The course of those with life lines was obviously controlled. Many places of entertainment and amusement were located along the riverbanks. Voyagers could pull up to taste the delights offered and to visit many beauty spots. Much seductive propaganda persuaded people to buy the wares and taste the delights in these attractive establishments. Attachment to a life line seemed to prohibit travelers from frequenting some of these establishments while allowing them freedom to enjoy others. As they steered their boats into forbidden waters, their lines would become taut. Although they retained their harnesses, the telephone wires would be pulled out of their attachments, so that all communication with the overhead pilot was lost, leaving them to their own devices in highly dangerous situations. Those who had pitted their wills against the advice and wisdom of their helicopter pilots lost not only their joy but their confidence in their ultimate safety. All they received in exchange was the fulfillment of some temporary desire.

In contrast, those sensitive and obedient to the instructions spent much of their time and means trying to help others. The surprising thing was that the more they gave, the more they got, so that their satisfaction, joy, peace and fulfillment increased rather than diminished.

I noticed the faces of some of those securely fastened to their life lines as they drew near the waterfall; they expressed joyful and confident anticipation rather than fear. Their attitude reflected the feelings of Saint Paul as he faced his end and wrote: "We are confident. . .and would rather leave our home in the body and go to live with the Lord."[6] This passage brings to my mind the testimonies of faithful Christian men and women awaiting death in Nazi prisons during the war. These were written in letters to wives and parents, almost immediately before expected execution. Fortunately they have been preserved in that moving book, *Dying We Live*. And are we not all dying? This thought need not be depressing. We remember Christ's words: "He that believeth in me though he die yet shall he live and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."[7]

Notes: (1) Heb. 9:27; (2) Matt. 18:11; (3) Rom. 6:23; (4) 1 Cor. 1:18 NEB; (5) 2 Cor. 8:9; (6) 2 Cor. 5:8 NEB; (7) John 11:26.

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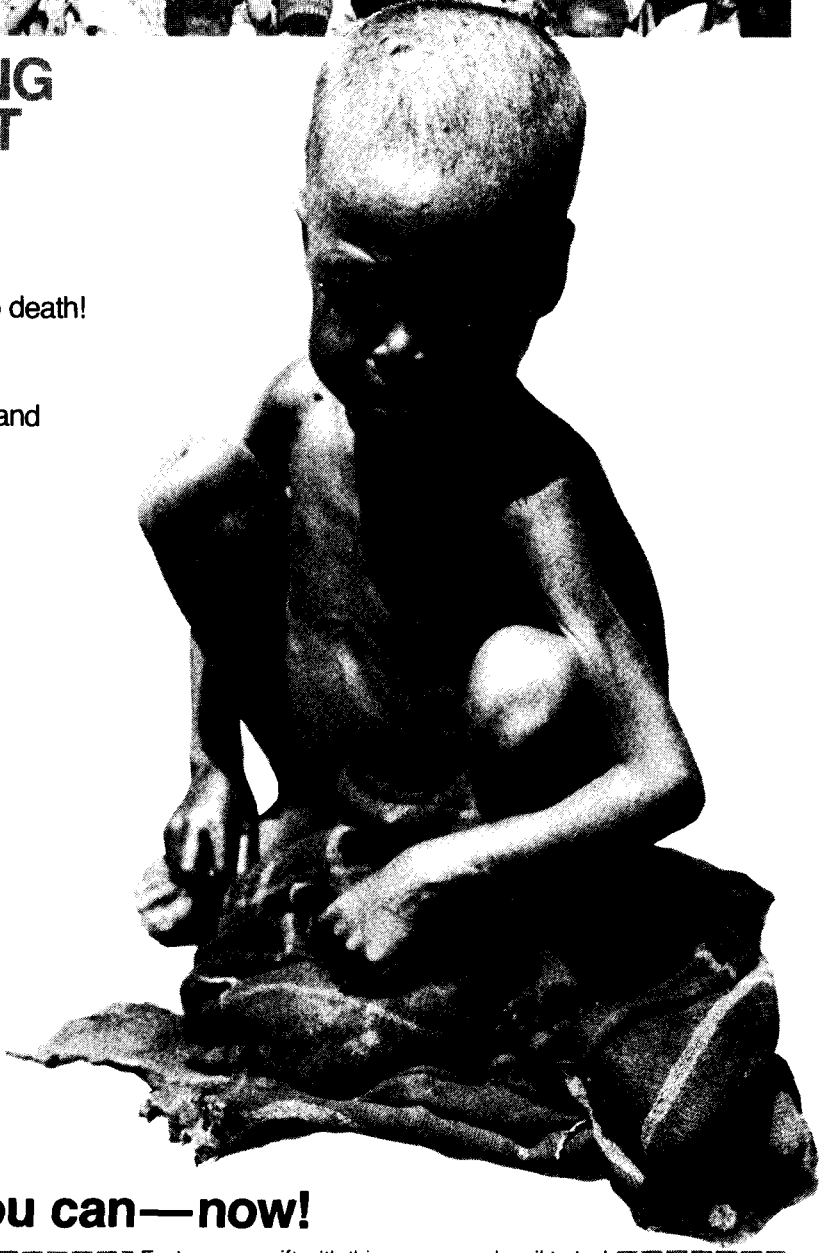

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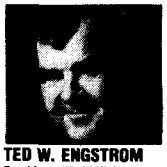

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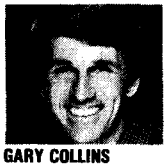

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Holly Coors

continued from page 63

much energy and momentum."

Whenever she hints at curtailing her rigorous schedule for a less frenzied pace, she's reminded of a group of favorite volunteers she met when she served on the Presidential Peace Corps Commission. Each was more than 80 years old and each had signed on for yet another tour of duty. "All of us need to somehow be involved in the life around us, or we can become very shallow," she says. "If only people could know how needed they really are."

She knows, and she responds by doing more than her share to help. Burnout has never been a problem, and retirement is out of the question. She flashes a how-could-you-suggest-such-an-idea grin and adds, "You see, there's so very much to do."

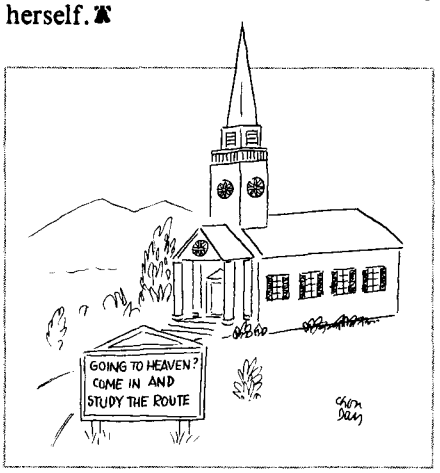
Men in Iowa

continued from page 104

kon was the snaggiest river on earth, and they would need good Missouri pilots. Dan Dayton rode his horse right into the railroad station, and when I last heard of him he was secretary of the Greater Klondike Committee, with headquarters at Dawson, where they have the world's healthiest mosquitoes. Ellen and Antipher started West with Ellen's bank account. You've heard the story, of course, that Antipher kept the sourdoughs in the Klondike alive for two winters by furnishing them moose meat. Other people say that when the radio started, Antipher was the first crooner; his moose call would be wonderful for that. As for the editor, he sold out and later the paper went to Gardner Cowles and Harvey Ingham. The people who couldn't get on the train started racing their horses and comparing homemade shawls, and that's how the Iowa State Fair began.

In northern Iowa today people will show you a long line of low hills. The textbooks call them glacial moraines, but Iowans know different. Those hills were made when the moose stuck in their hoofs to stop quick when Antipher Jones gave his reverse moose call. That's how close Iowa came to being full of moose today.

Some people say the editor knew about the gold strike all the time and saved the news for M Day. Others say that Canada cooked it up to keep Canadian moose at home. But my guess is that Mother Nature got a little jealous of Antipher and wanted to show that she could do a little calling herself.



Marathon

continued from page 69

won in 1984 by Sharon Hedrick (women's division), Jim Martinson (men's division) and other handicapped finishers. Also popular with the cheering throngs are special-education students, escorted by Bloomsday volunteers through the entire course. Last year, 17-year-old Caroline Tucker and 19-year-old Steve Taylor, both special-ed students, came home with T-shirts after finishing dead last with three-hour times. Judging by their grins, they couldn't have been happier had they set a new course record.

The race also brings out the clown in people. Last year a young man calling himself Travis McDanger of Spokane ran most of the course in an outlandish gorilla outfit. A teen-age couple made the most of romance by running together in an oversize T-shirt.

Bloomsday is first and foremost an affair for families and friends. Whole six-person families such as Mike Flynn's of Spokane enter the competition even though daddy must wield a balloon-covered stroller from start to finish.

Even non-runners such as the Rev. Ervin G. Roorda, pastor of the local Manito Presbyterian Church, wax enthusiastic when discussing the race. "I see it as an attempt for the whole Spokane community to do something for area fitness and wellness," says Roorda, whose four children have served as unpaid volunteers past Bloomsdays. "It definitely has a positive effect physically and spiritually. It's done a lot for the community morale, esprit de corps and health as well. For a community of our size we are far ahead of the national average in people who are physically fit."

Any family may enter. But for those really out for the money, sponsors of the race recommend that runners take a generous supply of liquids on race day, particularly if the weather is warm. They specifically recommend that an 8- to 12-ounce glass of water be consumed every hour right up to the 9 a.m. starting time. Visors are also recommended on sunny race days.

To enter the 12-kilometer race, contact the Lilac Bloomsday Association (P.O. Box 1511, Spokane, WA 92210) as soon as possible to receive an entry form. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to receive your brochure. Late registration can be made at the Convention Center Ticket Office on May 3-4.

See you at the finish line?

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
(Answers from page 96)

1. Indiana
2. California
3. Maryland
4. Ohio
5. Rhode Island
6. Connecticut
7. Kentucky
8. Pennsylvania
9. Missouri

WHERE IN THE WORLD?
(Answers from page 94)

A. The monument pictured was erected by Mao Tse-tung in Tian An Men Square, Peking, China.
B. Venice, Italy, is busy taking steps to ensure that it doesn't sink into the sea.
C. The Mayflower in Washington, D.C., recently restored by Stouffer Hotels, has been a center of political and diplomatic life for 60 years.
D. Fez, Morocco, gave its name to the red, conical, brimless hat common among men of the Near East.

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